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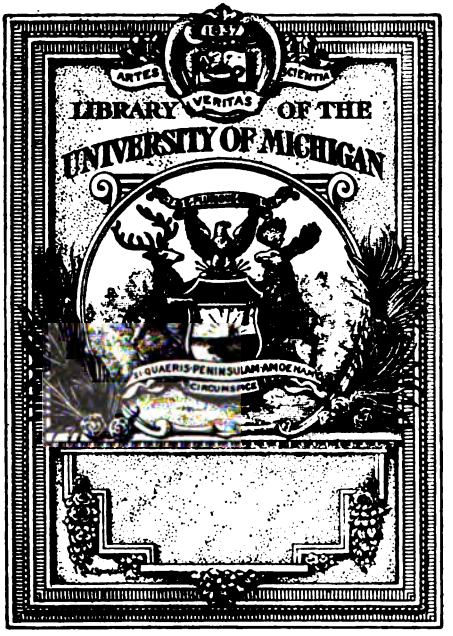
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THE

WORKS

OF

THOMAS HOOD.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK:
DERBY AND JACKSON.
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PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

THE materials which HOOD had in preparation for a third series of "Whims and Oddities" were thrown into the Comic Annual, which he described as a continuation of the first-named work under another title. As it became necessary, in completing our edition of his Works, to make some change in the arrangement of his miscellaneous pieces, we have adopted this general title for a portion of the present volume, including all the prose contributions to the work originally published with this name, and similar articles from the earlier volumes of the Annual by which it was superseded. All of these were reprinted by the author in the periodical subsequently issued as "Hood's Own."

The two series of "Whims and Oddities" published in 1826 and 1827 were followed by two volumes of "National Tales." Of these it was said by an eminent critic, that they resemble in style and general treatment the stories in the Decameron of Boccaccio; and that in spirit and general interest they surpass any collection of *novellettes* in the English language. They are now for the first time reprinted in this country.

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WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

THE PRAYSE OF IGNORANCE.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE MOST GRAVE AND LEARNED FACULTY OF PADUA, BY THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

Now your Clowne knoweth none of the Bokeman's troubles, and his dayes be the longer; for he doth not vault upon the fierie Pegasus, but jumpes merrilye upon old Ball, who is a cart-horse, and singeth another man's song, which hath, it may be, thirty and six verses, and a burthen withal, and goes to a tune which no man knowes but himself. Alsoe, he wooes the ruddye Cicely, which is not a Muse, but as comely a maide of fleshe as needes be, and many daintye ballades are made of their loves, as may be read in our Poets, their Pastoralls; only that therein he is called Damon, which standes for Roger, and Cicely, belike, is ycleped Sylvia, as belongs to their pastorall abodes. Where they lead soe happye life as to stir up envye in the towne's women, who would fain become Shepherdesses, by hook and by crook, and get green gownes and lay down upon the sweet verdant grass. Oh, how pleasauntly they sit all the daye long under a shady tree, to hear the young lambes; but at night they listen to the plaintive Philomell, and the gallaunts doe make them chappelets: or, if it chance to be May, they goe a Mayinge, whilst the yonge buds smell sweetlye, and the littel birdes are whistlynge and hoppinge all about.

Then Roger and Cicely sit adowne under the white hawthorne, and he makes love to her in a shepherd-like waye, in the midst of her flocke. She doth not minde sheepes'-eyes. Even like Cupid and Psyche, as they are set forthe by a cunning Flemishe Limner, as hath been my hap to behold

in the Low Countrye, wherein Cupid, with his one hand, is a toyinge with the haires of his head; but with the other, he handleth the fair neck of his mistresse, who sitteth discreetlye upon a flowerie bank, and lookes down as beseemes upon her shoon; for she is vain of her modestye. This I have seen at the Hague.

And Roger sayth, O Cicely, Cicely, how prettye you be; whereat she doth open her mouthe, and smiles loudly; which, when he heares, he sayth again, Nay, but I doe love thee passing well, and with that lays a loud buss upon her cheek, which cannot blushe by reason of its perfect ruddynesse. Anon, he spreadeth in her lap the pink ribbands which he bought at the wake, for her busking, and alsoe a great cake of ginger brede, which causeth her heart to be in her mouthe. Then, quoth he, The little Robins have got their mates, and the prettye Finches be all paired, and why sholde not we? And, quoth she, as he kisseth her, O Robin, Robin, you be such a sweet-billed bird, that I must needes crye "Aye." Wherefore, on the Sundaye, they go to the Parishe Churche, that they may be joyned into one, and be no more single. Whither they walk tenderlye upon their toes, as if they stepped all the waye upon egges. And Roger hath a brave bowpot at his bosom, which is full of Heart's Ease; but Cicely is decked with ribbands, a knot here, and a knot there, and her head is furnished after a daintye fashion, soe that she wishes, belike, that she was Roger to see herselfe all round about, — and content her eyes upon her own devices. Whereas, Roger smells to his nosegaye; but his looks travel, as the crabbe goeth, which is side-wayes, towards Cicely; and he smiles sweetlye, to think how that he is going to be made a husband-man, and alsoe of the good cheere which there will be to eat that daye. Soe he walks up to the altar with a stout harte; and when the parson hath made an ende, he kisseth Cicely afreshe, and their markes are registered as man and wife in the church bokes.

After which, some threescore yeares, it may befall you to light on a grave-stone, and, on the wood thereof, to read as followeth: —

"Here I bee, Roger Rackstrawe, which did live at Dipmore Ende, of this Parishe — but now in this tomb.

Time was that I did sowe and plough,
That lyes beneathe the furrowes now;

But though Death sowes me with his graine,
I knowe that I shall spring againe."

Now is not this a life to be envyde, which needeth so many men's paynes to paint its pleasures? For, saving the Law clerkes, it is set forth by all that write upon sheepe's skins, even the makers of pastoralls: wherein your Clowne is constantly a figure of Poetry, — being allwayes amongst the leaves. He is their Jack-i'-the-Green. Wherefore I crye, for my owne part, Oh! that I were a Boore! Oh! that I were a Boore! that troubleth no man, and is troubled of none. Who is written, wherein he cannot reade, and is mayde into Poetry, that yet is no Poet; for how sholde he make songs, that knoweth not King Cadmus, his alphabet, to pricke them down withal? —

Seeing that he is nowayes learnede — nor hath never bitten of the Apple of Knowledge, which was but a sowre crabbe apple, whereby Adam his wisdom-teeth were set on edge. Wherefore, he is much more a happye man, saying unto his lusty yonge Dame, We twaine be one fleshe. But the Poet sayth to his mate, Thou art skin of my skin, and bone of my bone; soe that this saying is not a paradoxe, — That the Boke Man is a Dunce in being Wise, — and the Clowne is Wise, in being a Dunce.

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

ON THE POPULAR CUPID.

"TELL ME, MY HEART, CAN THIS BE LOVE."

THE figure above was copied, by permission, from a lady's Valentine. To the common apprehension, it represents only a miracle of stall-feeding, — a babe-Lambert — a caravan-prodigy of grossness, — but, in the romantic mythology, it is the image of the Divinity of Love.

In sober verity, — does such an incubus oppress the female bosom? Can such a monster of obesity be coeval with the gossamer natures of Sylph and Fairy in the juvenile faith? Is this he, — the buoyant Camdeo, — that, in the mind's eye of the poetess, drifts adown the Ganges in a lotus?

> "Pillowed in a lotus flower
> Gathered in a summer hour,
> Floats he o'er the mountain wave,
> Which would be a tall ship's grave?"

Is this personage the disproportionate partner for whom Pastorella sigheth, — in the smallest of cots? Does the Platonic Amanda (who is all soul) refer, in her discourses on

Love, to this palpable being, who is all body? Or does Belinda, indeed, believe that such a substantial Sagittarius lies ambushed in her perilous blue eye?

It is in the legend, that a girl of Provence was smitten once, and died, by the marble Apollo: but did impassioned damsel ever dote, and wither, beside the pedestal of this preposterous effigy? or, rather is not the unseemly emblem accountable for the coyness and proverbial reluctance of maidens to the approaches of Love?

I can believe in his dwelling alone in the heart, — seeing that he must occupy it to repletion; in his constancy, because he looks sedentary and not apt to roam. That he is given to melt — from his great pinguitude. That he burneth with a flame, for so all fat burneth, — and hath languishings, — like other bodies of his tonnage. That he sighs — from his size.

I dispute not his kneeling at ladies' feet, — since it is the posture of elephants, — nor his promise that the homage shall remain eternal. I doubt not of his dying, — being of a corpulent habit, and a short neck. Of his blindness — with that inflated pig's cheek. But for his lodging in Belinda's blue eye, my whole faith is heretic, — *for she hath never a sty in it.*

"SON OF THE SLEEPLESS!"

A COMPLAINT AGAINST GREATNESS.

"O THAT THIS TOO SOLID FLESH WOULD MELT!"

I AM an unfortunate creature, the most wretched of all that groan under the burden of the flesh. I am fainting, as they say of kings, under my oppressive greatness. A miserable Atlas, I sink under the world of — myself.

But the curious will here ask me for my name. I am then, or they say I am, "The Reverend Mr. Farmer, a four-years' old Durham ox, fed by himself, upon oil-cake and mangel-wurzel:" but I resemble that worthy agricultural Vicar only in my fat living. In plain truth, I am an unhappy candidate for the show at Sadler's, not "the Wells," but the Repository. They tell me I am to bear the bell, (as if I had not enough to bear already!) by my surpassing tonnage, — and, doubtless, the prize-emblem will be proportioned to my uneasy merits. With a great Tom of Lincoln about my neck, alas! what will it comfort me to have been "commended by the judges."

Wearisome and painful was my pilgrim-like progress to this place, by short and tremulous steppings, like the digit's march upon a dial. My owner, jealous of my fat, procured a

crippled drover, with a withered limb, for my conductor; but even *he* hurried me beyond my breath. The drawling hearse left me laboring behind; the ponderous fly-wagon passed me like a bird upon the road, so tediously slow is my pace. It just sufficeth, O ye thrice happy Oysters! that have no locomotive faculty at all, to distinguish that I am not at rest. Wherever the grass grew by the wayside, how it tempted my natural longings! the cool brook flowed at my very foot, but this short, thick neck forbade me to eat or drink: nothing but my redundant dewlap is likely ever to graze on the ground!

If stalls and troughs were not extant, I must perish. Nature has given to the Elephant a long, flexible tube, or trunk, so that he can feed his mouth, as it were, by his nose; but is man able to furnish me with such an implement? Or would he not still withhold it, lest I should prefer the green herb, my natural delicious diet, and reject his rank, unsavory condiments? What beast, with free will, but would repair to the sweet meadow for its pasture; and yet how grossly is he labelled and libelled? Your bovine servant, in the catalogue, is a "Durham Ox, *fed by himself*, (as if he had any election,) upon oil-cake."

I wonder what rapacious Cook, with an eye to her insatiable grease-pot and kitchen perquisites, gave the hint of this system of stall-feeding! What unctuous Hull merchant, or candle-loving Muscovite, made this grossness a desideratum? If mine were, indeed, like the fat of the tender sucking-pig, that delicate gluten! there would be reason for its unbounded promotion; but to see the prize steak, loaded with that rank yellow abomination (the lamp-lighters know its relish), might wean a man from carnivorous habits forever. Verily, it is an abuse of the Christmas holly, the emblem of Old English and wholesome cheer, to plant it upon such blubber. A gentlemanly entrail must be driven to extreme straits indeed, (Davis's Straits,) to feel any yearnings for such a meal; and yet I am told that an assembly of gentry, with all the celebrations of full bumpers and a blazing chimney-pot, have honored the broiled slices of a prize bullock, a dishful of stringy fibres, an animal cabbage-net, and that rank even hath been satisfied with its rankness.

Will the honorable club, whose aim it is thus to make the beastly nature more beastly, consider of this matter? Will

the humane, when they provide against the torments of cats and dogs, take no notice of our condition? Nature, to the whales, and creatures of their corpulence, has assigned the cool deeps; but we have no such refuge in our meltings. At least, let the stall-feeder confine his system to the uncleanly swine which chews not the cud; for let the worthy members conceive on the palate of imagination the abominable returns of the refuse-linseed in our after ruminations. Oh! let us not suffer in vain! It may seem presumption in a brute to question the human wisdom; but truly I can perceive no beneficial ends, worthy to be set off against our sufferings. There must be, methinks, a nearer way of augmenting the perquisites of the kitchen-wench and the fire-man, — of killing of frogs, — than by exciting them, at the expense of us poor blown-up Oxen, to a mortal inflation.

"O, THERE 'S NOTHING HALF SO SWEET IN LIFE!"

MY SON, SIR.

It happened the other evening, that, intending to call in L—— Street, I arrived a few minutes before Hyson; when W*****, seated beside the urn, his eyes shaded by his hand, was catechising his learned progeny, the Master Hopeful, as if for a tea-table degree. It was a whimsical contrast, between the fretful, pouting visage of the urchin, having his gums rubbed so painfully, to bring forward his wisdom tooth, and the parental visage, sage, solemn, and satisfied, and appealing ever and anon, by a dramatic side-look, to the circle of smirking auditors.

W***** was fond of this kind of display, eternally stirring up the child for exhibition with his troublesome long pole, — besides lecturing him through the diurnal vacations so tediously, that the poor urchin was fain — for the sake of a little play — to get into school again.

I hate all forcing-frames for the young intellect, — and the *Locke* system, which after all is but a *Canal* system for raising the babe-mind to unnatural levels. I pity the poor child, that is learned in alpha beta, but ignorant of top and taw, — and was never so maliciously gratified, as when, in spite of all his

promptings and leading questions, I beheld W * * * * * reddening, even to the conscious tips of his tingling ears, at the boy's untimely inapitude. Why could he not rest contented, when the poor imp had answered him already, "What was a Roman Emperor?" without requiring an interpretation of *the Logos!*

THE SPOILED CHILD.

My Aunt Shakerly was of enormous bulk. I have not done justice to her hugeness in my sketch, for my timid pencil declined to hazard a sweep at her real dimensions. There is a vastness in the outline, of even moderate proportions, till the mass is rounded-off by shadows, that makes the hand hesitate, and apt to stint the figure of its proper breadth: how, then, should I have ventured to trace, like mapping in a continent, the surpassing boundaries of my Aunt Shakerly!

What a visage was hers! — the cheeks, a pair of hemispheres: — her neck literally swallowed up by a supplementary chin. Her arm, cased in a tight sleeve, was as the bolster, — her body like the feather-bed of Ware. The waist, which, in other trunks, is an isthmus, was in hers only the middle zone of a continuous tract of flesh: — her ankles overlapped her shoes.

With such a figure, it may be supposed that her habits were sedentary. When she did walk, the Tower Quay, for the sake of the fresh river-breeze, was her favorite resort. But never, in all her water-side promenades, was she hailed by the uplifted finger of the Waterman. With looks purposely averted he declined, tacitly, such a Fairlopian Fair. The hackney-coach driver, whilst she halted over against him, mustering up all her scanty puffings for an exclamation, drove off to the nether pavement, and pleaded a prior call. The chairman, in answer to her signals, had just broken his poles. Thus, her goings were cramped within a narrow circle: many thoroughfares, besides, being strange to her and inaccessible, such as Thames Street, through the narrow pavements; — others, like the Hill of Holborn, from their impracticable steepness. How she was finally to master a more serious ascension (the sensible encumbrance of the flesh clinging to her even in her spiritual aspirations) was a matter of her serious despondency, — a picture of Jacob's Ladder, by Sir F. Bourgeois, confirming her that the celestial staircase was without a landing.

For a person of her elephantine proportions, my Aunt was of a kindly nature, — for I confess a prejudice against such Giantesses. She was cheerful, and eminently charitable to the poor, — although she did not condescend to a personal visitation of their very limited abodes. If she had a fault, it was in her conduct towards children, — not spoiling them by often repeated indulgences, and untimely severities, the common practice of bad mothers: — it was by a shorter course, that the latent and hereditary virtues of the infant Shakerly were blasted in the bud.

O my tender cousin * *! (for thou wert yet unbaptized). Oh! would thou hadst been — my little babe-cousin — of a savager mother born! — For then, having thee comfortably swaddled, upon a backboard, with a hole in it, she would have

hung thee up, out of harm's way, above the mantel-shelf, or behind the kitchen door, — whereas, thy parent was no savage, and so, having her hands full of other matters, she laid thee down, helpless, upon the parlor chair!

In the mean time, the "Herald" came. — Next to an easy seat, my Aunt dearly loved a police newspaper; — when she had once plunged into its columns, the most vital question obtained from her only a random answer; — the world and the roasting-jack stood equally still. — So, without a second thought, she dropped herself on the nursing chair. One little smothered cry, my cousin's last breath, found its way into the upper air, — but the still small voice of the reporter engrossed the maternal ear.

My aunt never skimmed a newspaper, according to some people's practice. She was as solid a reader as a sitter, and did not get up, therefore, till she had gone through the "Herald" from end to end. When she did rise, — which was suddenly, — the earth quaked — the windows rattled — the ewers plashed over — the crockery fell from the shelf — and the cat and rats ran out together, as they are said to do from a falling house.

"Heyday!" said my uncle, above stairs, as he staggered from the concussion — and, with the usual curiosity, he referred to his pocket-book for the Royal Birthday. But the almanac not accounting for the explosion, he ran down the stairs, at the heels of the housemaid, and there lay my Aunt, stretched on the parlor-floor, in a fit. At the very first glimpse, he explained the matter to his own satisfaction, in three words, — "Ah! the apoplexy!"

Now the housemaid had done her part to secure him against this error, by holding up the dead child; but as she turned the body *edge-ways*, he did not perceive it. When he did see it — but I must draw a curtain over the parental agony —

* * * *

About an hour after the catastrophe, an inquisitive she-neighbor called in, and asked if we should not have the coroner to sit on the body: but my uncle replied, "There was no need." — "But in cases, Mr. Shakerly, where the death is not natural." — "My dear madam," interrupted my uncle, "it was a natural death enough."

FANCIES ON A TEA-CUP.

I LOVE to pore upon old china, and to speculate, from the images, on Cathay. I can fancy that the Chinese manners betray themselves, like the drunkard's, in their cups.

How quaintly pranked and patterned is their vessel! — exquisitely outlandish, yet not barbarian. How daintily transparent! It should be no vulgar earth that produces that superlative ware, nor does it so seem in the enamelled landscape.

There are beautiful birds; there, rich flowers and gorgeous butterflies, and a delicate clime, if we may credit the porcelain. There be also horrible monsters, dragons, with us obsolete, and reckoned fabulous; the main breed, doubtless, having followed Fohi (our Noah) in his wanderings thither from the Mount Ararat. But how does that impeach the loveliness of Cathay? There are such creatures even in Fairy-land.

I long often to loiter in those romantic paradises, studded with pretty temples, — holiday pleasure-grounds, — the true Tea-Gardens. I like those meandering waters, and the abounding little islands.

And here is a Chinese nurse-maid, — Ho-Fi, chiding a fretful little Pekin child. The urchin hath just such another toy, at the end of a string, as might be purchased at our own Mr. Dunnett's. It argues an advanced state of civilization, where the children have many playthings; and the Chinese infants — witness their flying-fishes and whirligigs, sold by the stray natives about our streets — are far gone in such juvenile luxuries.

But here is a better token. The Chinese are a polite people; for they do not make household, much less husbandry, drudges of their wives. You may read the women's fortune in their tea-cups. In nine cases out of ten, the female is busy only in the lady-like toils of the toilette. Lo! here, how sedulously the blooming Hy-son is pencilling the mortal arches, and curving the cross-bows of her eyebrows. A musical instrument, her secondary engagement, is at her almost invisible feet. Are such little extremities likely to be

tasked with laborious offices? Marry, in kicking, they must be ludicrously impotent, — but then she hath a formidable growth of nails.

By her side, the obsequious Hum is pouring his soft flatteries into her ear. When she walketh abroad, (here it is on another sample,) he shadeth her at two miles off with his umbrella. It is like an allegory of Love triumphing over space. The lady is walking upon one of those frequent petty islets, on a plain, as if of porcelain, without any herbage, only a solitary flower springs up, seemingly by enchantment, at her fairy-like foot. The watery space between the lovers is aptly left as a blank, excepting her adorable shadow, which is tending towards her slave.

How reverentially is yon urchin presenting his flowers to the Graybeard! So honorably is age considered in China! There would be some sense, *there*, in birthday celebrations.

Here, in another compartment, is a solitary scholar, apparently studying the elaborate didactics of Con-Fuse-Ye.

The Chinese have, verily, the advantage of us upon earthenware! They trace themselves as lovers, contemplatists, philosophers: whereas, to judge from our jugs and mugs, we are nothing but sheepish piping shepherds and fox-hunters.

PERE LA CHAISE.

WALTON REDIVIVUS.

A NEW-RIVER ECLOGUE.

"My old New River hath presented no extraordinary novelties lately. But there Hope sits, day after day, speculating on traditionary gudgeons. I think she hath taken the Fisheries. I now know the reasons why our forefathers were denominated East and West Angles. Yet is there no lack of spawn, for I wash my hands in fishets that come through the pump, every morning, thick as motelings, — little things that perish untimely, and never taste the brook." — *From a Letter of C. Lamb.*

PISCATOR *is fishing, near the Sir Hugh Middleton's Head, without either basket or can.* VIATOR *cometh up to him, with an angling-rod and a bottle.*

Via. Good morrow, Master Piscator. Is there any sport afloat?

Pis. I have not been here time enough to answer for it. It is barely two hours agone since I put in.

Via. The fishes are shyer in this stream than in any water that I know.

Pis. I have fished here a whole Whitsuntide through without a nibble. But then the weather was not so excellent as to-day. This nice shower will set the gudgeons all agape.

Via. I am impatient to begin.

Pis. Do you fish with gut?

Via. No, I bait with gentles.

Pis. It is a good taking bait: though my question referred to the nature of your line. Let me see your tackle. Why this is no line, but a ship's cable. It is a six-twist. There is nothing in this water but you may pull out with a single hair.

Via. What, are there no dace, nor perch?

Pis. I doubt not but there have been such fish here, in former ages. But now-a-days there is nothing of that size. They are gone extinct, like the mammoths.

Via. There was always such a fishing at 'em. Where there was one angler in former times, there is now a hundred.

Pis. A murrain on 'em! — A New-River fish, now-a-days,

cannot take his common swimming exercise without hitching on a hook.

Via. It is the natural course of things, for man's populousness to terminate other breeds. As the proverb says, "The more Scotchmen, the fewer herrings." It is curious to consider the family of whales growing thinner according to the propagation of parish lamps.

Pis. Ay, and withal, how the race of man, who is a terrestrial animal, should have been in the greatest jeopardy of extinction by the element of water; whereas the whales, living in the ocean, are most liable to be burnt out.

Via. It is a pleasant speculation. But how is this? I thought to have brought my gentles comfortably in an old snuff-box, and they are all stark dead!

Pis. The odor hath killed them. There is nothing more mortal than tobacco, to all kinds of vermin. Wherefore, a new box will be indispensable, though, for my own practice, I prefer my waistcoat pockets for their carriage. Pray mark this: — and in the mean time I will lend you some worms.

Via. I am much beholden: and when you come to Long Acre, I will faithfully repay you. But, look you, my tackle is still amiss. My float will not swim.

Pis. It is no miracle; for here is at least a good ounce of swan-shots upon your line. It is over-charged with lead.

Via. I confess, I am only used to killing sparrows, and such small fowls, out of the back-casement. But my ignorance shall make me the more thankful for your help and instruction.

Pis. There. The fault is amended. And now, observe, you must watch your cork very narrowly, without even an eye-wink another way; for, otherwise, you may overlook the only nibble throughout the day.

Via. I have a bite already! my float is going up and down like a ship at sea.

Pis. No. It is only that house-maid dipping in her bucket, which causes the agitation you perceive. 'T is a shame so to interrupt the honest angler's diversion. It would be but a judgment of God, now, if the jade should fall in!

Via. But I would have her only drowned for some brief twenty minutes or so, and then restored again by the surgeons. And yet I have doubts of the lawfulness of that

dragging of souls back again, that have taken their formal leaves. In my conscience, it seems like flying against the laws of predestination.

Pis. It is a doubtful point; for, on the other hand, I have heard of some that were revived into life by the doctors, and came afterwards to be hanged.

Via. Marry! 't is pity such knaves' lungs were ever puffed up again! It was good tobacco-smoke ill wasted! O, how pleasant, now, is this angling, which furnishes us with matter for such agreeable discourse! Surely, it is well called a contemplative recreation, for I never had half so many thoughts in my head before!

Pis. I am glad you relish it so well.

Via. I will take a summer lodging hereabouts, to be near the stream. How pleasant is this solitude! There are but fourteen a-fishing here, — and of those but few men.

Pis. And we shall be still more lonely on the other side of the City Road. Come, let 's across. Nay, we 'll put in our lines lower down. There was a butcher's wife dragged for, at this bridge, in the last week.

Via. Have you, indeed, any qualms of that kind?

Pis. No; but, hereabouts, 't is likely the gudgeons will be gorged. Now, we are far enough. Yonder is the row of Colebrooke. What a balmy, wholesome gust is blowing over to us from the cow-lair.

Via. For my part, I smell nothing but dead kittens; for here lies a whole brood in soak. Would you believe it, — to my fantasy, the nine days' blindness of these creatures smacks somewhat of a type of the human pre-existence. Methinks I have had myself such a mysterious being, before I beheld the light. My dreams hint at it. A sort of world before eyesight.

Pis. I have some dim sympathy with your meaning. At the creation, there was such a kind of blind-man's-buff work. The atoms jostled together, before there was a revealing sun. But are we not fishing too deep?

Via. I am afeard on 't! Would we had a plummet! We shall catch weeds.

Pis. It would be well to fish thus at the bottom, if we were fishing for flounders in the sea. But there, you must have forty fathom, or so, of stout line: and then, with your fish at

the end, it will be the boy's old pastime carried into another element. I assure you, 't is like swimming a kite!

Via. It should be pretty sport — but hush! My cork has just made a bob. It is diving under the water! — Holla! I have catched a fish!

Pis. Is it a great one?

Via. Purely, a huge one! Shall I put it into the bottle?

Pis. It will be well; and let there be a good measure of water, too, lest he scorch against the glass.

Via. How slippery and shining it is! — Ah, he is gone!

Pis. You are not used to the handling of a New-River fish; and, indeed, very few be. But hath he altogether escaped?

Via. No; I have his chin here, which I was obliged to tear off, to get away my hook.

Pis. Well, let him go: it would be labor wasted to seek for him amongst this rank herbage. 'T is the commonest of anglers' crosses.

Via. I am comforted to consider he did not fall into the water again, as he was without a mouth, — and might have pined for years. Do you think there is any cruelty in our art?

Pis. As for other methods of taking fish, I cannot say: but I think none in the hooking of them. For, to look at the gills of a fish, with those manifold red leaves, like a housewife's needle-book, they are admirably adapted to our purpose; and manifestly intended by nature to stick our steel in.

Via. I am glad to have the question so comfortably resolved, — for, in truth, I have had some misgivings. — Now, look how dark the water grows! There is another shower towards.

Pis. Let it come down, and welcome. I have only my working-day clothes on. Sunday coats spoil holidays. Let everything hang loose, and time too will sit easy.

Via. I like your philosophy. In this world, we are the fools of restraint. We starch our ruffs till they cut us under the ear.

Pis. How pleasant it would be to discuss these sentiments over a tankard of ale! I have a simple bashfulness against going into a public tavern, but I think we could dodge into the Castle, without being much seen.

Via. And I have a sort of shuddering about me, that is willing to go more frankly in. Let us put up, then. By my

halidom! here is a little dead fish hanging at my hook: and yet I never felt him bite.

Pis. 'T is only a little week-old gudgeon, and he had not strength enough to stir the cork. However, we may say boldly that we have caught a fish.

Via. Nay, I have another here, in my bottle. He was sleeping on his back at the top of the water, and I got him out nimbly with the hollow of my hand.

Pis. We have caught a brace then;—besides the great one that was lost amongst the grass. I am glad on't, for we can bestow them upon some poor hungry person in our way home. It is passable good sport for the place.

Via. I am satisfied it must be called so. But the next time I come hither, I shall bring a reel with me, and a ready-made minnow, for I am certain there must be some marvellous huge pikes here; they always make a scarcity of other fish. However, I have been bravely entertained, and, at the first holiday, I will come to it again.

PISCATOR.

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG,"

SEEMS, at first sight, an unreasonable demand. May I profess no tenderness for Belinda without vowing an attachment to Shock? Must I feel an equal warmth towards my bosom friend and his greyhound? Some country gentlemen keep a pack of dogs. Am I expected to divide my personal regard for my Lord D—— amongst all his celebrated fox-hounds?

I may be constitutionally averse to the whole canine species; I have been bitten, perhaps, in my infancy, by a mastiff, or pinned by a bull-dog. There are harrowing tales on record of hydrophobia, of human barkings, and inhuman smotherings. A dog may be my bugbear. Again, there are differences in taste. One man may like to have his hand licked all over by a grateful spaniel; but I would not have my extremity served so — even by the human tongue.

But the proverb, so arrogant and absolute in spirit, becomes harmless in its common application. The terms are seldom enforced, except by persons that a gentleman is not likely to embrace in his affection, — rat-catchers, butchers, and bull-baiters, tinkers and blind mendicants, beldames and witches.

A slaughterman's tulip-eared puppy is as liable to engage one's liking as his chuckle-headed master. When a courtier makes friends with a drover, he will not be likely to object to a sheep-dog as a third party in the alliance.

"Love me," says Mother Sawyer, "love my dog."

Who careth to dote on either a witch or her familiar? The proverb thus loses half of its oppression: in other cases, it may become a pleasant fiction, an agreeable confession. I forget what pretty countess it was who made confession of her tenderness for a certain sea-captain, by her abundant caresses of his Esquimaux wolf-dog. The shame of the avowal became milder (as the virulence of the small-pox is abated, after passing through the constitution of a cow) by its transmission through the animal.

In like manner, a formal young Quaker and Quakeress — perfect strangers to each other, and who might otherwise have sat mum-chance together for many hours — fell suddenly to romping, merely through the maiden's playfulness with Obadiah's terrier. The dog broke the ice of formality, and, as a third party, took off the painful awkwardness of self-introduction.

Sir Ulic Mackilligut, when he wished to break handsomely with Mistress Tabitha Bramble, kicked her cur. The dog broke the force of the affront, and the knight's gallantry was spared the reproach of a direct confession of disgust towards the spinster; as the lady took the aversion to herself only as the brute's ally.

My step-mother Hubbard and myself were not on visiting terms for many years. Not, we flattered ourselves, through any hatred or uncharitableness, disgraceful between relations, but from a constitutional antipathy on the one side, and a doting affection on the other, to a dog. My breach of duty and decent respect was softened down into my dread of hydrophobia: my second-hand parent even persuaded herself that I was jealous of her regard for Bijou. It was a comfortable self-delusion on both sides, — but the scape-goat died, and then, having no reasonable reason to excuse my visits, we came to an open rupture. There was no hope of another favorite. My step-mother had no general affection for the race, but only for that particular cur. It was one of those incon-

gruous attachments, not accountable to reason, but seemingly predestined by fate. The dog was no keepsake, — no favorite of a dear deceased friend: ugly as the brute was, she loved him for his own sake, — not for any fondness and fidelity, for he was the most ungrateful dog, under kindness, that I ever knew; not for his vigilance, for he was never wakeful. He was not useful, like a turnspit; nor accomplished, for he could not dance. He had not personal beauty even, to make him a welcome object and yet, if my relation had been requested

"POOR TRAY CHARMANT."

to display her jewels, she would have pointed to the dog, and have answered, in the very spirit of Cornelia, "There is my Bijou."

Conceive, Reader, under this endearing title, a hideous dwarf-mongrel, half pug and half terrier, with a face like a frog's, — his goggle-eyes squeezing out of his head: a body like a barrel-churn, on four short, bandy legs, — as if, in his puppyhood, he had been ill-nursed, — terminating in a tail like a rabbit's. There is only one sound in nature similar to his barking: to hear his voice, you would have looked, not for a

dog, but for a duck. He was fat, and scant of breath. It might have been said, that he was stuffed alive; but his loving mistress, in mournful anticipation of his death, kept a handsome glass case, to hold his mummy. She intended, like Queen Constance, to "stuff out his vacant garment with his form;" to have him ever before her, "in his habit as he lived;" but that hope was never realized.

In those days there were dog-stealers, as well as slave-dealers, — the kidnapping of the canine, as of the negro victim, being attributable to his skin.

One evening, Bijou disappeared. A fruitless search was made for him at all his accustomed haunts, but at daybreak the next morning, — stripped naked of his skin, with a mock paper frill, and the stump of a tobacco-pipe stuck in his nether jaw, — he was discovered set upright against a post!

My step-mother's grief was ungovernable. Tears, which she had not wasted on her deceased step-children, were shed then. In her first transport, a reward of £100 was offered for the apprehension of the murderers, but in vain.

The remains of Bijou, such as they were, she caused to be deposited under the lawn.

I forget what popular poet was gratified with ten guineas for writing his epitaph; but it was in the measure of the "Pleasures of Hope."

"O LIST UNTO MY TALE OF WOE!"

A NEW LIFE-PRESERVER.

"Of hair-breadth 'scapes." — OTHELLO.

I HAVE read somewhere of a traveller who carried with him a brace of pistols, a carbine, a cutlass, a dagger, and an umbrella, but was indebted for his preservation to the umbrella: it grappled with a bush, when he was rolling over a precipice. In like manner, my friend W——, though armed with a sword, rifle, and hunting-knife, owed his existence — to his wig!

He was specimen-hunting (for W—— is a first-rate naturalist) somewhere in the backwoods of America, when, happening to light upon a dense covert, there sprang out upon him, — not a panther or catamountain, — but, with terrible whoop and yell, a wild Indian, — one of a tribe then hostile to our settlers. W——'s gun was mastered in a twinkling, himself stretched on the earth, the barbarous knife, destined to make him balder than Granby's celebrated Marquis, leaped eagerly from its sheath.

Conceive the horrible weapon making its preliminary flourishes and circumgyrations; the savage features, made savager by paint and ruddle, working themselves up to a demoniacal crisis of triumphant malignity; his red right hand clutching the shearing knife; his left the frizzled top-knot; and then, the artificial scalp coming off in the Mohawk grasp!

W—— says the Indian catchpole was, for some moments, motionless, with surprise: recovering, at last, he dragged his captive along, through brake and jungle, to the encampment. A peculiar whoop soon brought the whole horde to the spot. The Indian addressed them with vehement gestures, in the course of which W—— was again thrown down, the knife again performed its circuits, and the whole transaction was pantomimically described. All Indian sedateness and restraint were overcome. The assembly made every demonstration of wonder; and the wig was fitted on, rightly, askew, and hind part before, by a hundred pair of red hands. Captain Gulliver's glove was not a greater puzzler to the Houhyhnms. From the men, it passed to the squaws; and from them, down

to the least of the urchins; W——'s head, in the mean time, frying in a midsummer sun. At length, the phenomenon returned into the hands of the chief, — a venerable graybeard: he examined it afresh, very attentively, and, after a long deliberation, maintained with true Indian silence and gravity, made a speech in his own tongue, that procured for the anxious, trembling captive very unexpected honors. In fact, the whole tribe of women and warriors danced round him, with such unequivocal marks of homage, that even W—— comprehended that he was not intended for sacrifice. He was then carried in triumph to their wigwams; his body daubed with their body-colors of the most honorable patterns; and he was given to understand, that he might choose any of their marriageable maidens for a squaw. Availing himself of this privilege, and so becoming, by degrees, more a proficient in their language, he learned the cause of this extraordinary respect. It was considered that he had been a great warrior; that he had, by mischance of war, been overcome and tufted; but that, whether by valor or stratagem, each equally estimable amongst the savages, he had recovered his liberty and his scalp.

As long as W—— kept his own counsel, he was safe; but trusting his Indian Dalilah with the secret of his locks, it soon got wind amongst the squaws, and from them became known to the warriors and chiefs. A solemn sitting was held at midnight, by the chiefs, to consider the propriety of knocking the poor wig-owner on the head; but he had received a timely hint of their intention, and, when the tomahawks sought for him, he was far on his way, with his life-preserver, towards a British settlement.

A DREAM.

In the figure above, — a medley of human faces, wherein certain features belong in common to different visages, the eyebrow of one, for instance, forming the mouth of another, — I have tried to typify a common characteristic of dreams, namely, the entanglement of divers ideas, to the waking mind distinct or incongruous, but, by the confusion of sleep, inseparably ravelled up and knotted into Gordian intricacies. For as the equivocal feature in the emblem belongs indifferently to either countenance, but is appropriated by the head that happens to be presently the object of contemplation, so in a dream two separate notions will mutually involve some convertible incident, that becomes, by turns, a symptom of both in general, or of either in particular. Thus are begotten the most extravagant associations of thoughts and images, — unnatural connections, like those marriages of forbidden relationships, where mothers become cousins to their own sons or daughters, and quite as bewildering as such genealogical embarrassments.

I had a dismal dream once, of this nature, that will serve well for an illustration, and which originated in the failure of my first and last attempt as a dramatic writer. Many of my readers, if I were to name the piece in question, would remember its signal condemnation. As soon as the tragedy of

my Tragedy was completed, I got into a coach, and rode home. My nerves were quivering with shame and mortification. I tried to compose myself over "Paradise Lost," but it failed to soothe me. I flung myself into bed, and at length slept; but the disaster of the night still haunted my dreams: I was again in the accursed theatre, but with a difference. It was a compound of the Drury-Lane Building and Pandemonium. There were the old shining green pillars, on either side of the stage, but, above, a sublimer dome than ever overhung mortal playhouse. The wonted familiars were in keeping of the fore-spoken seats, but the first companies they admitted were new and strange to the place. The first and second tiers,

"With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms,"

showed like those purgatorial circles sung of by the ancient Florentine. Satan was in the stage-box. The pit, dismally associated with its bottomless namesake, was peopled with fiends. Mehu scowled from the critic's seat. Belial, flushed with wine, led on with shout and catcall the uproar of the one-shilling infernals. My hair stood upright with dread and horror; I had an appalling sense that more than my dramatic welfare was at stake, — that it was to be not a purely literary ordeal. An alarming figure, sometimes a newspaper reporter, sometimes a devil, so prevaricating are the communications of sleep, was sitting, with his note-book, at my side. My play began. As it proceeded, sounds indescribable arose from the infernal auditory, increasing till the end of the first act. The familiar cry of "Chuse any oranges!" was then intermingled with the murmurings of demons. The tumult grew with the progress of the play. The last act passed in dumb show, the horned monsters bellowing, throughout, like the wild bulls of Bashan. Prongs and flesh-hooks showered upon the stage. Mrs. Siddons — the human nature thus jumbling with the diabolical — was struck by a brimstone ball. Her lofty brother, robed in imperial purple, came forward towards the orchestra, to remonstrate, and was received like the Arch-devil in the Poem: —

"He hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn."

He bowed to the sense of the house, and withdrew. My doom was sealed; the recording devil noted down my sentence. A suffocating vapor, now smelling of sulphur and now of gas, issued from the unquenchable stage-lamps. The flames of the Catalonian Castle, burning in the back scene, in compliance with the catastrophe of the piece, blazed up with horrible import. My flesh crept all over me. I thought of the everlasting torments, and, at the next moment, of the morrow's paragraphs. I shrank from the comments of the Morning Post, and the hot marl of Malebolge. The sins of authorship had confounded themselves, inextricably, with the mortal sins of the law. I could not disentangle my own from my play's perdition. I was damned: but whether spiritually or dramatically, the twilight intelligence of a dream was not clear enough to determine.

Another sample, wherein the preliminaries of the dream involved one portion, and implicitly forbade the other half of the conclusion, was more whimsical. It occurred when I was on the eve of marriage, — a season when, if lovers sleep sparingly, they dream profusely. A very brief slumber sufficed to carry me in the night-coach to Bognor. It had been concerted between Honoria and myself, that we should pass the honeymoon at some such place upon the coast. The purpose of my solitary journey was to procure an appropriate dwelling, and which, we had agreed, should be a little pleasant house, with an indispensable look-out upon the sea. I chose one, accordingly; a pretty villa, with bow-windows, and a prospect delightfully marine. The ocean-murmur sounded incessantly from the beach. A decent elderly body, in decayed sables, undertook, on her part, to promote the comforts of the occupants by every suitable attention, and, as she assured me, at a very reasonable rate. So far, the nocturnal faculty had served me truly. A day-dream could not have proceeded more orderly; but, alas! just here, when the dwelling was selected, the sea-view secured, the rent agreed upon, when everything was plausible, consistent, and rational, the incoherent fancy crept in and confounded all — by marrying me to the old woman of the house!

A large proportion of my dreams have, like the preceding, an origin, more or less remote, in some actual occurrence. But, from all my observation and experience, the popular

notion is a mistaken one, that our dreams take their subject and color from the business or meditations of the day. It is true that sleep frequently gives back real images and actions, like a mirror; but the reflection returns at a longer interval. It extracts from pages of some standing, like the "Retrospective Review." The mind, released from its connection with external associations, flies off, gladly, to novel speculations. The soul does not carry its tasks out of school. The novel, read upon the pillow, is of no more influence than the bride-cake laid beneath it. The charms of Di Vernon have faded with me into a vision of Dr. Faustus; the bridal dance and festivities, into a chase by a mad bullock.

The sleeper, like the felon, at the putting on of the night-cap, is about to be turned off from the affairs of this world. The material scaffold sinks under him; he drops — as it is expressively called — asleep; and the spirit is transported, we know not whither!

I should like to know, that, by any earnest application of thought, we could impress its subject upon the midnight blank. It would be worth a day's devotion to Milton, — "from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve," — to obtain but one glorious vision from the "Paradise Lost;" to Spenser, to purchase but one magical reflection, — a Fata Morgana, of the "Faery Queen"! I have heard it affirmed, indeed, by a gentleman, an especial advocate of early rising, that he could procure whatever dream he wished; but I disbelieve it, or he would pass far more hours than he does in bed. If it were possible, by any process, to bespeak the night's entertainment, the theatres, for me, might close their uninviting doors. Who would care to sit at the miserable stage-parodies of "Lear," "Hamlet," and "Othello," — to say nothing of the "Tempest," or the "Midsummer Night's Phantasy," — that could command the representation of either of those noble dramas, with all the sublime personations, the magnificent scenery, and awful reality, of a dream?

For horrible fancies, merely, nightmares and incubi, there is a recipe extant, that is currently attributed to the late Mr. Fuseli. I mean, a supper of raw pork; but, as I never slept after it, I cannot speak as to the effect.

Opium I have never tried, and therefore have never experienced such magnificent visions as are described by its

eloquent historian. I have never been buried for ages under pyramids; and yet, methinks, have suffered agonies as intense as *his* could be, from the commonplace inflictions. For example, a night spent in the counting of interminable numbers, — an inquisitorial penance, — everlasting tedium, — the Mind's treadmill!

Another writer, in recording his horrible dreams, describes himself to have been sometimes an animal pursued by hounds; sometimes a bird torn in pieces by eagles. They are flat contradictions of my Theory of Dreams. Such Ovidian Metamorphoses never yet entered into my experience. I never translate myself. I must know the taste of rape and hempseed, and have cleansed my gizzard with small gravel, before even Fancy can turn me into a bird. I must have another noul upon my shoulders, ere I can feel a longing for "a bottle of chopt hay, or your good dried oats." My own habits and prejudices, all the symptoms of my identity, cling to me in my dreams. It never happened to me to fancy myself a child or a woman, dwarf or giant, stone-blind, or deprived of any sense.

And here, the latter part of the sentence reminds me of an interesting question, on this subject, that has greatly puzzled me; and of which I should be glad to obtain a satisfactory solution, viz.: How does a blind man dream? I mean a person with the opaque crystal from his birth. He is defective in that very faculty which, of all others, is most active in those night-passages, thence emphatically called Visions. He has had no acquaintance with external images, and has, therefore, none of those transparent pictures, that, like the slides of a magic-lantern, pass before the mind's eye, and are projected by the inward spiritual light upon the utter blank. His imagination must be like an imperfect kaleidoscope, totally unfurnished with those party-colored fragments whereof the complete instrument makes such interminable combinations. It is difficult to conceive such a man's dream.

Is it a still benighted wandering, a pitch-dark night progress, made known to him by the consciousness of the remaining senses? Is he still pulled through the universal blank, by an invisible power, as it were, at the nether end of the string? — regaled, sometimes, with celestial voluntaries and unknown mysterious fragrances, answering to our more ro-

mantic flights; at other times, with homely voices and more familiar odors; here, of rank-smelling cheeses; there, of pungent pickles or aromatic drugs, hinting his progress through a metropolitan street? Does he over again enjoy the grateful roundness of those substantial droppings from the invisible passenger, — palpable deposits of an abstract benevolence, — or, in his nightmares, suffer anew those painful concussions and corporeal buffetings, from that (to him) obscure evil principle, the Parish Beadle?

This question I am happily enabled to resolve, through the information of the oldest of those blind Tobits that stand in fresco against Bunhill Wall; the same who made that notable comparison of scarlet to the sound of a trumpet. As I understood him, harmony, with the gravel-blind, is prismatic as well as chromatic. To use his own illustration, a wall-eyed man has a *palette* in his ear, as well as in his mouth. Some stone-blinds, indeed, dull dogs, without any *ear* for color, profess to distinguish the different hues and shades by the touch; but *that*, he said, was a slovenly uncertain method, and in the chief article of Paintings not allowed to be exercised.

On my expressing some natural surprise at the aptitude of his celebrated comparison, — a miraculous close likening, to my mind, of the known to the unknown, — he told me, the instance was nothing, for the least discriminative among them could distinguish the scarlet color of the mail-guards' liveries by the sound of their horns; but there were others, so acute their faculty! that they could tell the very features and complexion of their relatives and familiars, by the mere tone of their voices. I was much gratified with this explanation; for I confess, hitherto, I was always extremely puzzled by that narrative in the "Tatler," of a young gentleman's behavior after the operation of couching, and especially at the wonderful promptness with which he distinguished his father from his mother, — his mistress from her maid. But it appears that the blind are not so blind as they have been esteemed in the vulgar notion. What they cannot get in one way they obtain in another: they, in fact, realize what the author of Hudibras has ridiculed as a fiction, for they set up

> "communities of senses,
> To chop and change intelligences,
> As Rosicrucian Virtuosis
> Can *see with ears* — and hear with noses."

FANCY PORTRAITS.

THE BARD OF HOPE.

MANY authors preface their works with a portrait, and it saves the reader a deal of speculation. The world loves to know something of the features of its favorites; it likes the Geniuses to appear bodily, as well as the Genii. We may estimate the liveliness of this curiosity, by the abundance of portraits, masks, busts, china and plaster casts, that are extant, of great or would-be great people. As soon as a gentleman has proved, in print, that he really has a head, a score of artists begin to brush at it. The literary lions have no peace to their manes. Sir Walter is eternally sitting like Theseus to some painter or other; and the late Lord Byron threw out more heads before he died than Hydra. The first novel of Mr. Galt had barely been announced in the second edition, when he was requested to allow himself to be taken "in one minute." Mr. Geoffrey Crayon was no sooner known to be Mr. Washington Irving, than he was waited upon with a sheet of paper and a pair of scissors.

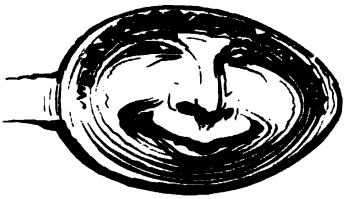
The whole world, in fact, is one Lavater: it likes to find its prejudices confirmed by the Hook nose of the author of Sayings and Doings, — or the lines and angles in the honest face of Izaak Walton. It is gratified in dwelling on the repulsive

ANACREON JUNIOR.

features of a Newgate ordinary; and would be disappointed to miss the seraphic expression on the author of the Angel of the World. The Old Bailey jurymen are physiognomists

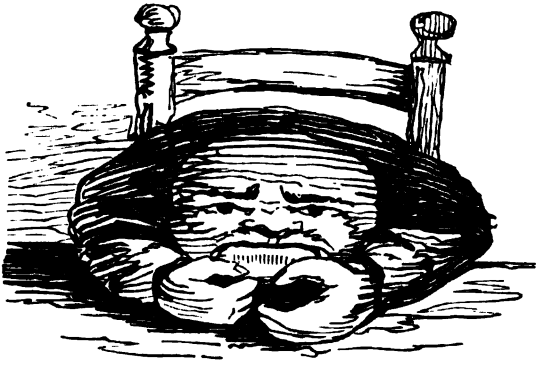
MR. BOWLES.

to a fault; and if a rope can transform a malefactor into an Adonis, a hard gallows face as often brings the malefactor to the rope. A low forehead is enough to bring down its head to the dust. A well-favored man meets with good counte-



THE AUTHOR OF BROAD GRINS.

nance; but when people are plain and hard-featured, (like the poor, for instance,) we grind their faces; an expression, I am convinced, that refers to physiognomical theory.

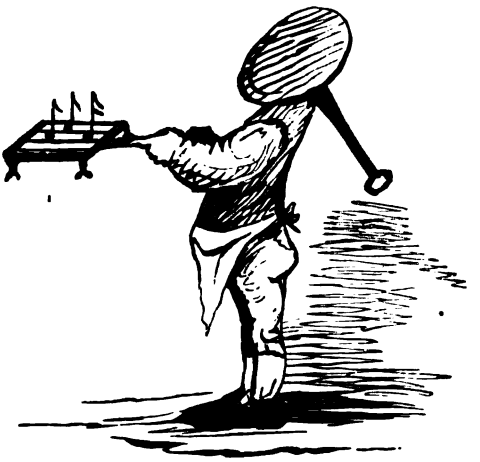


MR. CRABBE.

For my part, I confess a sympathy with the common failing. I take likings and dislikings, as some play music, — at sight. The polar attractions and repulsions insisted on by the phrenologist affect me not; but I am not proof against a pleasant

or villanous set of features. Sometimes, I own, I am led by the nose (not my own, but that of the other party) — in my prepossessions.

My curiosity does not object to the disproportionate number of portraits in the annual exhibition, — nor grudge the expense of engraving a gentleman's head and shoulders. Like Judith, and the daughter of Herodias, I have a taste for a head in a plate, and accede cheerfully to the charge of the charger. A book without a portrait of the author is worse than anonymous. As in a churchyard, you may look on any



"THE COOK'S ORACLE."

number of ribs and shin-bones as so many sticks merely, without interest; but if there should chance to be a skull near hand, it claims the relics at once, — so it is with the author's head-piece in front of his pages. The portrait claims the work. The Arcadia, for instance, I know is none of mine: it belongs to that young, fair gentleman, in armor, with a ruff.

So necessary it is for me to have an outward visible sign of the inward spiritual poet or philosopher, that, in default of an authentic resemblance, I cannot help forging for him an effigy in my mind's eye, — a fancy portrait. A few examples of

contemporaries I have sketched down, but my collection is far from complete.

How have I longed to glimpse, in fancy, the Great Unknown! — the Roc of Literature — but he keeps his head, like Ben Lomond, enveloped in a cloud. How have I sighed for a beau ideal of the author of Christabel, and the Ancient

MASTER GRAHAM.

Marinere! — but I have been mocked with a dozen images, confusing each other, and indistinct as water is in water. My only clear revelation was a pair of Hessian boots, highly polished, or what the ingenious Mr. Warren would denominate his "Aids to Reflection"!

I was more certain of the figure at least of Dr. Kitchener, though I had a misgiving about his features, which made me

have recourse to a substitute for his head. Moore's profile struck me over a bottle after dinner, and the countenance of Mr. Bowles occurred to me as in a mirror, — by a tea-table suggestion; Colman's at the same service; and Mr. Crabbe entered my mind's eye with the supper. But the Bard of Hope — the Laureate of promise and expectation — occurred

"MY NATURE IS SUBDUED TO WHAT IT WORKS IN."

to me at no meal-time. We all know how Hope feeds her own.

I had a lively image of the celebrated Denon, in a midnight dream, and made out the full length of the juvenile Graham from a hint of Mr. Hilton's.

At a future season, I hope to complete my gallery of Fancy Portraits.

A BALLAD SINGER.

Is a town-crier for the advertising of lost tunes. Hunger hath made him a wind instrument: his want is vocal, and not he. His voice had gone a-begging before he took it up and applied it to the same trade; it was too strong to hawk mackerel, but was just soft enough for Robin Adair. His business

is to make popular songs unpopular, — he gives the air, like a weather-cock, with many variations. As for a key, he has but one — a latch-key — for all manner of tunes; and as they are to pass current amongst the lower sorts of people, he makes his notes like a country banker's, as thick as he can. His tones have a copper sound, for he sounds for copper; and for the musical divisions he hath no regard, but sings on, like a kettle, without taking any heed of the bars. Before beginning he clears his pipe with gin; and he is always hoarse from the thorough draught in his throat. He has but one shake, and that is in winter. His voice sounds flat, from flatulence; and he fetches breath, like a drowning kitten, whenever he can. Notwithstanding all this, his music gains ground, for it walks with him from end to end of the street.

He is your only performer that requires not many entreaties for a song; for he will chant, without asking, to a street cur or a parish post. His only backwardness is to a stave after dinner, seeing that he never dines; for he sings for bread, and, though corn has ears, sings very commonly in vain. As for his country, he is an Englishman, that by his birthright may sing whether he can or not. To conclude, he is reckoned passable in the city, but is not so good off the stones.

PANDEANS.

A SCHOOL FOR ADULTS.

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

Servant. How well you saw
Your father to school to-day, knowing how apt
He is to play the truant.
Son. But is he not
Yet gone to school?
Servant. Stand by, and you shall see.

Enter three Old Men with satchels, singing.

All Three. Domine, Domine, duster,
Three knaves in a cluster.
Son. O this is gallant pastime. Nay, come on;
Is this your school? was that your lesson, ha?
1st Old Man. Pray, now, good son, indeed, indeed —
Son. Indeed
You shall to school. Away with him! and take
Their wagships with him, the whole cluster of them.
2d Old Man. You shan't send us, now, so you shan't —
3d Old Man. We be none of your father, so we be'nt.
Son. Away with 'em, I say; and tell their school-mistress
What truants they are, and bid her pay 'em soundly.
All Three. Oh! oh! oh!
Lady. Alas! will nobody beg pardon for
The poor old boys?

Traveller. Do men of such fair years here go to school?
Native. They would die dunces else.
These were great scholars in their youth; but when
Age grows upon men here, their learning wastes,
And so decays, that, if they live until
Threescore, their sons send 'em to school again;
They 'd die as speechless else as new-born children.
Traveller. 'T is a wise nation, and the piety
Of the young men most rare and commendable:
Yet give me, as a stranger, leave to beg
Their liberty this day.
Son. 'T is granted.
Hold up your heads, and thank the gentleman,
Like scholars, with your heels now.
All Three. Gratias! Gratias! Gratias! [*Exeunt singing.*

"*The Antipodes*," *by R. Brome.*

Amongst the foundations for the promotion of National Education, I had heard of Schools for Adults; but I doubted of their existence. They were, I thought, merely the fancies of old dramatists, such as that scene just quoted; or the suggestions of philanthropists, — the theoretical buildings of modern philosophers, — benevolent prospectuses drawn up by warm-hearted enthusiasts, but of schemes never to be realized. They were probably only the bubble projections of a junto of interested pedagogues, not content with the entrance moneys of the rising generation, but aiming to exact a premium from the unlettered graybeard. The age, I argued, was not ripe for such institutions, in spite of the spread of intelligence, and the vast power of knowledge insisted on by the public journalist. I could not conceive a set of men, or gentlemen, of mature years, if not aged, entering themselves as members of preparatory schools and petty seminaries, in defiance of shame, humiliation, and the contumely of a literary age. It seemed too whimsical to contemplate fathers, and venerable grandfathers, emulating the infant generation, and seeking for instruction in the rudiments. My imagination refused to picture the hoary abecedarian,

> "With satchel on his back, and shining morning face,
> Creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school."

Fancy grew restive at a patriarchal ignoramus with a fool's-cap, and a rod thrust down his bosom; at a palsied truant dodging the palmy inflictions of the cane; or a silver-headed dunce horsed on a pair of rheumatic shoulders for a paralytic

flagellation. The picture notwithstanding is realized? Elderly people seem to have considered that they will be as awkwardly situated in the other world as here, without their alphabet, — and schools for grown persons to learn to read are no more Utopian than New Harmony. The following letter from an old gentleman, whose education has been neglected, confirms me in the fact. It is copied, verbatim and literatim, from the original, which fell into my hands by accident.

BLACK HEATH, *November*, 1827.

DEER BROTHER,

My honnerd Parents being Both desist I feal my deuty to give you Sum Acount of the Proggress I have maid in my studdys since last Vocation. You will be gratefied to hear I am at the Hed of my Class and Tom Hodges is at its Bottom, tho He was Seventy last Burth Day and I am onely going on for Three Skore. I have begun Gografy and do exsizes on the Globs. In figgers I am all most out the fore Simples and going into Compounds next weak. In the mean time hop you will aprove my Hand riting as well as my Speling witch I have took grate panes with as you desird. As for the French Tung Mr. Legender says I shall soon get the pronounciation as well as a Parishiner but the Master thinks its not advisible to begin Lattin at my advanced ears.

With respecks to my Pearsonal comfits I am verry happy and midling Well xcept the old Cumplant in my To — but the Master is so kind as to let me have a Cushin for my feat. If their is any thing to cumplane of its the Vittles. Our Cook dont understand Maid dishe. Her Currys is xcrabble. Tom Hodges Foot Man brings him Evry Day soop from Birches. I wish you providid me the same. On the hole I wish on menny Acounts I was a Day border partickly as Barlow sleeps in our Room and coffs all nite long. His brother's Ashmy is wus then his. He has took lately to snuff and I have wishes to do the like. Its very dull after Supper since Mr. Grierson took away the fellers Pips, and forbid smocking, and allmost raized a Riot on that hed, and some of the Boys was to have Been horst for it. I am happy (to) say I have never been floged as yet and onely Caind once and that was for damming at the Cooks chops becous they was so overdun, but there was to have been fore Wiped yeaster day for Playing

Wist in skool hours, but was Begd off on acount of their Lumbargo.

I am sorry to say Ponder has had another Stroak of the perrylaticks and has no Use of his Lims. He is Parrs fag — and Parr has got the Roomytix bysides very bad but luckly its onely stiffind one Arm so he has still Hops to get the Star for Heliocution. Poor Dick Combs eye site has quite gone or he would have a good chance for the Silvur Pen.

Mundy was one of the Fellers Burths Days and we was to have a hole Hollday but he dyed sudnly over nite of the appoplxy and disappinted us verry much. Two moor was fetcht home last Weak so that we are getting very thin partickly when we go out Wauking, witch is seldom more than three at a time, their is allways so menny in the nusry. I forgot to say Garrat run off a month ago he got verry Homesick ever since his Granchilderen cum to sea him at skool, — Mr. Grierson has expeld him for running away.

On Tuesday a new Schollard cum. He is a very old crusty Chap and not much lick'd for that resin by the rest of the Boys, whom all Teas him, and call him Phig because he is a retired Grosser. Mr. Grierson declined another New Boy because he hadn't had the Mizzles. I have red Gays Febbles and the other books You were so kind to send me — and would be glad of moor partickly the Gentlemans with a Welsh Whig and a Worming Pan when you foreward my Closebox with my clean Lining like wise sum moor Fleasy Hoshery for my legs and the Cardmums I rit for with the French Grammer &c. Also weather I am to Dance next quarter. The Gimnystacks is being interdeuced into our Skool but is so Voilent no one follows them but Old Parr and He cant get up his Pole.

I have no more to rite but hop this letter will find you as Well as me; Mr. Grierson is in Morning for Mr. Linly Murry of whose loss you have herd of — xcept which he is in Quite good Helth and desires his Respective Complements with witch I remane

Your deutiful and
loving Brother
**** ******

S. P. Barlow and Phigg have just had a fite in the Yard

about calling names and Phigg has pegged Barlows tooth out But it was loose before. Mr. G. dont allow Puglism, if he nose it among the Boys, as at their Times of lifes it might be fatle partickly from puling their Coats of in the open Are.

Our new Husher his cum and is verry well Red in his Mother's tung, witch is the mane thing with Beginers but We wish the Frentch Master was changed on Acount of his Pollyticks and Religun. Brassbrige and him is always Squabling about Bonnyparty and the Pop of Room. Has for Barlow we cant tell weather He is Wig or Tory for he cant express his Sentymints for Coffing.

MISS TREE.

SALLY HOLT, AND THE DEATH OF JOHN HAYLOFT.

FOUR times in the year — twice at the season of the half-yearly dividends, and twice at the intermediate quarters, to make her slender investments — there calls at my Aunt Shakerly's a very plain, very demure maiden, about forty, and makes her way downward to the kitchen, or upward to my cousin's chamber, as may happen. Her coming is not to do chair-work, or needle-work, — to tell fortunes, — to beg, steal, or borrow. She does not come for old clothes, or for new. Her simple errand is love, — pure, strong, disinterested, enduring love, passing the love of women — at least for women.

It is not often servitude begets much kindliness between the two relations; hers, however, grew from that ungenial soil. For the whole family of the Shakerlys she has a strong feudal attachment, but her particular regard dwells with Charlotte, the latest born of the clan. *Her* she doats upon, — *her* she fondles, and takes upon her longing, loving lap.

O, let not the oblivious attentions of the worthy Dominie Sampson to the tall boy Bertram be called an unnatural working! I have seen my cousin, a good feeder, and well grown into womanhood, sitting — two good heads taller than her dry nurse — on the knees of the simple-hearted Sally Holt! I have seen the huge presentation orange, unlapped from the homely speckled kerchief, and thrust with importunate tenderness into the bashful *marriageable* hand.

My cousin's heart is not so artificially composed, as to let her scorn this humble affection, though she is puzzled sometimes with what kind of look to receive these honest but awkward endearments. I have seen her face quivering with half a laugh.

It is one of Sally's staple hopes that, some day or other, when Miss Charlotte keeps house, she will live with her as a servant; and this expectation makes her particular and earnest to a fault in her inquiries about sweethearts, and offers, and the matrimonial chances: questions which I have seen my cousin listen to with half a cry.

Perhaps Sally looks upon this confidence as her right, in return for those secrets which, by joint force of ignorance and affection, she could not help reposing in the bosom of her foster-mistress. Nature, unkind to her, as to Dogberry, denied to her that knowledge of reading and writing which comes to some by instinct. A strong principle of religion made it a darling point with her to learn to read, that she might study in her Bible; but in spite of all the help of my cousin, and as ardent a desire for learning as ever dwelt in scholar, poor Sally never mastered beyond A-B-ab. Her mind, simple as her heart, was unequal to any more difficult combinations. Writing was worse to her than conjuring. My cousin was her amanuensis: and from the vague, unaccountable mistrust of ignorance, the inditer took the pains always to compare the verbal message with the transcript, by counting the number of the words.

I would give up all the tender epistles of Mrs. Arthur Brooke, to have read one of Sally's epistles; but they were amatory, and therefore kept sacred: for plain as she was, Sally Holt had a lover.

There is an unpretending plainness in some faces that has its charm, — an unaffected ugliness, a thousand times more bewitching than those would-be pretty looks that neither satisfy the critical sense, nor leave the matter of beauty at once to the imagination. We like better to make a new face than to mend an old one. Sally had not one good feature, except those which John Hayloft made for her in his dreams; and to judge from one token, her partial fancy was equally answerable for his charms. One precious lock — no, not a lock, but rather a remnant — of very short, very coarse, very yellow hair, the clippings of a military crop, for John was a corporal, stood the foremost item amongst her treasures. To her they were curls, golden, Hyperion, and cherished long after the parent head was laid low, with many more, on the bloody plain of Salamanca.

I remember vividly at this moment the ecstasy of her grief at the receipt of the fatal news. She was standing near the dresser with a dish, just cleaned, in her dexter hand. Ninety-nine women in a hundred would have dropped the dish. Many would have flung themselves after it on the floor; but Sally put it up, orderly, on the shelf. The fall of John Hay-

loft could not induce the fall of the crockery. She felt the blow notwithstanding; and as soon as she had emptied her hands, began to give way to her emotions in her own manner. Affliction vents itself in various modes, with different temperaments: some rage, others compose themselves like monuments. Some weep, some sleep, some prose about death, and others poetize on it. Many take to a bottle, or to a rope. Some go to Margate, or Bath.

Sally did nothing of these kinds. She neither snivelled, travelled, sickened, maddened, nor ranted, nor canted, nor hung, nor fuddled herself, — *she only rocked herself upon the kitchen chair!!*

The action was not adequate to her relief. She got up, — took a fresh chair, — then another — and another — and another, — till she had rocked on all the chairs in the kitchen.

The thing was tickling to both sympathies. It was pathetical to behold her grief, but ludicrous that she knew no better how to grieve.

An American might have thought that she was in the act of enjoyment, but for an intermitting O dear! O dear! Passion could not wring more from her in the way of exclamation than the toothache. Her lamentations were always the same, even in tone. By and by she pulled out the hair, — the cropped, yellow, stunted, scrubby hair; then she fell to rocking, — then O dear! O dear! — and then Da Capo.

It was an odd sort of elegy, and yet, simple as it was, I thought it worth a thousand of Lord Littelton's!

"Heyday, Sally! what is the matter?" was a very natural inquiry from my aunt, when she came down into the kitchen; and if she did not make it with her tongue, at least it was asked very intelligibly by her eyes. Now Sally had but one way of addressing her mistress, and she used it here. It was the same with which she would have asked for a holiday, except that the waters stood in her eyes.

"If you please, ma'am," said she, rising up from her chair, and dropping her old curtsey, — "if you please, ma'am, it 's John Hayloft is dead;" and then she began rocking again, as if grief was a baby that wanted jogging to sleep.

My aunt was posed. She would fain have comforted the mourner, but her mode of grieving was so out of the common way, that she did not know how to begin. To the violent she

might have brought soothing; to the desponding, texts of patience and resignation; to the hysterical, sal volatile; she might have asked the sentimental for the story of her woes. A good scolding is useful with some sluggish griefs: in some cases a cordial. In others — a job.

If Sally had only screamed, or bellowed, or fainted, or gone stupefied, or raved, or said a collect, or moped about, it would have been easy to deal with her. But with a woman that only rocked on her chair ——

What the devil could my aunt do? —

Why, nothing: and she did it as well as she could.

THE DECLINE OF MRS. SHAKERLY.

"WHOLESALE, RETAIL, AND FOR EXPORTATION."

TOWARDS the close of her life, my Aunt Shakerly increased rapidly in bulk; she kept adding growth unto her growth,

"Giving a sum of more to that which had too much,"

till the result was worthy of a Smithfield premium. It was not the triumph, however, of any systematic diet for the promotion of fat; (except oyster-eating there is no human system of *stall*-feeding); on the contrary, she lived abstemiously, diluting her food with pickle-acids, and keeping frequent fasts, in order to reduce her compass; but they failed of this desirable effect. Nature had planned an original tendency in her organization that was not to be overcome: she would have fattened on sour-krout.

My uncle, on the other hand, decreased daily; originally a little man, he became lean, shrunken, wizened. There was a predisposition in his constitution that made him spare, and kept him so: he would have fallen off even on brewers' grains.

It was the common joke of the neighborhood to designate my aunt, my uncle, and the infant Shakerly, as "WHOLESALE, RETAIL, and FOR EXPORTATION;" and, in truth, they were not inapt impersonations of that popular inscription, — my aunt a giantess, my uncle a pigmy, and the child being "carried abroad."

Alas! of the three departments, nothing now remains but the Retail portion, — my uncle, a pennyworth, a mere sample.

It is upon record, that Dr. Watts, though a puny man in person, took a fancy, towards his latter days, that he was too large to pass through a door: an error which Death shortly corrected by taking him through his own portal. My unhappy aunt, with more show of reason, indulged in a similar delusion; she conceived herself to have grown inconveniently cumbersome for the small village of * * * *, and my uncle, to quiet her, removed to the metropolis. There she lived for some months in comparative ease, till at last an unlucky event recalled all her former inquietude. The Elephant of Mr. Cross, a good feeder, and with a natural tendency to corpulence, throve so well on his rations, that, becoming too huge for his den, he was obliged to be despatched. My aunt read the account in the newspapers, and the catastrophe, with its cause, took possession of her mind. She seemed to herself as that Elephant. An intolerable sense of confinement and oppression haunted her by day and in her dreams. First she had a tightness at her chest, then in her limbs, then all over;

she felt too big for her chair, — then for her bed, — then for her room, — then for the house! To divert her thought my uncle proposed to go to Paris; but she was too huge for a boat, — for a barge, — for a packet, — for a frigate, — for a country, — for a continent! "She was too big," she said, "for this world, — but she was going to one that is boundless."

Nothing could wean her from this belief: her whole talk was of "cumber-grounds;" of the "burden of the flesh;" and of "infinity." Sometimes her head wandered, and she would then speak of disposing of the "bulk of her personals."

In the mean time her health decayed slowly, but perceptibly: she was dying, the doctor said, by inches.

Now my uncle was a kind husband, and meant tenderly, though it sounded untender; but when the doctor said that she was dying by inches, —

"God forbid!" cried my uncle: "consider what a great big creature she is!"

SPRING AND FALL.

BANDITTI.

Of all the saints in the calendar, none has suffered less from the Reformation than St. Cecilia, the great patroness of music. Lofty and lowly are her votaries, — many and magnificent are her holiday festivals, — and her common service is performing at all hours of the day. She has not only her regular high-priests and priestesses; but, like the Wesleyans, her itinerants and street missionaries, to make known her worship in the highways and in the by-ways. Nor is the homage confined to the people of one creed; — the Protestant exalts her on his barrel-organ, — the Catholic with her tambourine, — the Wandering Jew with his Pan's-pipe and double-drum. The group above was sketched from a company of these "Strolling Players."

It must be confessed that their service is sometimes of a kind rather to drive angels higher into heaven, than to entice them earthward; and there are certain retired streets — near the Adelphi, for instance — where such half-hourly deductions from the natural quiet of the situation should justly be considered in the rent. Some of the choruses, in truth, are be-

yond any but a saintly endurance. Conceive a brace of opposition organs, a fife, two hurdy-gurdies, a clarionet, and a quartette of decayed mariners, all clubbing their music in common, on the very principle of Mr. Owen's *New Harmony!*

In the journal of a recent traveller through the Papal States, there is an account of an adventure with Neapolitan robbers, that would serve, with very slight alterations, for the description of an encounter with our own banditti.

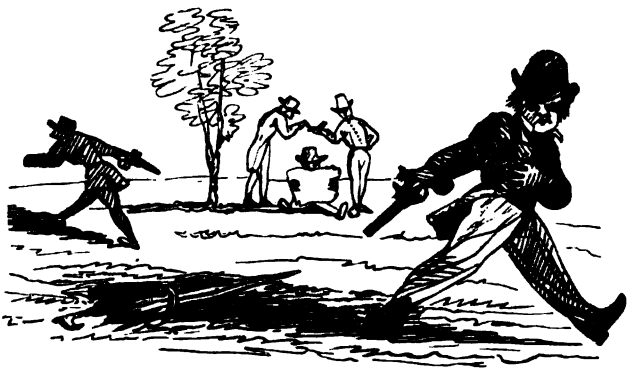
"To-day, Mrs. Graham and I mounted our horses and rode towards Islington. We had not proceeded far, when we heard sounds as of screaming and groaning, and presently a group of men appeared at a turn of the road. It was too certain that we had fallen in with one of these roving bands. Escape was impossible, as they extended across the road. Their leader was the celebrated Flanigan, notorious for his murder of Fair Ellen and the Bewildered Maid. One of the fellows advanced close up to Mrs. G., and, putting his instrument to her ear, threatened to blow out her brains. We gave them what coppers we had, and were allowed to proceed. We were informed by the country people that a gentlewoman and her daughter had been detained by them, near the same spot, and robbed of their hearings, with circumstances of great barbarity; Flanigan, in the mean time, standing by with his pipe in his mouth!

"Innumerable other travellers have been stopped and tortured by these wretches, till they gave up their money: and yet these excesses are winked at by the police. In the mean time, the government does not interfere, in the hope, perhaps, that some day those gangs may be broken up, and separated, by discord amongst themselves."

Sometimes to the eye of fancy these wandering minstrels assume another character, and illustrate Collins's Ode on the Passions in a way that might edify Miss Macauley. First, Fear, a blind harper, lays his bewildered hand amongst the chords, but recoils back at the sound of an approaching carriage. Anger, with starting eye-balls, blows a rude clash on the bugle-horn; and Despair, a snipe-faced wight, beguiles his grief with low, sullen sounds on the bassoon. Hope, a consumptive Scot, with golden hair and a clarionet, indulges, like the flatterer herself, in a thousand fantastic flourishes beside the tune. — with a lingering quaver at the close; and

would quaver longer, but Revenge shakes his matted locks, blows a fresh alarum on his pandeans, and thumps with double heat his double-drum. Dejected Pity at his side, a hunger-bitten urchin, applies to his silver-toned triangle; whilst Jealousy, sad proof of his distracted state, grinds on, in all sorts of time, at his barrel-organ. With eyes upraised, pale Melancholy sings, retired and unheeded, at the corner of the street; and Mirth, — yonder he is, a brisk little Savoyard, jerking away at the hurdy-gurdy, and dancing himself at the same time, to render his jig-tune more jigging.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.



"HONOR CALLS HIM TO THE FIELD."

—— "AND those were the only duels," concluded the Major, "that ever I fought in my life."

Now the Major reminded me strongly of an old boatman at Hastings, who after a story of a swimmer that was snapped asunder by a "sea attorney" in the West Indies, made an end in the same fashion: "And that was the only time," said he, "I ever saw a man bit in two by a shark."

A single occurrence of the kind seemed sufficient for the

experience of one life; and so I reasoned upon the Major's nine duels. He must, in the first place, have been not only jealous and swift to quarrel; but, in the second, have met with nine intemperate spirits equally forward with himself. It is but in one affront out of ten that the duellist meets with a duellist, — a computation assigning ninety mortal disagreements to his single share; whereas I, with equal irritability and as much courage perhaps, had never exchanged a card in my life. The subject occupied me all the walk homeward through the meadows: "To get involved in nine duels," said I: "'t is quite improbable!"

As I thought thus, I had thrust my body half-way under a rough bar that was doing duty for a stile at one end of a field. It was just too high to climb comfortably, and just low enough to be inconvenient to duck under; but I chose the latter mode, and began to creep through with the deliberateness consistent with doubtful and intricate speculation. "To get involved in nine duels — here my back hitched a little at the bar — 't is quite impossible."

I am persuaded that there is a spirit of mischief afoot in the world, — some malignant fiend to seize upon and direct these accidents: for just at this nick, whilst I was boggling below the bar, there came up another passenger by the same path: so, seeing how matters stood, he made an attempt at once to throw his leg over the impediment; but mistaking the altitude by a few inches, he kicked me — where I had never been kicked before.

"By heaven! this is too bad," said I, staggering through headforemost from the concussion: my back was up, in every sense, in a second.

The stranger apologized in the politest terms, — but with such an intolerable chuckle, with such a provoking grin lurking about his face, that I felt fury enough, like Beatrice, to "eat his heart in the market-place." In short, in two little minutes from venting my conviction upon duelling, I found myself engaged to a meeting for the vindication of my honor.

There is a vivid description in the history of Robinson Crusoe of the horror of the solitary mariner at finding the mark of a foot in the sandy beach of his desert island. That abominable token, in a place that he fancied was sacred to himself, — in a part, he made sure, never trodden by the sole

of man, — haunted him wherever he went. So did mine. I bore about with me the same ideal imprint — to be washed out, not by the ocean-brine, but with blood!

As I walked homeward after this adventure, and reflected on my former opinions, I felt that I had done the gallant major an injustice. It seemed likely that a man of his profession might be called out even to the ninth time, — nay, that men of the peaceful cloth might, on a chance, be obliged to have recourse to mortal combat ——

As for gentlemen *at the bar*, I have shown how they may get into an affair of honor in a twinkling.

"NOTHING BUT HEARTS!"

"SHE IS ALL HEART."

It must have been the lot of every whist-player to observe a phenomenon at the card-table, as mysterious as any in

nature, — I mean the constant recurrence of a certain trump throughout the night, — a run upon a particular suit, that sets all the calculations of Hoyle and Cocker at defiance. The chance of turning-up is equal to the four denominations. They should alternate with each other, on the average, — whereas a Heart, perhaps, shall be the last card of every deal. King or Queen, Ace or Deuce, — still it is of the same clan. You cut — and it comes again. "Nothing but Hearts!"

The figure herewith might be fancied to embody this kind of occurrence; and, in truth, it was designed to commemorate an evening dedicated to the same red suit. I had looked in, by chance, at the Royal Institution: a Mr. Professor Pattison, of New York, I believe, was lecturing, and the subject was — "Nothing but Hearts!"

Some hundreds of grave, curious, or scientific personages were ranged on the benches of the theatre, — every one in his solemn black. On a table, in front of the Professor, stood the specimens: hearts of all shapes and sizes — man's, woman's, sheep's, bullock's, on platters or in cloths — were lying about as familiar as household wares. Drawings of hearts, in black or blood-red, (dismal valentines!) hung around the fearful walls. Preparations of the organ in wax, or bottled, passed currently from hand to hand, from eye to eye, and returned to the gloomy table. It was like some solemn Egyptian Inquisition, — a looking into dead men's hearts for their morals.

The Professor began. Each after each he displayed the samples; the words "auricle" and "ventricle" falling frequently on the ear, as he explained how those "solemn organs" pump in the human breast. He showed, by experiments with water, the operation of the valves with the blood, and the impossibility of its revulsion. As he spoke, an indescribable thrilling or tremor crept over my left breast, — thence down my side, — and all over. I felt an awful consciousness of the bodily presence of my heart, till then nothing more than it is in song, — a mere metaphor, — so imperceptible are all the grand vital workings of the human frame! Now I felt the organ distinctly. There it was! — a fleshy core, — ay, like *that* on the Professor's plate, — throbbing away, auricle and ventricle, the valve allowing the gushing blood at so many gallons per minute, and ever prohibiting its return!

The Professor proceeded to enlarge on the important office

of the great functionary, and the vital engine seemed to dilate within me, in proportion to the sense of its stupendous responsibility. I seemed nothing but auricle and ventricle and valve. I had no breath, but only pulsations. Those who have been present at anatomical discussions can alone corroborate this feeling, — how the part discoursed of, by a surpassing sympathy and sensibility, causes its counterpart to become prominent and all-engrossing to the sense; how a lecture on hearts makes a man seem to himself as all heart, or one on heads causes a phrenologist to conceive he is "all brain."

Thus was I absorbed: — my "bosom's lord," lording over everything beside. By and by, in lieu of one solitary machine, I saw before me a congregation of hundreds of human forcing-pumps, all awfully working together, — the palpitations of hundreds of auricles and ventricles, the flapping of hundreds of valves! And anon they collapsed — mine, the Professor's, those on the benches — all! all! — into one great auricle, — one great ventricle, — one vast, universal heart!

The lecture ended, I took up my hat and walked out, but the discourse haunted me. I was full of the subject. A kind of fluttering, which was not to be cured even by the fresh air, gave me plainly to understand that my heart was not "in the Highlands,"— nor in any lady's keeping, — but where it ought to be, in my own bosom, and as hard at work as a parish pump. I plainly felt the blood — like the carriages on a birth-night — coming in by the auricle, and going out by the ventricle; and shuddered to fancy what must ensue, either way, from any "breaking the line." Then occurred to me the danger of little particles absorbed in the blood, and accumulating to a stoppage at the valve, — the "pumps getting choked," — a suggestion that made me feel rather qualmish, and for relief I made a call on Mrs. W——. The visit was ill-chosen and mistimed, for the lady in question, by dint of good-nature, and a romantic turn — principally estimated by her young and female acquaintance — had acquired the reputation of being "all heart." The phrase had often provoked my mirth, — but, alas! the description was now over true. Whether nature had formed her in that mould, or my own distempered fancy, I know not; but there she sat, and looked the Professor's lecture over again. She was like one of those games alluded to in my beginning, — "Nothing but

Hearts!" Her nose turned up. It was a heart, — and her mouth led a trump. Her face gave a heart, — and her cap followed suit. Her sleeves puckered and plumped themselves into a heart-shape, — and so did her body. Her pin-cushion was a heart, — the very back of her chair was a heart, — her bosom was a heart. She was "all heart" indeed!

A MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

BRIDE AND BRIDESMAID.

It has never been my lot to marry, — whatever I may have written of one Honoria to the contrary. My affair with that lady never reached beyond a very embarrassing declaration, in return for which she breathed into my dull, deaf ear an inaudible answer. It was beyond my slender assurance, in those days, to ask for a repetition, whether of acceptance or denial.

One chance for explanation still remained. I wrote to her mother, to bespeak her sanction to our union, and received, by return of post, a scrawl, that, for aught I knew, might be

in Sanscrit. I question whether, even at this time, my intolerable bashfulness would suffer me to press such a matter any further.

My thoughts of matrimony are now confined to occasional day-dreams, originating in some stray glimpse in the Prayer-Book, or the receipt of bride-cake. It was on some such occurrence that I fell once, Bunyan-like, into an allegory of a wedding.

My fancies took the order of a procession. With flaunting banners it wound its Alexandrine way — in the manner of some of Martin's painted pageants — to a taper spire in the

JOINERS.

distance. And first, like a band of livery, came the honorable company of Match-makers, all mature spinsters and matrons, — and as like aunts and mothers as may be. The Glovers trod closely on their heels. Anon came, in blue and gold, the parish beadle, Scarabæus Parochialis, with the ringers of the hand-bells. Then came the Banns, — it was during the reign of Lord Eldon's Act, — three sturdy pioneers, with

their three axes, and likely to hew down sterner impediments than lie commonly in the path of marriage. On coming nearer, the countenance of the first was right foolish and perplexed; of the second, simpering; and the last, methought, looked sedate, as if dashed with a little fear. After the Banns — like the judges following the halberds — came the Joiners: no rough mechanics, but a portly, full-blown vicar, with his clerk — both rubicund — a peony paged by a pink. It made me smile to observe the droll clerical turn of the clerk's beaver, scrubbed into that fashion by his coat at the nape. The marriage-knot — borne by a ticket-porter — came after the divine, and raised associations enough to sadden one, but for a pretty Cupid that came on laughing and trundling a hoop-ring.

The next group was a numerous one, Firemen of the Hand-in-Hand, with the Union flag — the chief actors were near. With a mixture of anxiety and curiosity, I looked out for the impending couple, when, how shall I tell it? I beheld, not a brace of young lovers, a Romeo and Juliet, — not a "he-moon here, and a she-sun there," — not bride and bridegroom, — but the happy *pear*, a solitary Bergamy, carried on a velvet cushion by a little foot-page. I could have foresworn my fancy for ever for so wretched a conceit, till I remembered that it was intended, perhaps, to typify, under that figure, the mysterious resolution of two into one, a pair nominally, but in substance single, which belongs to marriage. To make amends, the high contracting parties approached in proper person, — a duplication sanctioned by the practice of the oldest masters in their historical pictures. It took a brace of Cupids, with a halter, to overcome the "sweet reluctant delay" of the Bride, and make her keep pace with the procession. She was absorbed, like a nun, in her veil; tears, too, she dropped, large as sixpences, in her path; but her attendant bridesmaid put on such a coquettish look, and tripped along so airily, that it cured all suspicion of heart-ache in such maiden showers. The Bridegroom, dressed for the Honeymoon, was ushered by Hymen, — a little link-boy; and the imp used the same importunity for his dues. The next was a motley crew. For nuptial ode or *Carmen*, there walked two carters, or draymen, with their whips; a leash of footmen in livery indicated Domestic Habits; and Domestic Comfort was personated by an ambulating advertiser of "Hot Dinners every Day."

I forget whether the Bride's character preceded or followed her, — but it was a lottery placard, and blazoned her as One of Ten Thousand. The parents of both families had a quiet smile on their faces, hinting that their enjoyment was of a retrospective cast; and as for the six sisters of the bride, they would have wept with her, but that six young gallants came after them. The friends of the family were Quakers, and seemed to partake of the happiness of the occasion in a very quiet and quaker-like way. I ought to mention that a band of harmonious sweet music preceded the Happy Pair. There was none came after, — the veteran, Townsend, with his constables, to keep order, making up the rear of the Procession.

THE MAN IN THE HONEYMOON.

A MAD DOG

Is none of my bugbears. Of the bite of dogs, large ones especially, I have a reasonable dread; but as to any participation in the canine frenzy, I am somewhat sceptical. The notion savors of the same fanciful superstition that invested the subjects of Dr. Jenner with a pair of horns. Such was affirmed to be the effect of the vaccine matter, — and I shall believe what I have heard of the canine virus, when I see a rabid gentleman, or gentlewoman, with flap-ears, dew-claws, and a brush-tail!

I lend no credit to the imputed effects of a mad dog's saliva. We hear of none such amongst the West Indian Negroes, — and yet their condition is always *slavery*.

I put no faith in the vulgar stories of human beings betaking themselves, through a dog-bite, to dog-habits; and consider the smotherings and drownings that have originated in that fancy as cruel as the murders for witchcraft. Are we, for a few yelpings, to stifle all the disciples of Loyola — Jesuit's Bark — or plunge unto death all the convalescents who may take to bark and wine?

As for the Hydrophobia, or loathing of water, I have it mildly myself. My head turns invariably at thin, washy potations. With a dog, indeed, the case is different: he is a water-drinker; and when he takes to grape-juice, or the stronger cordials, may be dangerous. But I have never seen one with a bottle — except at his tail.

There are other dogs who are born to haunt the liquid element, to dive and swim; and for such to shun the lake or the pond would look suspicious. A Newfoundlander, standing up from a shower at a door-way, or a Spaniel with a parapluie, might be innocently destroyed. But when does such a cur occur?

There are persons, however, who lecture on Hydrophobia very dogmatically. It is one of their maggots, that if a puppy be not wormed, he is apt to go rabid. As if, forsooth, it made so much difference, his merely speaking or not with what Lord Duberly calls his "vermicular tongue." Verily, as

Izaak Walton would say, these gudgeons take the worm very kindly!

Next to a neglect of calling in Dr. Gardner, want of water is prone to drive a dog mad. A reasonable saying, — but the rest is not so plausible, viz. that if you keep a dog till he is very dry, he will refuse to drink. It is a gross libel on the human-like instinct of the animal, to suppose him to act so clean contrary to human-kind. A crew of sailors, thirsting at sea, will suck their pumps or the canvas, — anything that will afford a drop of moisture; whereas a parching dog, instead of cooling his tongue at the next gutter, or licking his own kennel for imaginary relief, runs senselessly up and down

HYDROPHOBIA.

to over-heat himself, and resents the offer of a bucket like a mortal affront. Away he scuds, straightforward like a marmot — except when he dodges a pump. A glimmering instinct guides him to his old haunts. He bites his ex-master, — grips his trainer, — takes a snap with a friend or two where he used to visit, — and then, biting right and left at the public, at last dies, — a pitchfork in his eye, fifty slugs in his ribs, and a spade through the small of his back.

The career of the animal is but a type of his victim's, —

suppose some bank clerk. He was not bitten, but only splashed on the hand by the mad foam or dog-spray: a recent flea-bite gives entrance to the virus, and in less than three years it gets possession. Then the tragedy begins. The unhappy gentleman first evinces uneasiness at being called on for his New River rates. He answers the collector snappishly, and when summoned to pay for his supply of water, tells the Commissioners doggedly, that they may cut it off. From that time he gets worse. He refuses slops, — turns up a pug-nose at pump-water, — and at last, on a washing-day, after flying at the laundress, rushes out, ripe for hunting, to the street. A twilight remembrance leads him to the house of his intended. He fastens on her hand, — next worries his mother, — takes a bit apiece out of his brothers and sisters, — runs a-muck, "giving tongue," all through the suburbs, — and finally is smothered by a pair of bed-beaters in Moorfields.

According to popular theory the mischief ends not here. The dog's master, — the trainer, — the friends, human and canine, — the bank clerks, — the laundresses, — sweetheart, — mother and sisters, — the two bed-beaters, — all inherit the rabies, and run about to bite others. It is a wonder, the madness increasing by this ratio, that examples are not running in packs at every turn: my experience, notwithstanding, records but one instance.

It was my aunt's brute. His temper, latterly, had altered for the worse, and, in a sullen or insane fit, he made a snap at the cook's radish-like fingers. The act demanded an inquest De Lunatico Inquirendo. He was lugged neck and crop to a full bucket; but you may bring a horse to the water, says the proverb, yet not make him drink, and the cur asserted the same independence. To make sure, Betty cast the whole gallon over him, a favor that he received with a mood that would have been natural in any mortal. His growl was conclusive. The cook alarmed, first the family, and then the neighborhood, which poured all its males capable of bearing arms into the passage. There were sticks, staves, swords, and a gun; a prong or two, moreover, glistened here and there. The kitchen-door was occupied by the first rank of the column, their weapons all bristling in advance; and right opposite — at the further side of the kitchen, and holding all the army at bay — stood Hydrophobia — "in its most dreadful form!"

Conceive, Mulready! under this horrible figure of speech, a round, goggle-eyed pug-face, supported by two stumpy bandy-legs, — the forelimbs of a long, pampered, sausage-like body, that rested on a similar pair of crotchets at the other end! Not without short, wheezy pantings, he began to waddle towards the guarded entry; but before he had accomplished a quarter of the distance, there resounded the report of a musket. The poor Turnspit gave a yell, — the little brown bloated body tumbled over, pierced by a dozen slugs, but not mortally; for before the piece could be reloaded, he contrived to lap up a little pool — from Betty's bucket — that had settled beside the hearth.

"SPEAK UP, SIR!"

A MAY-DAY.

A MAY-DUKE.

I KNOW not what idle schemer or mad wag put such a folly in the head of my Lady Rasherly, but she resolved to celebrate a May-day after the old fashion, and convert Porkington Park — her Hampshire Leasowes — into a new Arcadia. Such revivals have always come to a bad end: the Golden Age is not to be regilt; Pastoral is gone out, and Pan extinct, — Pans will not last forever.

But Lady Rasherly's fête was fixed. A large order was sent to Ingram, of rustic celebrity, for nubbly sofas and crooked chairs; a letter was despatched to the manager of the P——h Theatre, begging a loan from the dramatic wardrobe; and old Jenkins, the steward, was sent through the village to assemble as many, male and female, of the barn-door kind, as he could muster. Happy for the lady, had her Hampshire peasantry been more pig-headed and hoggishly untractable

like the staple animal of the county: but the time came, and the tenants. Happy for her, had the good-natured manager excused himself, with a plea that the cottage-hats, and blue bodices, and russet skirts, were bespoke, for that very night, by Rosina and her villagers: but the day came, and the dresses. I am told that old Jenkins and his helpmate had a world of trouble in the distribution of the borrowed plumes: this maiden turning up a pug-nose, still pugger, at a faded bodice; that damsel thrusting out a pair of original pouting lips, still more spout-like, at a rusty ribbon; carroty Celias wanted more roses in their hair, and dumpy Delias more flounces in their petticoats. There is a natural tact, however, in womankind as to matters of dress, that made them look tolerably when all was done: but pray except from this praise the gardener's daughter, Dolly Blossom, — a born sloven, with her horticultural hose, which she had *pruned* so often at top to *graft* at bottom, that, from long stockings, they had dwindled into short socks; and it seemed as if, by a similar process, she had coaxed her natural calves into her ankles. The men were less fortunate in their toilet: they looked slack in their tights, and tight in their slacks; to say nothing of Johnny Giles, who was so tight all over, that he looked as if he had stolen his clothes, and the clothes, turning King's evidence, were going to "*split* upon him."

In the mean time, the retainers at the Park had not been idle. The old mast was taken down from the old barn, and, stripped of its weathercock, did duty as a May-pole. The trees and shrubs were hung with artificial garlands; and a large marquee made an agreeable contrast, in canvas, with the long lawn. An extempore wooden arbor had likewise been erected for the May Queen; and here stood my Lady Rasherly with her daughters: my Lady, with a full-moon face, and a half-moon tiara, was Diana; the young ladies represented her nymphs, and they had all bows and arrows, Spanish hats and feathers, Lincoln-green spensers and slashed sleeves, — the uniform of the Porkington Archery. There were, moreover, six younger young ladies — a loan from the parish school — who were to be the immediate attendants on her Sylvan Majesty, and, as they expressed it in their own simple Doric, "to *shy* flowers at her *fut*"!

And now the nymphs and swains began to assemble: Damon

and Phillis, Strephon and Amaryllis, — a nomenclature not a little puzzling to the performers, for Delia answered to Damon, and Chloe instead of Colin, —

"And, though I called another, Abra came."

But I must treat you with a few personalities. Damon was one Darius Dobbs. He was intrusted with a fine tinsel crook and half a dozen sheep, which he was puzzled to keep, by hook or by crook, to the lawn; for Corydon, his fellow-shepherd, had quietly hung up his pastoral emblem, and walked off to the sign of the Rose and Crown. Poor Damon! there he sat, looking the very original of Phillips's line,

"Ah, silly I, more silly than my sheep,"

and, to add to his perplexity, he could not help seeing and hearing Mary Jenks, his own sweetheart, who, having no lambs to keep, was romping where she would, and treating whom she would with a kindness by no means sneaking. Poor Darius Dobbs!

Gregory Giles was Colin; and he was sadly hampered with "two hands out of employ;" for, after feeling up his back, and down his bosom, and about his hips, he had discovered that, to save time and trouble, his stage-clothes had been made without pockets. But

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do;"

and, accordingly, he soon set Colin's fingers to work so busily, that they twiddled off all the buttons from his borrowed jacket.

Strephon was nothing particular, only a sky-blue body on a pair of chocolate-colored legs. But Lubin was a jewel! He had formerly been a private in the Baconfield Yeomanry, and therefore thought proper to surmount his pastoral uniform with a cavalry cap! Such an incongruity was not to be overlooked. Old Jenkins remonstrated, but Lubin was obstinate; the steward persisted, and the other replied with a "positive negative;" and, in the end, Lubin went off in a huff to the Rose and Crown.

The force of *two* bad examples was too much for the virtue of Darius Dobbs: he threw away his crook, left his sheep to

anybody, and ran off to the alehouse, and, what was worse, Colin was sent after him, and never came back!

The chief of the faithful shepherds who now remained at the Park was Hobbinol, — one Josias Strong, a notorious glutton, who had won sundry wagers by devouring a leg of mutton and trimmings at a sitting. He was a big, lubberly fellow, that had been born great, and had achieved greatness, but had not greatness thrust upon him. It was as much as he could do to keep his trousers — for he was at once clown and pantaloon — down to the knee, and more than he could do to keep them up to the waist; and, to crown all, having rashly squatted down on the lawn, the juicy herbage had left a stain behind, on his calimancoes, that still occupies the "greenest spot" in the memoirs of Baconfield.

There were some half-dozen of other rustics to the same pattern, but the fancy of my Lady Rasherly did not confine itself to the humanities. Old Joe Bradley, the blacksmith, was Pan; and, truly, he made a respectable satyr enough, for he came half drunk, and was rough, gruff, tawny and brawny, and bow-legged, and had n't been shaved for a month. His cue was to walk about in buckskins, leading his own billy-goat, and he was followed up and down by his sister, Patty, whom the wags called *Patty Pan.*

The other Deity was also a wet one, — a triton amongst mythologists, but Timothy Gubbins with his familiars, — the acknowledged dolt of the village, and remarkable for his weekly slumbers in the parish church. It had been ascertained that he could neither pipe nor sing nor dance, nor even keep sheep, so he was stuck, with an urn under his arm, and a rush crown, as the God of the fish-pond, — a task, simple as it was, that proved beyond his genius, for, after stupidly dozing awhile over his vase, he fell into a sound, snoring sleep, out of which he cold-pigged himself by tumbling, urn and all, into his own fountain.

Misfortunes always come pick-a-back. The Rose and Crown happened to be a receiving-house for the drowned, under the patronage of the Humane Society, wherefore the *Water God* insisted on going there *to be dried*, and Cuddy, who pulled him out, insisted on going with him! These two had, certainly, some slight excuse for walking off to the alehouse, whereas Sylvio thought proper to follow them without any excuse at all!

This mischance was but the prelude of new disasters. It was necessary, before beginning the sports of the day, to elect a MAY QUEEN, and, by the influence of Lady Rasherly, the choice of the lieges fell upon Jenny Acres, a really pretty maiden, and worthy of the honor; but in the mean time Dolly Wiggins, a brazen, strapping dairy-maid, had quietly elected herself, — snatched a flower-basket from one of the six Floras, strewed her own path, and, getting first to the royal arbor, squatted there firm and fast, and persisted in reigning as QUEEN in her own right. Hence arose civil and uncivil war, — and Alexis and Diggon, being interrupted in a boxing-match in the Park, adjourned to the Rose and Crown to have it out; and as two can't make a ring, a round dozen of the shepherds went along with them for that purpose.

There now remained but five swains in Arcadia, and they had five nymphs apiece, besides Mary Jenks, who divided her favor equally amongst them all. There should have been next in order a singing-match on the lawn, for a prize, after the fashion of Pope's Pastorals; but Corydon, one of the warblers, had bolted, and Palemon, who remained, had forgotten what was set down for him, though he obligingly offered to sing "Tom Bowling" instead. But Lady Rasherly thought proper to dispense with the song, and, there being nothing else, or better, to do, she directed a movement to the marquee, in order to begin, though somewhat early, on the collation. Alas! even this was a failure. During the time of Gubbins's ducking, the Queen's coronation, and the boxing-match, Hobbinol, that great greedy lout, had been privily in the pavilion, glutting his constitutional voracity on the substantials, and he was now lying insensible and harmless, like a gorged boa-constrictor, by the side of the table. Pan, too, had been missing, and it was thought he was at the Rose and Crown. But no such luck! He had been having a sly pull at the tent tankards, and from half drunk had got so whole drunk, that he could not hinder his goat from having a butt, even at Diana herself, nor from entangling his horns in the table-cloth, by which the catastrophe of the collation was completed!

The rest of the fête consisted of a succession of misfortunes which it would be painful to dwell upon, and cruel to describe minutely. So I will but hint, briefly, how the fragments of the banquet were scrambled for by the Arcadians, — how they danced afterwards round the May-pole, not tripping them-

selves like fairies, but tripping one another, — how the Honorable Miss Rasherly, out of idleness, stood fitting the notch of an arrow to the string, — and how the shaft went off of itself, and lodged, unluckily, in the calf of one of the caperers. I will leave to the imagination, what suits were torn past mending, or soiled beyond washing, — the lamentations of old Jenkins, — and the vows of Lady Rasherly and daughters, that there should be no more May-days at Porkington. Suffice it, that night found *all* the Arcadians at the Rose and Crown: and on the morrow, Diana and her Nymphs were laid up with severe colds, — Dolly Wiggins was out of place, — Hobbinol in a surfeit, — Alexis before a magistrate, — Palemon at a surgeon's, — Billy in the pound, — and Pan in the stocks, with the fumes of last night's liquor not yet evaporated from his gray gooseberry eyes.

AN ABSENTEE.

If ever a man wanted a flapper, — no Butcher's mimosa, or catch-fly, but one of those officers in use at the court of Laputa, — my friend W—— should have such a remembrancer at his elbow. I question whether even the appliance of a bladder full of peas, or pebbles, would arouse him from some of his abstractions, — fits of mental insensibility, parallel with those bodily trances in which persons have sometimes been coffined. Not that he is entangled in abstruse problems, like the nobility of the Flying Island! He does not dive, like Sir Isaac Newton, into a reverie, and turn up again with a Theory of Gravitation. His thoughts are not deeply engaged elsewhere, — they are nowhere. His head revolves itself, top-like, into a profound slumber: a blank doze without a dream. He is not carried away by incoherent rambling fancies, out of himself, — he is not drunk, merely, with the Waters of Oblivion, but drowned in them, body and soul!

There is a story, somewhere, of one of these absent persons, who stooped down, when tickled about the calf by a blue-bottle, and scratched his neighbor's leg: an act of tolerable forgetfulness, but denoting a state far short of W——'s absorptions. He would never have felt the fly.

To make W——'s condition more whimsical, he lives in a small bachelor's house, with no other attendant than an old housekeeper, — one Mistress Bundy, of faculty as infirm and intermitting as his own. It will be readily believed that her absent fits do not originate, any more than her master's, in abstruse mathematical speculations, — a proof with me that such moods result, not from abstractions of mind, but stagnation. How so ill-sorted a couple contrive to get through the commonplace affairs of life, I am not prepared to say: but it is comical indeed to see him ring up Mistress Bundy to receive orders, which he generally forgets to deliver, or, if delivered, this old Bewildered Maid lets slip out of her remembrance with the same facility. Numberless occurrences of this kind — in many instances more extravagant — are recorded by his friends; but an evening that I spent with him recently will furnish an abundance of examples.

In spite of going by his own invitation, I found W—— within. He was too apt, on such occasions, to be denied to his visitors; but what in others would be an unpardonable affront, was overlooked in a man who was not always at home to himself. The door was opened by the housekeeper, whose absence, as usual, would not allow her to decide upon that of her master. Her shrill, quavering voice went echoing up stairs with its old query, — "Mr. W——! are you within?" then a pause, literally for him to collect himself. Anon came his answer, and I was ushered up stairs, Mrs. Bundy contriving, as usual, to forget my name at the first landing-place. I had therefore to introduce myself formally to W——, whose old friends came to him always as if with new faces. As for what followed, it was one of the old fitful colloquies, — a game at conversation, sometimes with a partner, sometimes with a dummy; the old woman's memory in the mean time growing torpid on a kitchen-chair. Hour after hour passed away: no teaspoon jingled or teacup rattled; no murmuring kettle or hissing urn found its way upward from one haunt of forgetfulness to the other. In short, as might have been expected with an Absentee, the tea was absent.

It happens that the meal in question is not one of my essentials; I therefore never hinted at the In Tea Speravi of my visit; but at the turn of eleven o'clock, my host rang for the apparatus. The Chinese ware was brought up, but the herb

was deficient. Mrs. Bundy went forth, by command, for a supply; but it was past grocer-time, and we arranged to make amends by an early supper, which came, however, as proportionably late as the tea. By dint of those freedoms which you must use with an entertainer who is absent at his own table, I contrived to sup sparely; and W——'s memory, blossoming like certain flowers to the night, reminded him that I was accustomed to go to bed on a tumbler of Geneva and water. He kept but one bottle of each of the three kinds, Rum, Brandy, and Hollands, in the house; and when exhausted they were replenished at the tavern a few doors off. Luckily, for it was far beyond the midnight hour when, according to our vapid magistracy, all spirits are evil, the three vessels were full, and merely wanted bringing up stairs. The kettle was singing on the hob: the tumblers, with spoons in them, stood miraculously ready on the board; and Mrs. Bundy was really on her way from below with the one thing needful. Never were fair hopes so unfairly blighted! I could hear her step laboring on the stairs to the very last step, when, her memory serving her just as treacherously as her forgetfulness, or rather both betraying her together, there befell the accident which I have endeavored to record by the following sketch.

I never ate or drank with the Barmecide again!

"LAWK! I'VE FORGOT THE BRANDY!"

DRAWN FOR A SOLDIER.

"ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO."

I WAS once — for a few hours only — in the militia. I suspect I was in part answerable for my own mishap. There is a story in Joe Miller of a man who, being *pressed* to serve his Majesty on another element, pleaded his polite breeding, to the gang, as a good ground of exemption; but was told that, the crew being a set of sad unmannerly dogs, a Chesterfield was the very character they wanted. The militia-men acted, I presume, on the same principle. Their customary schedule was forwarded to me, at Brighton, to fill up, and in a moment of incautious hilarity — induced, perhaps, by the absence of all business or employment, except pleasure — I wrote myself down in the descriptive column as "*Quite a Gentleman.*"

The consequence followed immediately. A precept, addressed by the High Constable of Westminster to the Low ditto of the parish of St. M*****, and indorsed with my name, informed me that it had turned up in that involuntary lottery, the Ballot.

At sight of the Orderly, who thought proper to deliver the document into no other hands than mine, my mother-in-law cried, and my wife fainted on the spot. They had no notion

of any distinctions in military service, — a soldier was a soldier; and they imagined that, on the very morrow, I might be ordered abroad to a fresh Waterloo. They were unfortunately ignorant of that benevolent provision which absolved the militia from going out of the kingdom — "except in case of an invasion." In vain I represented that we were "locals;" they had heard of local diseases, and thought there might be wounds of the same description. In vain I explained that we were not troops of the line; they could see nothing to choose between shot in a line, or in any other figure. I told them, next, that I was not obliged to "serve myself;" but they answered, "'t was so much the harder I should be obliged to serve any one else." My being sent abroad, they said, would be the death of them; for they had witnessed, at Ramsgate, the embarkation of the Walcheren expedition, and too well remembered "the misery of the soldiers' wives at seeing their husbands in *transport!*"

I told them that, at the very worst, if I *should* be sent abroad, there was no reason why I should not return again; but they both declared, they never did, and never would, believe in those "Returns of the Killed and Wounded."

The discussion was in this stage when it was interrupted by another loud single knock at the door, a report equal in its effects on us to that of the memorable cannon-shot at Brussels; and before we could recover ourselves, a strapping sergeant entered the parlor with a huge bow, or rather rain-bow, of party-colored ribbons in his cap. He came, he said, to offer a substitute for me; but I was prevented from reply by the indignant females asking him in the same breath, "Who and what did he think *could* be a substitute for a son and a husband?"

The poor sergeant looked foolish enough at this turn; but he was still more abashed when the two anxious ladies began to cross-examine him on the length of his services abroad, and the number of his wounds, the campaigns of the militia-man having been confined doubtless to Hounslow, and his bodily marks militant to the three stripes on his sleeve. Parrying these awkward questions, he endeavored to prevail upon me to see the proposed proxy, a fine young fellow, he assured me, of unusual stature; but I told him it was quite an indifferent point with me whether he was 6-feet-2 or 2-feet-6; in short, whether he was as tall as the flag, or "under the standard."

The truth is, I reflected that it was a time of profound peace, that a civil war, or an invasion, was very unlikely; and as for an occasional drill, that I could make shift, like Lavater, to right-about-face.

Accordingly I declined seeing the substitute, and dismissed the sergeant with a note to the War-Secretary to this purport: "That I considered myself *drawn;* and expected therefore to be well *quartered.* That, under the circumstances of the country, it would probably be unnecessary for militia-men 'to be mustarded;' but that if his Majesty did '*call me out,*' I hoped I should '*give him satisfaction.*'"

The females were far from being pleased with this billet. They talked a great deal of moral suicide, wilful murder, and seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth; but I shall ever think that I took the proper course, for, after the lapse of a few hours, two more of the General's red-coats, or General postmen, brought me a large packet sealed with the War-Office seal, and superscribed "Henry Hardinge;" by which I was officially absolved from serving on Horse, or on Foot, or on both together, then and thereafter.

And why, I know not — unless his Majesty doubted the handsomeness of discharging me in particular, without letting off the rest; but so it was, that in a short time afterwards there issued a proclamation, by which the services of all militia-men were for the present dispensed with, — and we were left to pursue our several avocations, — of course, all the lighter in our *spirits* for being *disembodied.*

A LETTER FROM A MARKET GARDENER TO THE SECRETARY OF THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Sir, —

The Satiety having Bean pleasd to Complement Me before I beg Leaf to lie before Them agin as follow in particullers witch I hop They will luck upon with a Sowth Aspic.

Sir — last year I paid my Atentions to a Tater & the

Satiety was pleasd to be gratifid at the Innlargement of my Kidnis. This ear I have turned my Eyes to Gozberris. — I am happy to Say I have allmost sucksidid in Making them too Big for Bottlin. I beg to Present sum of itch kind — Pleas obsarve a Green Goose is larger in Siz then a Red Goosebry. Sir as to Cherris my atention has Bean cheafly occupid by the Black Arts. Sum of them are as big as Crickt Balls as will be seen I send a Sample tyed on a Wauking-stick. I send lickwise a Potle of stray berris witch I hop will reach. They air so large as to object to lay more nor too in a Bed. Also a Potle of Hobbies and one of my new Pins, of a remarkably sharp flaviour. I hop they will cum to Hand in time to be at your Feat. Respective Black red & White Currency I have growd equely Large, so as one Bunch is not to be Put into a Galley Pot without jamming. My Pitches has not ben Strong, and their is no Show on My Walls of the Plumb line. Damsins will Be moor Plentifle & their is no Want of common Bullies about Lunnon. Please inform if propper to classify the Slow with the creepers.

Concerning Graps I have bin recommanded by mixing Wines with Warter Mellons, the later is improved in its juice — but have douts of the fack. Of the Patgonian Pickleing Cucumber, I hav maid Trial of, and have hops of Growing one up to Markit by sitting one End agin my front dore. On account of its Proggressiveness I propos calling it Pickleus Perriginatus if Aproved of.

Sir, about Improving the common Stocks. — Of Haws I have some hops but am disponding about my Hyps. I have quite faled in cultuvating them into Cramberris. I have all so atempted to Mull Blackberis, but am satisfid them & the Mulberris is of diferent Genius. Pleas observe of Aples I have found a Grafft of the common Crab from its Straglin sideways of use to Hispalliers. I should lick to be infourmd weather Scotch Granite is a variety of the Pom Granite & weather as sum say so pore a frute, and Nothing but Stone.

Sir, — My Engine Corn has been all eat up by the Burds namely Rocks and Ravines. In like manner I had a full Shew of Pees but was distroyd by the Sparers. There as bean grate Mischef dun beside by Entymollogy — in some parts a complet Patch of Blight. Their has bean a grate Deal too of Robin by boys and men picking and stealing but

their has bean so many axidents by Steel Traps I don't like setting on 'em.

Sir I partickly wish the Satiety to be called to considder the Case what follows, as I think mite be maid Transaxtionable in the next Reports: —

My Wif had a Tomb Cat that dyd. Being a torture Shell and a Grate feverit, we had Him berrid in the Guardian, and for the sake of inrichment of the Mould I had the carks deposeted under the roots of a Gosberry Bush. The Frute being up till then of the smooth kind. But the next Seson's Frute after the Cat was berrid, the Gozberris was all hairy.— & moor Remarkable the Catpilers of the same bush, was All of the same hairy Discription. I am Sir Your humble servant.

THOMAS FROST.

SAINT MARK'S EVE.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

"THE Devil choke thee with un!" — as Master Giles the Yeoman said this, he banged down a hand, in size and color like a ham, on the old-fashioned oak table; — "I do say, the Devil choke thee with un!"

The Dame made no reply: she was choking with passion and a fowl's liver, — the original cause of the dispute. A great deal has been said and sung of the advantage of congenial tastes amongst married people, but true it is, the variances of our Kentish couple arose from this very coincidence in gusto. They were both fond of the little delicacy in question, but the Dame had managed to secure the morsel for herself, and this was sufficient to cause a storm of very high words, — which, properly understood, signifies very low language. Their meal-times seldom passed over without some contention of the sort: as sure as the knives and forks clashed, so did they, — being in fact equally greedy and disagreedy; and when they did pick a quarrel, they picked it to the bone.

It was reported that, on some occasions, they had not even contented themselves with hard speeches, but that they had

come to scuffling, — he taking to boxing, and she to pinching, — though in a far less amicable manner than is practised by the takers of snuff. On the present difference, however, they were satisfied with "wishing each other dead with all their hearts;" and there seemed little doubt of the sincerity of the aspiration, on looking at their malignant faces, — for they made a horrible picture in this frame of mind.

BOXER AND PINCHER.

Now it happened that this quarrel took place on the morning of St. Mark, — a saint who was supposed on that festival to favor his votaries with a peep into the Book of Fate. For it was the popular belief in those days, that if a person should keep watch towards midnight, beside the church, the apparitions of all those of the parish who were to be taken by death before the next anniversary, would be seen entering the porch. The Yeoman, like his neighbors, believed most devoutly in this superstition; and in the very moment that he breathed the unseemly aspiration aforesaid, it occurred to him that the even was at hand, when, by observing the rite of St. Mark, he might know to a certainty whether this unchristian wish was to be one of those that bear fruit. Accordingly, a little before midnight he stole quietly out of the house, and in something of a sexton-like spirit set forth on his way to the church.

In the mean time, the Dame called to mind the same ceremonial; and having the like motive for curiosity with her husband, she also put on her cloak and calash, and set out, though by a different path, on the same errand.

The night of the Saint was as dark and chill as the mysteries he was supposed to reveal, the moon throwing but a short occasional glance, as the sluggish masses of cloud were driven slowly across her face. Thus it fell out that our two adventurers were quite unconscious of being in company, till a sudden glimpse of moonlight showed them to each other, only a few yards apart; both, through a natural panic, as pale as

SECOND SIGHT.

ghosts, and both making eagerly towards the church porch. Much as they had just wished for this vision, they could not help quaking and stopping on the spot, as if turned to a pair of tombstones, and in this position the dark again threw a sudden curtain over them, and they disappeared from each other.

It will be supposed the two came only to one conclusion, each conceiving that St. Mark had marked the other to himself. With this comfortable knowledge, the widow and widower elect hied home again by the roads they came; and as their custom was to sit apart after a quarrel, they repaired, each ignorant of the other's excursion, to separate chambers.

By and by, being called to supper, instead of sulking as aforetime, they came down together, each being secretly in the best humor, though mutually suspected of the worst: and amongst other things on the table, there was a calf's sweetbread, being one of those very dainties that had often set them together by the ears. The Dame looked and longed, but she refrained from its appropriation, thinking within herself that she could give up sweetbreads *for one year:* and the Farmer made a similar reflection. After pushing the dish to and fro several times, by a common impulse they divided the treat; and then having supped, they retired amicably to rest, whereas until then they had never gone to bed without falling out. The truth was, each looked upon the other, as being already in the churchyard mould, or quite "moulded to their wish."

On the morrow, which happened to be the Dame's birthday, the Farmer was the first to wake, and *knowing what he knew*, and having besides but just roused himself out of a dream strictly confirmatory of the late vigil, he did not scruple to salute his wife, and wish her many happy returns of the day. The wife, *who knew as much as he*, very readily wished him the same, having in truth but just rubbed out of her eyes the pattern of a widow's bonnet that had been submitted to her in her sleep. She took care, however, to give the fowl's liver at dinner to the doomed man, considering that when he was dead and gone she could have them, if she pleased, seven days in the week; and the Farmer, on his part, took care to help her to many tidbits. Their feeling towards each other was that of an impatient host with regard to an unwelcome guest, showing scarcely a bare civility while in expectation of his stay, but overloading him with hospitality, when made certain of his departure.

In this manner they went on for some six months, and though without any addition of love between them, and as much selfishness as ever, yet living in a subservience to the comforts and inclinations of each other, sometimes not to be

found even amongst couples of sincerer affections. There were as many causes for quarrel as ever, but every day it became less worth while to quarrel; so letting bygones be bygones, they were indifferent to the present, and thought only of the future, considering each other (to adopt a common phrase) "as *good* as dead."

"LET-BY-GONES BE BY-GONES."

Ten months wore away, and the Farmer's birthday arrived in its turn. The Dame, who had passed an uncomfortable night, having dreamt, in truth, that she did not much like herself in mourning, saluted him as soon as the day dawned, and with a sigh wished him many years to come. The Farmer repaid her in kind, the sigh included; his own visions having been of the painful sort, for he dreamt of having a headache from wearing a black hat-band, and the malady still clung to him when awake. The whole morning was spent in silent meditation and melancholy, on both sides, and when dinner came, although the most favorite dishes were upon the table, they could not eat. The Farmer, resting his elbows upon the

board, with his face between his hands, gazed wistfully on his wife, — scooping her eyes, as it were, out of their sockets, stripping the flesh off her cheeks, and in fancy converting her whole head into a mere Caput Mortuum. The Dame, leaning back in her high arm-chair, regarded the Yeoman quite as ruefully, — by the same process of imagination picking his sturdy bones, and bleaching his ruddy visage to the complexion of a plaster cast. Their minds, travelling in the same direction, and at an equal rate, arrived together at the same reflection; but the Farmer was the first to give it utterance: "Thee 'd be miss'd, Dame, if thee were to die!"

The Dame started. Although she had nothing but death at that moment before her eyes, she was far from dreaming of her own exit, and, at this rebound of her thoughts against herself, she felt as if an extra cold coffin-plate had been suddenly nailed on her chest; recovering, however, from the first shock, her thoughts flowed into their old channel, and she retorted in the same spirit: "I wish, Master, thee may live so long as I!"

The Farmer, in his own mind, wished to live rather longer; for, at the utmost, he considered that his wife's bill of mortality had but two months to run. The calculation made him sorrowful; during the last few months she had consulted his appetite, bent to his humor, and dove-tailed her own inclinations into his, in a manner that could never be supplied; and he thought of her, if not in the language, at least in the spirit, of the lady in Lalla Rookh: —

> "I never taught a bright gazelle
> To watch me with its dark black eye,
> But when it came to know me well,
> And love me, it was sure to die!"

His wife, from being at first useful to him, had become agreeable, and at last dear; and as he contemplated her approaching fate, he could not help thinking out audibly, "that he should be a lonesome man when she was gone." The Dame, this time, heard the survivorship foreboded without starting; but she marvelled much at what she thought the infatuation of a doomed man. So perfect was her faith in the infallibility of St. Mark, that she had even seen the symptoms of mortal disease, as palpable as plague-spots, on the devoted Yeoman. Giving his body up, therefore, for lost, a strong

sense of duty persuaded her, that it was imperative on her, as a Christian, to warn the unsuspecting Farmer of his dissolution. Accordingly, with a solemnity adapted to the subject, a tenderness of recent growth, and a Memento Mori face, she broached the matter in the following question: "Master, how bee'st?"

"As hearty, Dame, as a buck,"—the Dame shook her head,—"and I wish thee the like,"—at which he shook his head himself.

A dead silence ensued: the Farmer was as unprepared as ever. There is a great fancy for breaking the truth by dropping it gently,—an experiment which has never answered any more than with Ironstone China. The Dame felt this, and thinking it better to throw the news at her husband at once, she told him in as many words, that he was a dead man.

It was now the Yeoman's turn to be staggered. By a parallel course of reasoning, he had just wrought himself up to a similar disclosure, and the Dame's death-warrant was just ready upon his tongue, when he met with his own despatch, signed, sealed, and delivered. Conscience instantly pointed out the oracle from which she had derived the omen, and he turned as pale as "the pale of society,"—the colorless complexion of late hours.

St. Martin had numbered his years; and the remainder days seemed discounted by St. Thomas. Like a criminal cast to die, he doubted if the die was cast, and appealed to his wife:—

"Thee hast watched, Dame, at the church porch, then?"

"Ay, Master."

"And thee didst see me spirituously?"

"In the brown wrap, with the boot hose. Thee were coming to the church, by Fairthorn Gap; in the while I were coming by the Holly Hedge."

For a minute the Farmer paused, but the next he burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter; peal after peal, and each higher than the last,—according to the hysterical gamut of the hyena. The poor woman had but one explanation for this phenomenon: she thought it a delirium,—a lightening before death, and was beginning to wring her hands, and lament, when she was checked by the merry Yeoman:—

"Dame, thee bee'st a fool. It was I myself thee seed at the church porch. I seed thee too, — with a notice to quit upon thy face; but, thanks to God, thee bee'st a-living, and that is more than I cared to say of thee this day ten-month!"

The Dame made no answer. Her heart was too full to speak; but throwing her arms round her husband, she showed that she shared in his sentiment. And from that hour, by practising a careful abstinence from offence, or a temperate sufferance of its appearance, they became the most united couple in the county, — but it must be said, that their comfort was not complete till they had seen each other, in safety, over the perilous anniversary of St. Mark's Eve.

BEAR AND FOR-BEAR.

THE PILLORY.

"Thro' the wood, laddie." — SCOTTISH SONG.

I NEVER was in the pillory but once, which I must ever consider a misfortune. For, looking at all things, as I do, with a philosophical and inquiring eye, and courting experience for the sake of my fellow-creatures, I cannot but lament the short and imperfect opportunity I enjoyed of filling that elevated situation, which so few men are destined to occupy. It is a sort of Egg-Premiership; a place above your fellows, but a

place in which your hands are tied. You are not without the established political vice, for you are not absolved from turning.

Let me give a brief description of the short, irregular glimpse I had of men and things while I was in Pillory Power. I was raised to it, as many men are to high stations, by my errors. I merely made a mistake of some sort or other in an answer in Chancery, not injurious to my interests, and lo! the Recorder of London, with a suavity of manner peculiar to himself, announced to me my intended promotion, and, in due time, I was installed into office!

It was a fine day for the pillory; that is to say, it rained in

WHAT MUST BE — MUST.

torrents. Those only who have had boarding and lodging like mine, can estimate the comfort of having washing into the bargain.

It was about noon when I was placed, like a statue, upon my wooden pedestal; an hour probably chosen out of consideration to the innocent little urchins then let out of school, for they are a race notoriously fond of shying, pitching, jerking, pelting, flinging, slinging, — in short, professors of throwing, in all its branches. The public officer presented me first with

a north front, and there I was, — "God save the mark!" — like a cock at Shrovetide, or a lay-figure in a Shooting Gallery!

The storm commenced. Stones began to spit, — mud to mizzle, — cabbage-stalks thickened into a shower. Now and then came a dead kitten, — sometimes a living cur; anon an egg would hit me on the eye, an offence I was obliged to wink at. There is a strange appetite in human kind for pelting a fellow-creature. A travelling Chinaman actually threw away twopence to have a pitch at me with a pipkin; a Billingsgate huckster treated me with a few herrings, not by any means too stale to be purchased in St. Giles's; while the weekly halfpence of the school-boys went towards the support of a costermonger and his donkey, who supplied them with eggs fit for throwing, and for nothing else. I confess this last description of missiles, if missiles they might be called, that never missed, annoyed me more than all the rest; however, there was no remedy. There I was forced to stand, taking up my livery, and a vile livery it was; or, as a wag expressed it, "being made free of the Peltmongers."

It was time to appeal to my resources. I had read, somewhere, of an Italian, who, by dint of mental abstraction, had rendered himself unconscious of the rack, and while the executioners were tugging, wrenching, twisting, dislocating, and breaking joints, sinews, and bones, was perchance, in fancy, only performing his diurnal gymnastics, or undergoing an amicable shampooing. The pillory was a milder instrument than the rack, and I had, naturally, a lively imagination; it seemed plausible, therefore, that I might make shift to be pelted in my absence. To attain a scene as remote as possible from pain, I selected one of absolute pleasure for the experiment; no other, in truth, than that Persian Paradise, the Garden of Gul, at the Feast of Roses. Flapping the wings of Fancy with all my might, I was speedily in those Bowers of Bliss, and at high romps with Houri and Peri, —

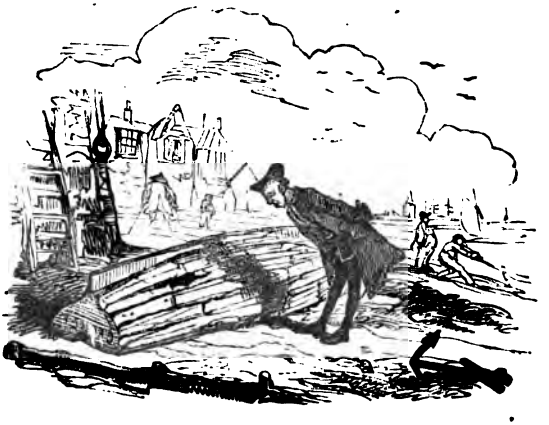
"Flinging roses at each other."

But, alas for mental abstraction! The very first bud hit me with stone-like vehemence; my next rose, of the cabbage kind, breathed only a rank cabbage fragrance; and in another moment the claws of a flying cat scratched me back into myself; and there I was again, in full pelt in the pillory!

My first fifteen minutes, the only quarter I met with, had now elapsed, and my face was turned towards the East. The first object my one eye fell upon was a heap of Macadamization, and I confess I never thought of calculating the number of stones in such a hillock, till I saw the mob preparing to cast them up!

I expected to be lithographed on the spot! Instinct suggested to me that the only way to save my life was by dying; so dropping my head and hands, and closing my last eye with a terrific groan, I expired for the present. The *ruse* took effect. Supposing me to be defunct, the mob refused to kill me. Shouts of "Murder! Shame! Shame! No Pillory!" burst from all quarters. The pipkin-monger abused the fishwoman, who rated the school-boys; they in turn fell foul of the costermonger, who was hissing and groaning at the whole assembly; and, finally, a philanthropic constable took the whole group into custody. In the mean time I was taken down, laid with a sack over me in a cart, and driven off to a hospital, my body seeming a very proper present to St. Bartholomew's or St. Thomas's, but my clothes fit for nothing but *Guy's*.

A "CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY."



A GREENWICH PENSIONER.

Is a sort of stranded marine animal, that the receding tide of life has left high and dry on the shore. He pines for his element like a sea bear, and misses his briny washings and wettings. What the ocean could not do, the land does, for it makes him sick: he cannot digest properly unless his body is rolled and tumbled about like a barrel-churn. Terra firma is good enough, he thinks, to touch at for wood and water, but nothing more. There is no wind, he swears, ashore; every day of his life is a dead calm, — a thing above all others he detests; he would like it better for an occasional earthquake. Walk he cannot, the ground being so still and steady that he is puzzled to keep his legs; and ride he will not, for he disdains a craft whose rudder is forward and not astern.

Inland scenery is his especial aversion. He despises a tree "before the mast," and would give all the singing birds of creation for a boatswain's whistle. He hates prospects, but enjoys retrospects. An old boat, a stray anchor, or decayed mooring ring, will set him dreaming for hours. He splices sea and land ideas together. He reads of "shooting off a tie

at Battersea," and it reminds him of a ball carrying away his own pigtail. "Canvassing for a situation," recalls running with all sails set for a station at Aboukir. He has the advantage of our economists as to the "Standard of Value," knowing it to be the British ensign. The announcement of "an arrival of foreign vessels, with our ports open," claps him into a Paradise of prize money, with Poll of the *Pint*. He wonders sometimes at "petitions to be discharged from the Fleet," but sympathizes with those in the Marshalsea Court, as subject to a Sea Court Martial. Finally, try him even in the learned languages, by asking him for the meaning of "Georgius Rex," and he will answer without hesitation, "The wrecks of the Royal George."

THE FURLOUGH.

AN IRISH ANECDOTE.

"Time was called." — BOXIANA.

In the autumn of 1825, some private affairs called me into the sister kingdom; and as I did not travel, like Polyphemus, with my eye out, I gathered a few samples of Irish character, amongst which was the following incident.

I was standing one morning at the window of "mine inn," when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in front, sat a solitary outside passenger, a fine young fellow in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man, and a younger woman, sister or sweetheart; and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from his seat on the coach.

"Come down wid ye, Thady," — the speaker was the old woman, — "come down now to your ould mother. Sure it 's flog ye they will, and strip the flesh off the bones I give ye. Come down, Thady, darlin!"

"It 's honor, mother," was the short reply of the soldier;

and with clenched hands and set teeth he took a stiffer posture on the coach.

"Thady, come down, — come down, ye fool of the world, — come along down wid ye!" The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last; and the answer was more promptly and sternly pronounced: "It's honor, brother!" and the body of the speaker rose more rigidly erect than ever on the roof.

"O Thady, come down! sure it's me, your own Kathleen, that bids ye. Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jewel; come down then!" The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward, that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before.

"It's honor, honor bright, Kathleen!" and, as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus, with the same answer.

"Come down, Thady, honey! Thady, ye fool, come down! O Thady, come down to me!"

"It's honor, mother! It's honor, brother! Honor bright, my own Kathleen!"

Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public, that I did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particulars of the distress. It appeared that he had been home, on furlough, to visit his family; and having exceeded, as he thought the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the furlough expired.

"The first of March, your honor, — bad luck to it of all the black days in the world, — and here it is, come sudden on me like a shot!"

"The first of March! — why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare then, — the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is Leap Year, and February has twenty-nine days."

The soldier was thunderstruck. "Twenty-nine days is it? You're sartin of that same! O mother, mother! the Divil fly away wid yere ould Almanac, — a base cratur of a book, to be deceaven one, afther living so long in the family of us!"

His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap, with a loud Hurrah! His second was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen, and the third was to wring my hand off in acknowledgment.

"It 's a happy man I am, your honor, for my word's saved, and all by your honor's manes. Long life to your honor for the same! — May ye live a long hundred, — and lape-years every one of them!"

A LETTER FROM AN EMIGRANT.

Squampash Flatts, 9th November, 1827.

DEAR BROTHER,

Here we are, thank Providence, safe and well, and in the finest country you ever saw. At this moment I have before me the sublime expanse of Squampash Flatts, — the majestic Mudiboo winding through the midst, — with the magnificent range of the Squab Mountains in the distance. But the prospect is impossible to describe in a letter! I might as well attempt a panorama in a pill-box!

We have fixed our settlement on the left bank of the river. In crossing the rapids we lost most of our heavy baggage and all our iron-work, but by great good fortune we saved Mrs. Paisley's grand piano and the children's toys. Our infant city consists of three log-huts and one of clay, which however, on the second day fell in to the ground landlords. We have now built it up again, — and, all things considered, are as comfortable as we could expect, — and have christened our settlement New London, in compliment to the Old Metropolis. We have one of the log-houses to ourselves, — or at least shall have when we have built a new hog-sty. We burnt down the first one in making a bonfire to keep off the wild beasts, and for the present the pigs are in the parlor. As yet our rooms are rather usefully than elegantly furnished. We have gutted the Grand Upright, and it makes a convenient cupboard, — the chairs were obliged to blaze at our bivouacs, but, thank Heaven! we have never leisure to sit down, and so do not miss them. My boys are contented, and will be well when

they have got over some awkward accidents in lopping and felling. Mrs. P. grumbles a little, but it is her custom to lament most when she is in the midst of comforts. She complains of solitude, and says she could enjoy the very stiffest of stiff visits.

The first time we lighted a fire in our new abode, a large serpent came down the chimney, which I looked upon as a good omen. However, as Mrs. P. is not partial to snakes, and the heat is supposed to attract those reptiles, we have dispensed with fires ever since. As for wild beasts, we hear them howling and roaring round the fence every night from dusk till daylight, but we have only been inconvenienced by one lion. The first time he came, in order to get rid of the brute peaceably, we turned out an old ewe, with which he was well satisfied; but ever since, he comes to us as regular as clock-work for his mutton; and if we do not soon contrive to cut his acquaintance, we shall hardly have a sheep in the flock. It would have been easy to shoot him, being well provided with muskets, but Barnaby mistook our remnant of gunpowder for onion-seed, and sowed it all in the kitchen-garden. We did try to trap him into a pitfall; but after twice catching Mrs. P., and every one of the children in turn, it was given up. They are now, however, perfectly at ease about the animal, for they never stir out of doors at all, and, to make them quite comfortable, I have blocked up all the windows and barricaded the door.

We have lost only one of our number since we came; namely, Diggory, the market-gardener, from Glasgow, who went out one morning to botanize, and never came back. I am much surprised at his absconding,—as he had nothing but a spade to go off with. Chippendale, the carpenter, was sent after him, but did not return; and Gregory, the smith, has been out after them these two days. I have just despatched Mudge, the herdsman, to look for all three, and hope he will soon give a good account of them, as they are the most useful men in the whole settlement, and, in fact, indispensable to its existence.

The river Mudiboo is deep, and rapid, and said to swarm with alligators, though I have heard but of three being seen at one time, and none of those above eighteen feet long; this, however, is immaterial, as we do not use the river fluid, which

is thick and dirty, but draw all our water from natural wells and tanks. Poisonous springs are rather common, but are easily distinguished by containing no fish or living animal. Those, however, which swarm with frogs, toads, newts, efts, &c., are harmless, and may be safely used for culinary purposes.

In short, I know of no drawback but one, which, I am sanguine, may be got over hereafter, and do earnestly hope and advise, if things are no better in England than when I left, you, and as many as you can persuade, will sell off all, and come over to this African paradise.

The drawback I speak of is this: although I have never seen any one of the creatures, it is too certain that the mountains are inhabited by a race of monkeys, whose cunning and mischievous talents exceed even the most incredible stories of their tribe. No human art or vigilance seems of avail; we have planned ambuscades, and watched night after night, but no attempt has been made; yet the moment the guard was relaxed, we were stripped without mercy. I am convinced they must have had spies night and day on our motions, yet so secretly and cautiously, that no glimpse of one has yet been seen by any of our people. Our last crop was cut and carried off with the precision of an English harvesting. Our spirit stores — (you will be amazed to hear that these creatures pick locks with the dexterity of London burglars) — have been broken open and ransacked, though half the establishment were on the watch; and the brutes have been off to their mountains, five miles distant, without even the dogs giving an alarm. I could almost persuade myself at times, such are their supernatural knowledge, swiftness, and invisibility, that we have to contend with evil spirits. I long for your advice, to refer to on this subject, and am, Dear Philip, Your loving brother,

AMBROSE MAWE.

P. S. Since writing the above, you will be concerned to hear the body of poor Diggory has been found, horribly mangled by wild beasts. The fate of Chippendale, Gregory, and Mudge is no longer doubtful. The old lion has brought the lioness, and, the sheep being all gone, they have made a joint attack upon the bullock-house. The Mudiboo has overflowed, and Squampash Flatts are a swamp. I have just discovered that the monkeys are my own rascals, that I brought out from England. We are coming back as fast as we can.

"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP."

"Fallen, fallen, fallen." — DRYDEN.

My father being what is called a serious tallow-chandler, having supplied the Baptist meeting-house of Nantwich with *dips* for many years, intended to make me a field-preaching minister. Alas! *my* books were plays, *my* sermons soliloquies. You would not have wondered, had you seen me then, with my large dark eyes, my permanent nose, and a mouth to which my picture does but scanty justice. In large theatres

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

these may be but secondary considerations; but a figure symmetrical as mine must have been seen through all space. Accordingly, I eloped with the young lady who used to rehearse my heroines with me, and came to London, where, after we

had studied together, till I was in debt, and she "as ladies wish to be who love their lords," I began applying to the managers for leave to make my *débût*. I will not describe to you the neglect and rudeness I experienced! It did not abate my enthusiasm; but so true it is, "while the grass grows," — the proverb is somewhat musty, — that I had soon nothing but musty bread on which to feed my hopes, and hopeful wife. One burning spring day I roved as far as the fields near Greenwich, and, book in hand, went through Romeo, though but to a shy audience, for the sheep all took to their trotters, and the crows to their wings, and not without *caws*. (That joke *was* mine, let who will have claimed it.)

Suddenly somebody hissed; it could not be the sheep, and no geese were near. At that instant, a very elegant man, stepping from behind a tree, thus accosted me: —

"Sir, I have heard you with delight. I can procure you an engagement, not, perhaps, for the Romeos, but all great actors have risen by slow degrees, and the best of them has, at his outset, been attacked by some snake in the grass." He now pointed out the reptile, who slunk away, looking heartily ashamed of himself. The gentleman continued: "Mr. Richardson and Company are now acting at the fair. I am his scene-painter; see here, I have sketched you in your happiest attitude. Come with me. We went to the booth. I was hired; but, unluckily, my powers, being suited for a larger stage, so overpowered my present audience, that I was taken out of all speaking parts, for fear of fatal consequences. Nevertheless, my grace in processions soon raised so much jealousy against me, that in the autumn Master recommended me to one of the Minors in town, where, for twice as much salary, I was never expected to appear before the curtain, but to make myself useful among the carpenters and scene-shifters. That Christmas, during the rehearsal of a Pantomime, four of us were set to catch an Harlequin, each to hold the corner of a blanket, and be ready for his jump through the scene. Alas! one gentleman brought his pot, and one his pipe, and the third an inclination for a snooze. Two were asleep, and one draining the last drops of stout from the pewter. I alone upheld my corner from the boards, when the awful leap came on us, like a star-shoot. I still see the momentary gleam of that strait, spangled, fish-like, head-long figure. Can, candle, bot-

tle, pipes, all crashed beneath the heavy tumbler. With a torrent of apologies, we scrambled up, in the dark, to raise the fallen hero; but there he lay, on his face, with legs and arms outspread, as we could feel, without sense, or sound, or motion, cold, stiff, and *dead!* For an instant all was horrid silence;

NEGLECTING TO JOIN IN A CATCH.

we were as breathless as he. I resolved to give myself up to justice, yet found voice in the boldness of innocence to shout, "Help! Lights! All his bones are broken!" "And all yours *shall* be, ye dogs!" cried a voice. We looked up; there stood one Harlequin over us alive; there lay another under us, without a chance of ever more peeping through the blanket of the dark. That the speaker was no ghost we were soon convinced, as his magic bat battered us. The truth was, he had thrown at us the stuffed Harlequin used in flying ascents, to try our vigilance, before he risked his own neck. I felt,

however, that I *might* have been of a party who had killed a man. It was a judgment on me for being in such a place, with any less excuse than that of acting Romeo. I took my wife and babe back to Cheshire. We knelt at my father's feet, promising to serve in the shop; fortunately, it was one of his melting days; he raised us to his arms. — we formed a *tableau generale*, — and the curtain dropped.

THE PLEASURES OF SPORTING.

THE consulter of Johnson's Dictionary under the term of Sport, or Sporting, would be led into a great mistake by the Doctor's definition. The word, with the great lexicographer, signifies nothing but Diversion, Amusement, Play: — but I shall submit to the reader, with a few facts, whether it has not a more serious connection, or, to speak technically, whether it should be Play or Pay.

When I was a young man, having a good deal of ready money, and little wit, I went upon the turf. I began cautiously, and, as I thought, knowingly. I studied the stud-book, and learnt the pedigree of every new colt; yet somehow, between sire and dam, continually losing "the pony." My first experiment was at Newmarket. By way of securing a leading article, I backed the Duke of *Leeds*, but the race came off, and the Duke was not placed. I asked eagerly who was *first*, and was told *Forth*. The winner was a slow but strong horse, and I was informed had got in front by being a *laster*. This was a *puzzle*, but I paid for my Riddlesworth, and prepared for the Derby. By good luck I selected an excellent colt to stand upon, — he had been tried, — it was a booked thing; but the day before the Derby there was a family wash, and the laundress hung her wet linen on his *lines*. I paid again. I took advice about the Oaks, and instead of backing a single horse, made my stand, like Ducrow, upon four at once. No luck. Terror did not start, Fury came roaring to the post, Belle was told out, and Comet was tailed off. I paid again, and began dabbling in the Sweepstakes,

and burning my fingers with the Matches. Amongst others, a bet offered that I conceived was peculiarly tempting, 20,000 to 20 against Post Obit, — a bad horse indeed, yet such odds seemed unjustifiable, even against "an outsider." But I soon found my mistake. The outsider was in reality an insider, — filling the stomachs of somebody's hounds. Pay again! I resolved however to retaliate, and the opportunity presented itself. I had been confidently informed that Centipede had not a leg to stand on, and accordingly laid against him as thick as it would stick. The following was the report of the race: "Centipede jumped off at a tremendous pace, — had it all his own way, — and justified his name by coming in a hundred feet in front." Pay again! These "hollow" matters, however, fretted me little, save in pocket. They were won easy, and lost to match, — but the "near things" were unbearable. To lose only by half a head, — a few inches of horse-flesh! I remember two occasions when Giraffe won by a "neck," and Elephant by "a nose." I was also tempted to blow out my brains by the nose, and to hang myself by the neck!

On one of those doubtful occasions, when it is difficult to name the winner, I thought I could determine the point from some peculiar advantage of situation, and offered to back my opinion. I laid that Cobbler had won, and it was taken; but a signal from a friend decided me that I was wrong, and, by way of hedge, I offered to lay that Tinker was the first horse. This was taken like the other, and the judges declared a dead rob, — I mean to say a dead heat. Pay again!

A likelier chance next offered. There was a difference of opinion whether Bohea would start for the Cup, and his noble owner had privately and positively assured me that he would. I therefore betted freely that he would *run* for the Plate, and he *walked* over! Pay again! N. B. I found, when it was too late, that I should not have paid in this case, but I did.

The Great St. Leger was still in reserve. Somewhat desperate, I betted round, in sums of the same shape, and my best winner became first favorite at the start. Never shall I forget the sight! I saw him come in ten lengths ahead of everything, — hollow! hollow! I had no voice to shout with, and it was fortunate. Man and horse went, as usual, after the race, to be weighed, and were put into the scale. They rose a little in our eyes, and sunk proportionably in our estimation.

Roguery was sniffed, — the Jockey Club was appealed to, and it gave the stakes to the second horse. All bets went with the stakes, and so — Pay again!

It was time to cut the turf, — and I was in a mood for burning it too. I was done by Heath, but the impression on my fortune was not in the finished style. I now turned my attention to aquatics, and having been unfortunate at the One Tun, tried my luck in a vessel of twenty. I became a member of a Yacht Club, made matches which I lost, and sailed for a Cup at the Cowes Regatta, but carried away nothing but my own bowsprit. Other boats showed more speed, but mine most bottom; for after the match it upset, and I was picked up by a party of fishermen, who spared my life and took all I had, by way of teaching me, that a preserving is not a saving. Pay again!

It was time to dispose of The Lucky Lass. I left her to the mate, with peremptory orders to make a sale of her; — an instruction he fulfilled by making all the sail on her he could, and disposing of her — by contract — to a rock, while he was threading the Needles. In the mean time, I betook myself to the chase. Sir W. W. had just cut his pack, and I undertook to deal with the dogs: — but I found dog's meat a dear item, though my friends killed my hunters for me, and I boiled my own horses. The subscribers, moreover, were not punctual, and whatever differences fell out, I was obliged to make them up. Pay again! At last I happened to have a dispute with a brother Nimrod as to the capability of his Brown and mine, and we agreed to decide their respective rates, as church rates, by a Steeple Chase. The wager was heavy. I rode for the wrong steeple — leapt a dozen gates — and succeeded in clearing my own pocket. Pay again!

It was now necessary to retrench. I gave up hunting the county, lest the county should repay it in kind, for I was now getting into its debt. I laid down my horses and took up a gun, leased a shooting-box, and rented a manor, somewhat too far north for me, for, after a few moves, I ascertained that the game had been drawn before I took to it. It was useless therefore to try to beat, — the dogs, for want of birds, began to point at butterflies. My friends, however, looked for grouse, so I bought them and paid the carriage. Pay again!

Other experiments I must abridge. I found Pugilistic

Sporting, as usual, good with both hands at receiving:—at Cocking the "in-goes" were far exceeded by the "out-goes:"—and at the gaming-table, that it was very difficult to pay my way,—particularly in coming back. In short, I learned pages of meanings at school without trouble,—but the signification of that one word, Sporting, in manhood has been a long and an uncomfortable lesson, and I have still an unconquerable relish of its bitterness, in spite of the considerate attentions of my friends:—

"From Sport to Sport they hurry me
To banish my regret,
And when they win a smile from me,
They think that I forget."

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT MARY-LE-BONE.

"Do you never deviate?"—JOHN BULL.

IT was on the evening of the 7th of November, 18—, that I went by invitation to sup with my friend P., at his house in High Street, Mary-le-bone. The only other person present was a Portuguese, by name Senor Mendez, P.'s mercantile agent at Lisbon, a person of remarkably retentive memory, and most wonderful power of description. The conversation somehow turned upon the memorable great earthquake at Lisbon, in the year of our Lord ——, and Senor Mendez, who was residing at that time in the Portuguese capital, gave us a very lively picture—if lively it may be called—of the horrors of that awful convulsion of nature. The picture was dreadful; the Senor's own house, a substantial stone mansion, was rent from attic to cellar! and the steeple of his parish church left impending over it at an angle surpassing that of the famous Leaning Tower of Bologna!

The Portuguese had a wonderfully expressive countenance, with a style of narration indescribably vivid; and as I listened with the most intense interest, every dismal circumstance of the calamity became awfully distinct to my apprehension. I could hear the dreary ringing of the bells, self-tolled from the rock-

ing of the churches; the swaying to and fro of the steeples themselves, and the unnatural heavings and swellings of the Tagus, were vividly before me. As the agitations increased, the voice of the Senor became awfully tremulous, and his seat seemed literally to rock under him. I seemed palsied, and could see from P.'s looks that he was similarly affected. To conceal his disorder, he kept swallowing large gulps from his rummer, and I followed his example.

"DO THY SPIRITING GENTLY."

This was only the first shock;—the second soon followed, and, to use a popular expression, it made us both "shake in our shoes." Terrific, however, as it was, the third was more tremendous; the order of nature seemed reversed; the ships in the Tagus sank to the bottom, and their ponderous anchors rose to the surface; volcanic fire burst forth from the water, and water from dry ground: the air, no longer elastic, seemed to become a stupendous solid; swaying to and fro, and irresistibly battering down the fabrics of ages; hollow rumblings

and moanings, as from the very centre of the world, gave warning of deafening explosions, which soon followed, and seemed to shake the very stars out of the sky. All this time, the powerful features of the Senor kept working, in frightful imitation of the convulsion he was describing, and the effect was horrible! I saw P. quiver like an aspen: there seemed no such thing as terra firma. Our chairs rocked under us; the floor tossed and heaved; the candles wavered, the windows clattered, and the teaspoons rang again, as our tumblers vibrated in our hands.

Senor Mendez at length concluded his narrative, and shortly took leave; I stayed but a few minutes after him, just to make a remark on the appalling character of the story, and then departed myself, — little thinking that any part of the late description was to be so speedily realized by my own experience!

The hour being late, and the servants in bed, P. himself accompanied me to the door. I ought to remark here that the day had been uncommonly serene, — not a breath stirring, as was noticed on the morning of the great catastrophe at Lisbon; however, P. had barely closed the door, when a sudden and violent motion of the earth threw me from the step on which I was standing, to the middle of the pavement; I had got partly up when a second shock, as smart as the first, threw me again on the ground. With some difficulty I recovered my legs a second time, the earth in the mean time heaving about under me like the deck of a ship at sea. The street-lamps, too, seemed violently agitated, and the houses nodded over me as if they would fall every instant. I attempted to run, but it was impossible, — I could barely keep on my feet. At one step I was dashed forcibly against the wall; at the next, I was thrown into the road; as the motion became more violent, I clung to a lamp-post, but it swayed with me like a rush. A great mist came suddenly on, but I could perceive people hurrying about, all staggering like drunken men; some of them addressing me, but so confusedly as to be quite unintelligible; one — a lady — passed close to me in evident alarm; seizing her hand, I besought her to fly with me from the falling houses into the open fields; what answer she made I know not, for at that instant a fresh shock threw me on my face with such violence as to render me quite insensible. Provi-

dentially, in this state I attracted the notice of some of the night police, who humanely deposited me, for safety, in St. Anne's watch-house, till the following morning; when, being sufficiently recovered to give a collected account of that eventful evening, the ingenious Mr. W., of the Morning Herald, was so much interested by my narrative that he kindly did me the favor of drawing it up for publication in the following form.

"*Police Intelligence. — Bow Street.*

"This morning a stout country gentleman, in a new suit of mud, evidently town made, was charged with having walked *Waverly* overnight till he got his *Kennelworth* in a gutter in Mary-le-bone. The Jack-o'-lanthorn who picked him up could make nothing out of him, but that he was some sort of a Quaker, and declared that the whole country was in a *shocking* state. He acknowledged having taken rather too much *Lisbon;* but, according to Mr. Daly, he sniffed of whiskey 'as strong as natur.' The defendant attempted with a *sotto voce* (Anglice, a tipsy voice) to make some excuse, but was stopped and fined in the usual sum by Sir Richard. He found his way out of the office, muttering that he thought it very hard to have to pay *five hogs* for being only as drunk as *one.*"

"WELL! I NEVER COULD KEEP MY LEGS!"

A SPENT BALL.

"The flying ball." — GRAY.

A BALL is a round, but not a perpetual round, of pleasure. It spends itself at last, like that from the cannon's mouth; or, rather, like that greatest of balls, "that great globe itself," is dissolved with all that it inherits."

Four o'clock strikes. The company are all but gone, and the musicians "put up" with their absence. A few "*figures*," however, remain, that have never been danced, and the hostess, who is all urbanity and turbanity, kindly hopes that they will stand up for "one set more." The six figures jump at the offer; they "wake the Harp," get the fiddlers into a fresh scrape, and "the Lancers" are put through their exercise. This may be called the Dance of Death, for it ends everything. The band is disbanded, and the Ball takes the form of a family circle. It is long past the time when churchyards

yawn, but the mouth of Mamma opens to a bore that gives hopes of the Thames Tunnel. Papa, to whom the Ball has been anything but a force-meat one, seizes eagerly upon the first eatables he can catch, and, with his mouth open and his eyes shut, declares, in the spirit of an "Examiner" into such things, that a "Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few." The son, heartily tired of a suit of broadcloth cut narrow, assents to the proposition, and, having no further use for his curled head, lays it quietly on the shelf. The daughter droops; Art has had her Almack's, and Nature establishes a Free and Easy. Grace throws herself skow-wow, anyhow, on an ottoman, and Good Breeding crosses her legs. Roses begin to relax, and Curls to unbend themselves; the very Candles seem released from the restraints of gentility, and getting low, some begin to smoke, while others indulge in a gutter. Muscles and sinews feel equally let loose, and by way of a joke, the cramp ties a double-knot in Clarinda's calf.

Clarinda screams. To this appeal the maternal heart is more awake than the maternal eyes, and the maternal hand begins hastily to bestow its friction, not on the leg of suffering, but on the leg of the sofa. In the mean time, paternal hunger gets satisfied; he eats slower, and sleeps faster, subsiding, like a gorged boa-constrictor, into torpidity; and in this state, grasping an extinguished candle, he lights himself up to bed. Clarinda follows, stumbling through her steps in a doze-à-doze; the brother is next, and Mamma having seen with half an eye, or something less, that all is safe, winds up the procession.

Every ball, however, has its rebound, and so has this in their dreams:—with the mother, who has a daughter, as a golden ball; with the daughter, who has a lover, as an eye-ball; with the son, who has a rival, as a pistol-ball; but with the father, who has no dreams at all, as nothing but the blacking-ball of oblivion.

A STEP-FATHER.

"Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow me." — OLD SONG.

I KNOW not what friend, or fiend, or both together, put such a folly into the head of my maternal parent; but, like Hamlet's mother, she set her widow's cap at the sex, and re-married. A second marriage is seldom a favorable alteration of state; it is like changing a sovereign twice over; first into silver, and then into copper. My mother's step was of this description. My first father was a plump, short, and rather Dutch-built little person; but the most merry, good-humored, and kind-hearted, yet, withal, the slowest goer of the human race. His successor was saturnine in spirit, and stern in temper, a tall, bony figure, remarkable for the length of his nether limbs; he was, to adopt a school-boy phrase, a Walker by name, and a walker by nature; and the exercise of this pro-

pensity taught me painfully to appreciate the difference between my dear first Daddy and my Daddy-Long-legs.

My father Heavy-sides was what is called slow and sure: which means sure to be left behind. He had a solemn creak in his shoes, that declared how deliberately his toes turned on their hinges; his movement through life was a minuet de la cour. My step-father Walker's was a gallopade. Considered as foot-soldiers, or adverse parties of infantry, before one had well marched into his position, the other would have turned his right flank, cut off his left wing, charged his centre, harassed his rear, and surrounded his whole body. They were, alas! literally the quick and the dead, causing between them a race of my toes against my tears, and, if anything, my toes ran the fastest and farthest.

There has been lately a good deal of speculation as to the ownership of a certain poem; but I feel assured that my step-father was the practical author of the "Devil's Walk." The march of mind might possibly have kept up with him, but no march of body could do it; least of all, such a body as mine, naturally heavy, and furnished with a pair of lower limbs very different from those of the son of Scriblerus, who made his legs his compasses for measuring islands and continents. Strain them as I would in pursuit of my step-father, I seemed to take nothing by my motion; those hopeless coat-flaps were always in front; like Dr. Johnson's great Shakespeare, with little Time at his heels, I panted after him in vain. The pace, as the jockeys say, was severe. It was, literally, a flight of steps, for he seemed to fly. If any gentleman could be in two places at once, like a bird, that man was my step-father, or rather fore-father, for he was always in front. His stride was that of the Colossus of Rhodes; like Robinson Crusoe, you could discern one footprint in the sand, but the other was beyond discovery. My infatuated mother was, nevertheless, continually holding him out to me as an example, and recommending me to "tread in his steps;"—I wish I had been able! When his friends or creditors have been informed at the door that he "had just stept out," how little did they dream that it meant he was a mile off!

It was his pleasure, whenever my step-father walked, that I should accompany him; such accompaniment as flute adagio is sometimes heard to give to piano prestissimo. He seemed

to pride himself, like some pompous people, in constantly having a poor foot-boy trotting at his heels: often did I beg to be left at home; often, but vainly, address him in the language of old Capulet's domestic, — "Good thou, save me a piece of *march-pane*." The descriptive phrase of "rocky fastnesses" was but too typical of his speed and temper; he had no more pity for me, than the great striding Ogre, in the seven-leagued boots, for little Hop-o'-my-Thumb.

The day of retribution at last came, for, according to the clown's doctrine, the whirligig of time always brings round its revenges. My poor mother died, and had a walking funeral, and my step-father felt more for her than I had expected; but he suffered most in his legs and feet: the measured pace of the procession afflicted him beyond measure; he longed to give sorrow strides, but was forbidden; and he walked and grieved like a fiery horse upon the fret. The slow pace seemed as a slow poison: it has been affirmed that he caught cold upon the occasion; but whether he did or not, — from that day he took ill, went off rapidly, as he always did, in a galloping consumption, and died, leaving me, as usual, behind him. In compliance with his last wish, he was furnished with a walking funeral, and, as decency dictated, I followed him to the grave; though, in truth, it was sacrificing the only opportunity I ever had in the world of getting before him.

I have been told that, the evening of his decease, his apparition appeared to a first cousin at Penryn, and the same night to his brother at Appleby. I have no particular faith in ghosts, but this I do most firmly believe, that if any Body had the Spirit to do the distance in the time, it was the very Spirit of my step-father Walker.

A BLIND MAN

Is a Blackamoor turned outside in. His skin is fair, but his lining is utter dark; his eyes are like shotten stars, — mere jellies; or like mock-painted windows since the tax upon daylight: what his mind's eye can be, is yet a mystery with the

learned, or if he hath a mental capacity at all, — for "out of sight is out of mind."

Wherever he stands, he is antipodean, with his midnight to your noon. The brightest sunshine serves only to make him the gloomier object, like a dark house at a general illumination. When he stirs, it is like a Venetian blind, being pulled up and down by a string; he is a human kettle tied to a dog's tail, and with much of the same tin twang in his tone. With botanists he is a species of solanum, or nightshade, whereof the berries are in his eyes; — amongst painters he is only contemned, for his ignorance of clare-obscure; but by musicians marvelled at for playing, ante-sight, on an invisible fiddle. He stands against a wall with his two blank orbs, like a figure in high relief, howbeit but seldom relieved; and though he is fond of getting pence, yet he is confessedly blind to his own interest.

In his religion he is a materialist, putting no faith but in things palpable; in politics, no visionary; in his learning, a smatterer, his knowledge of all being superficial; in his age, a child, being yet in leading-strings; in his life, immortal, for death may lengthen his night, but can put no end to his days; in his courage, heroic, for he winks at no danger; in his pretensions, humble, confessing that he is nothing even in his own eyes; in his malady, hopeless, for eyes of *looking*-glass would not help him to see. To conclude, — he is pitied by the rich, relieved by the poor, oppressed by the beadle, and horse-whipped by the fox-hunter, for not giving the view holla!

A HORSE-DEALER

Is a double dealer, for he dealeth more in double meanings than your punster. When he giveth his word it signifieth little, howbeit it standeth for two significations. He putteth his promises like his colts, in a break. Over his mouth, Truth, like the turnpike-man, writeth up No Trust. Whenever he speaketh, his spoke hath more turns than the fore-wheel. He telleth lies, not white only, or black, but likewise gray, bay,

chestnut-brown, cream, and roan, — piebald and skewbald. He sweareth as many oaths out of court as any man, and more in; for he will swear two ways about a horse's dam. If, by God's grace, he be something honest, it is only a dapple, for he can be fair and unfair at once. He hath much imagination, for he selleth a complete set of capital harness, of which there be no traces. He advertiseth a coach, warranted on its first wheels, and truly the hind pair are wanting to the bargain. A carriage that hath travelled twenty summers and winters, he describeth well-seasoned. He knocketh down machine-horses that have been knocked up on the road, but is so tender of heart to his animals, that he parteth with none for a fault; "for," as he sayeth, "blindness or lameness be misfortunes." A nag, proper only for dog's meat, he writeth down, but crieth up, "fit to go to any hounds;" or, as may be, "would suit a timid gentleman." String-halt he calleth "grand action," and kicking "lifting the feet well up." If a mare have the farcical disease, he nameth her "out of Comedy," and selleth Blackbird for a racer because he hath a running thrush. Horses that drink only water, he justly warranteth to be "temperate," and if dead lame, declareth them "good in all their paces," seeing that they can go but one. Roaring he calleth "sound," and a steed that high bloweth in running, he compareth to Eclipse, for he outstrippeth the wind. Another might be entered as a steeple chase, for why — he is as fast as a church. Thoroughpin with him is synonymous with "perfect leg." If a nag cougheth, 't is "a clever hack." If his knees be fractured, he is "well broke for gig or saddle." If he reareth, he is "above sixteen hands high." If he hath drawn a tierce in a cart, he is a good fencer. If he biteth, he shows good courage; and he is playful merely, though he should play the devil. If he runneth away, he calleth him "off the Gretna Road, and has been used to carry a lady." If a cob stumbleth, he considers him a true goer, and addeth, "The proprietor parteth from him to go abroad." Thus, without much profession of religion, yet he is truly Christian-like in practice, for he dealeth not in detraction, and would not disparage the character even of a brute. Like unto Love, he is blind unto all blemishes, and seeth only a virtue, meanwhile he gazeth at a vice. He taketh the kick of a nag's hoof like a love-token, saying only, before standers-by, "Poor fellow,—

he knoweth me!" — and is content rather to pass as a bad rider, than that the horse should be held restive or over-mettlesome, which discharges him from its back. If it hath bitten him beside, and moreover bruised his limb against a coach-wheel, then, constantly returning good for evil, he giveth it but the better character, and recommendeth it before all the studs in his stable. In short, the worse a horse may be, the more he chanteth his praise, like a crow that croweth over Old Ball, whose lot it is on a common to meet with the Common Lot.

REFLECTIONS ON WATER.

"When the butt is out, we will drink water: not a drop before."
TEMPEST.

I HAVE Stephano's aversion to water. I never take any by chance into my mouth, without the proneness of our Tritons and Dolphins of the Fountain, — to spout it forth again. It is on the palate, as in tubs and hand-basins, egregiously washy. It hath not for me even what is called "an amiable weakness." For the sake only of quantity, not quality, do I sometimes adulterate my Cogniac or Geneva with the flimsy fluid. Aquarius is not my sign; at the praises heaped on Sir Hugh Myddleton, for leading his trite streamlet up to London, my lip curleth. Methinks if such a sloppy labor could at one time more than another betray a misguided taste, it was in those days, when, we are told, "The Grete Conduict, in Chepe, did runne forth Wyne." And then to hear talk withal of the New River *Head*, — as if, forsooth, the weak current poured even from Ware unto London were capable of that goodly headed capital, the *caput*, of Stout Porter, or lusty Ale.

The taste for aquatics is none of mine. I laugh at Cowes' — it should be Calves' — Regattas; it passeth my understanding, to conceive the pleasure of contending with all your sail and sea, your might and main, for a prize cup of water. Gentle reader, if ever we two should encounter at good-men's

feasts, say not before me, that "your mouth waters," for fear of my compelled rejoinder, "The more pump you!"

I am told — *Dic mihi* — by Sir Lauder Dick, that the great floods in Morayshire destroyed I know not how many Scottish bridges, — and I believe it. The element was always our Arch-Enemy. Witness the Deluge, when the whole human kind would have perished, with water on the chest, but for Noah's chest on the water. Drowning — by some called Dying made Easy — is to my notions horrible. Conceive an unfortunate gentleman — not by any means thirsty — compelled to swill gulp after gulp of the vapid fluid, even to swelling, "as the water you know will swell a man." If I said I would rather be hanged, it would be but the truth; although "Veritas in *Puteo*" hath given me almost a disrelish for truth itself.

Excepting their imaginary Castaly, I should be glad to know what poet hath sung ever in the praise of water? Of wine, many. "Tak *Tent*," saith the Scottish Burns; "O, was ye at the *Sherry*?" singeth another. The lofty Douglas, in commending Norval, thus hinteth his cellar: "His *Port* I like." Shakespeare discourseth eloquently of both as "red and white," and addeth, "with sweet and cunning hand *laid on;*" i. e. laid on in pipes. For Madeira, see Bowles of it; and the Muse of Pringle luxuriates in the Cape. Then is there also Mountain celebrated by Pope, — "The shepherd loves the mountain," — to Moslem, forbidden draught; yet which Mahomet would condescend to fetch himself, if it failed in coming to hand. Sack, too, — as dear to Oriental Sultanas as his Malmsey to Clarence, — is by Byron touched on in his Corsair; but then, through some Koran-scrupulousness perchance, they take it — in water!

Praise there hath been of water; but, as became the subject, in prose; M. hath written a volume, I am told, in its commendation, and above all of its nutritive quality; and truly, to see it floating the Victory, with all her armament and complement of guns and men, one must confess there is some *support* in it, — at least as an outward application! but then taken internally, look at the wreck of the Royal George!

The mention of men-of-war bringeth to mind, opportunely, certain marine reminiscences, pertinent to this subject, referring some years backward, when, with other uniform than

my present invariable sables, I was stationed at * * * *, on the coast of Sussex. Little as my present-tense habits and occupations savor of the past sea-service, — yet, reader, in the Navy List, amongst the Commanders, or years bygone in the ship's books of H. M. S. Hyperion, presently lying in the sequestered harbor of Newhaven, thou wilt find occurring the surname of Hood; a name associated by friends, marine and mechanic, with a contrivance for expelling the old enemy, water, by a novel construction of ships' pumps.

Stanchest of my sect — the Adam's-Ale-Shunners — wert thou, old Samuel Spiller! in the muster-roll charactered an able seaman; but most notable for a landsman's aversion to unmitigated water, hard or soft, — fresh or salt! A petty officer wert thou in that armed band *versus* contraband, the Coast Blockade; by some miscalled the Preventive Service, if service it be to prevent the influx of wholesome spirits. To do the smuggler bare justice, no seaman, Nelson-bred, payeth greater reverence or obedience to that signal sentence, — "England expects every man to *do* his *duty!*" than he. Thine, Spiller, was done to the uttermost. Spirits, legal or illegal, in tub or flask, or pewter measure, didst thou inexorably seize, and gauger-like try the depth thereof, — thy royal master, his Majesty, at the latter end of the seizures, faring no better than thy own begotten sea-urchin, of whom one day remarking that "he took after his father," the young would-be Trinculo retorted, "Father never leaveth none to take." There were strange rumors afloat and ashore, Samuel! of thy unprofitable vigilance. Many an illicit *child*, i. e. a small keg, hath been laid at thy door. Thou hadst a becoming respect for thy comrades, as brave men and true, who could stand fire; but the smugglers, I fear, were ranked a streak higher, as men who could stand treat. Still were thy misdeeds like much of thy own beverage — beyond proof. Even as those delinquent utterers of base notes, who swallow their own dangerous forgeries, so didst thou gulp down whatever might else have appeared against thee in evidence. There was no entrapping thee, like rat or weasel, in that gin, from which deriving a sea-peerage, thou wert commonly known — with no offence, I trust, to the noble Vassal of Kensington — as Lord Hollands.

It was by way of water-penance for one of these Cassio-

like derelictions of mine Ancient, that one evening, — the evening succeeding the great sea tempest of 1814, — I gave him charge of a boat's crew, to bring in sundry fragmental relics of some shipwrecked argosy, that were reported to be adrift in our offing. In two hours he returned, and, like Venator and Piscator, we immediately fell into dialogue, — Piscator, i. e. Spiller, "for fear of dripping the carpet," standing aloof, *a vox et preterea nihil*, in a dark entry.

"Well, Spiller," — my phraseology was not then inoculated with the quaintness it hath since imbibed from after lecture, — "Well, Spiller, what have you picked up?"

"A jib-boom, I think, sir; a capital spar; and part of a ship's starn. The 'Planter of Barbadies,' — famous place for rum, sir!"

"Was there any sea, — are you wet?"

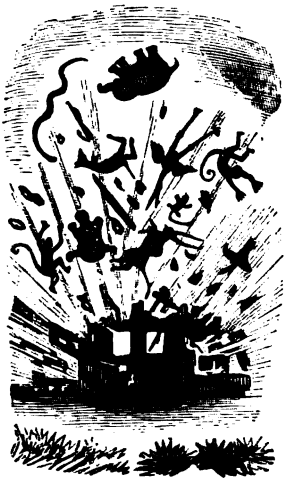
"Only up to my middle, sir."

"Very well, — stow away the wreck, and go to your grog. Tell Bunce to give you all double allowance."

"Thank your honor's honor!"

The voice ceased: and a pair of ponderous sea-soles, with tramp audible as the marble foot of the Spectre in Giovanni, went hurrying down our main-hatchway. Certain misgivings of a discrepancy between the imputed drenching and the weather, an appeal askance of the rum-cask, joined with a curiosity, perchance, to inspect the ship-fragments, — our flotsom and jettsom, — led me soon afterwards below, and there, in the mess-room, sat mine officer, high and dry, with a huge tankard in his starboard hand. I made an obvious remark on it, and had an answer, — for Michael Spiller was no adept in the Chesterfieldian refinements, — from the interior of the drinking vessel, —

"Your honor's right, and I ax your honor's pardon. I warn't wet! but I was *very* dry!"



"A REPORT ON THE FARM."

A ZOÖLOGICAL REPORT.

To Harvey Williams, Esq., Regent's Terrace, Portland Park.

Honnered Sur,

Being maid a Feller of the Zoological Satiety, and I may say by your Honner's meens, threw the carrachter your Humbel was favered with, and witch provd sattisfacktry to the Burds and Bests, considring I was well quailifid threw having Bean for so menny hears Hed Guardner to your Honner, besides lookin arter the Pigs and Poltry. Begs to axnolige my great fullness for the Sam, and ham quit cumfittable and happy, sow much sow as wen I ham amung the Anymills to reckin myself like Addam in Parodies, let alone my Velvoteens.

Honnerd Sur, — awar of your parshalty for Liv Stox and Kettle Breading, ham indust to faver with a Statement of wat

is dun at the Farm, havin tacken provintial Noats wile I was at Kings-ton with a Pekin elefunt for chainges of Hair. As respex a curacy beg to say, tho the Sectary drawd up his Report from his hone datums and memmorandusses, and never set his eyes on my M.E.S.S., yet we has tallys to our tails in the Mane.

Honnerd Sir, — I will sit out with the Qadripids, tho weave add the wust lux with them. Scarse anny of the Anymills with fore legs has moor nor one Carf. Has to the Wappity Dears, hits wus then the Babby afore King Sollyman, but their his for one littel Dear betwin five femail she hinds. The Sambo Dear as was sent by Mr. Spring was so unnatral has to heat up her Forn and in consequins the Sing-Sing is of no use for the lullabis. Has for Corsichan hits moor Boney nor ever, But the Axis on innqueries as too littel Axes about a munth hold. The Neil Gow has increst one Carf, but their his no Foles to the Quaggys. Their his too littel Zebry but one as not rum to grow; the Report says, "the Mail Owen to the Nessessary Confinement in regard to Spaice is verry smal."

Honnerd Sur, the Satiety is verry rich in Assis, boath Commun assis and uncommon assis, and as the Report recumends will do my Inndever to git the Maltese Cross for your Honner. The Kangroses as reerd up a large smal fammily but looks to be ill nust and not well put to there feat, and at the surjesting of a femail Feller too was put out to the long harmd Babboon to dry nus, but she was too voilent and dandled the pure things to deth. The infunt Zebew is all so ded owen to Atemps with a backbord to prevent groing out of the sholders, boath parrents being defourmd with umphs; but the spin as is suposed was hert in the exspearmint, and it sudenly desist. Mr. Wallack will be glad to here the Wallachian Sheap has add sicks lams, but one was pisened by eating the ewes in the garden witch is fattle to kattle. Has to Gots we was going on prospus in the Kiddy line, but the Billy Gots becum so vishus and did so menny butts a weak, we was obleeged to do away with the Entire. As regards Rabits a contiguous dissorder havin got into the Stox, we got rid of the Hole let alone one Do and Brewd, witch was all in good Helth up to Good Fridy wen the Mother brekfisted on her bunnis. The increas in the Groth of Hairs as bean maid an object,

and the advice tacken of Mr. Prince and Mr. Roland, who recumendid Killin one of the Bares for the porpus of Greece. We hav a grate number of ginny pigs — their is moor than twenty of them in one Pound.

About Struthus Burds the Ostreaches is in perfic helth and full of Plums. The femail Hen lade too egs wile the Committy was sittin and we hop they will atch, as we put them under a she Hemew as was sittin to Mr. Harvy. We propos breading Busturds xept we hav not got a singel specieman of the specious. Galnatious Burds. I am sory to say The Curryso has not bread. Hits the moor disapinting as we considder these Birds as our Crax. We sucksided in razing a grate menny Turkys and some intresting expearimints was maid on them by the Committy and the Counsel on Crismus day. Lickwise on Poltry Fouls with regard to there being of Utility for the Tabel and "under the latter head" the report informs "sum results hav bean obtained witch air considdered very satisfactry," but their will be more degested trials of the subjex as the Report says "the expearimints must be repetid in order to istablish the accuracy of the deduckshuns." Wat is remarkable the hens pressented by Mr. Crockford hav not provd grate layers tho provided with a Better Yard and plentey of Turf. We hav indevourd to bread the grate Cok of the Wud onely we have no Wud for him to be Cok of— and now for aquotic Warter Burds we hav wite Swons but they hav not any cygnitures, and the Black is very unrisenable as to expens but Mr. Hunt has offerd to black one very lo on condishun hits not aloud to go into the Warter. The Polish swons wood hav bread onely they did not lay. The Satiety contanes a grate number of Gease and witch thriv all most as well as they wood on a commun farm and the Sam with Dux. We wonted to have dukelings from the Mandereen Dux but they shook there Heds. Too ears a go a qantitty of flownders and also a qantitty of heals of witch an exact acount is recordid wear turned into one of the Ponds but there State as not bean looked into since they wear plaiced their out of unwillingness to disturb the Hotter. At pressent their exists in one Pond a stock of Karps and in too others a number of Gould Fish of the commun Sort. The number left as bean correcly tacken and the ammount checkt by the Pellycanes and Herrins and Spunbills and Guls and other pis-

kiverous Burds. Looking at the hole of the Farm in one Pint of Vue we hav ben most suckceaful with Rabits and Poltry and Piggins and Ginny Pigs but the breading of sich being well none to Skullboys, I beg as to their methodistical principals to refer your Honner to Master Gorge wen he cums home for the Holedays. I furgot to say the Parnassian Sheap was acomidated with a Pen to it self but produst nothin worth riting. But the attemps we hav maid this here, will be prosycutid next here with new Vigors.

Honnerd Sur, — their is an aggitating Skeam of witch I humbly aprove verry hiley. The plan is owen to sum of the Femail Fellers, — and that is to make the Farm a Farm Ornay. For instances the Buffloo and Fallo dears and cetra to have their horns Gildid and the Mufflons and Sheaps is to hav Pink ribbings round there nex. The munkys is to ware fancy dressis and the Ostreaches is to have their plums stuck in their heds, and the Pecox tales will be always spred out on fraim wurks like the hispaliers. All the Bares is to be tort to Dance to Wippert's Quadrils and the Lions mains is to be subjective to pappers and the curling-tongues. The gould and silver Fesants is to be Pollisht evry day with Plait Powder and the Cammils and Drumdearis and other defourmd anymills is to be paddid to hide their Crukidnes. Mr. Howerd is to file down the tusks of the wild Bores and Peckaris and the Spoons of the Spoonbills is to be maid as like the Kings Patten as posible. The elifunt will be himbelisht with a Sugger candid Castle maid by Gunter and the Flaminggoes will be toucht up with Frentch ruge and the Damisels will hav chaplits of heartifitial Flours. The Sloath is proposd to hav an ellegunt Stait Bed — and the Bever is to ware one of Perren's lite Warter Proof Hats — and the Balld Vulters baldnes will be hided by a small Whig from Trewfits. The Crains will be put into trousirs and the Hippotomus tite laced for a waste. Experience will dictait menny more imbellishing modes, with witch I conclud that I am

Your Honners
Very obleeged and humbel former Servant,
STEPHEN HUMPHREYS.

FANCY PORTRAIT: — MR. HOBLER.

MILLER REDIVIVUS.

"He is become already a very promising miller."
BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON.

I WAS walking very leisurely one evening down Cripplegate, when I overtook — who could help overtaking him? — a lame, elderly gentleman, who, by the nature of his gait, appeared to represent the ward. Like certain lots at auctions, he seemed always going, but never gone: it was that kind of march that, from its slowness, is emphatically called halting. Gout, in fact, had got him into a sad hobble, and, like terror, made his flesh creep.

There was, notwithstanding, a lurking humorousness in his face, in spite of pace, that reminded you of Quick or Liston in

Old Rapid. You saw that he was not slow, at least, at a quirk or quip, — not backward at repartee, — not behindhand with his jest, — in short, that he was a great wit, though he could not jump.

There was something, besides, in his physiognomy, as well as his dress and figure, that strongly indicated his locality. He was palpably a dweller, if not a native, of that clime distinguished equally by "the rage of the vulture and the love of the turtle,"— the good old City of London. But an accident soon confirmed my surmises.

In plucking out his handkerchief from one of his capacious coat-pockets, the bandana tumbled out with it a large roll of manuscript; and as he proceeded a good hundred yards before he discovered the loss, I had ample time before he struggled back, in his crawly common pace, to the spot, to give the paper a hasty perusal, and even to make a few random extracts. The MS. purported to be a Collection of Civic Facetiæ, from the Mayoralty of Alderman * * * * up to the present time: and, from certain hints scattered up and down, the Recorder evidently considered himself to have been, for wise saws or witty, the Top Sawyer. Not to forestall the pleasure of self-publication, I shall avoid all that are, or may be, his own sayings, and give only such *jeux de mots* as have a distinct parentage.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MS.

"Alderman F. was very hard of hearing, and Alderman B. was very hard on his infirmity. One day, a dumb man was brought to the Justice-room charged with passing bad notes. B. declined to enter upon the case. "Go to Alderman F.,' he said; 'when a dumb man *utters*, a deaf one ought to hear it.'"

"B. was equally hard on Alderman V.'s linen-drapery. One day he came late into court. 'I have just come,' said he, 'from V.'s villa. He had family prayers last night, and began thus: — Now let us read the Psalm Nunc *Dimities*.'"

"Old S., the tobacconist of Holborn Hill, wore his own hair tied behind in a queue, and had a favorite seat in his shop, with his back to the window. Alderman B. pointed him

out once to me. 'Look! there he is, as usual, advertising his *pigtail.*'"

"Alderman A. was never very remarkable for his skill in orthography. A note of his writing is still extant, requesting a brother magistrate to preside for him, and giving, *literatim*, the following reason for his own absence:—'Jackson the painter is to take me off in my Rob of Office, and I am gone to give him a *cit.*' His pronunciation was equally original. I remember his asking Alderman C., just before the 9th of November, whether he should have any men in armor in his *shew.*"

"Guildhall and its images were always uppermost with Alderman A. It was he who so misquoted Shakespeare,—'A parish beadle, when he's trod upon, feels as much corporal suffering as Gog and Magog.'"

"A well-known editor of a morning paper inquired of Alderman B., one day, what he thought of his journal. 'I like it all,' said the Alderman, 'but its *broken English.*' The editor stared, and asked for an explanation. 'Why, the *List of Bankrupts*, to be sure!'"

"When Alderman B. was elected Mayor, to give greater *éclat* to his banquet, he sent for Dobbs, the most celebrated cook of that time, to take the command of the kitchen. Dobbs was quite an enthusiast in his art, and some culinary deficiencies on the part of the ordinary Mansion House professors driving him at last to desperation, he leapt upon one of the dressers, and began an oration to them, by this energetic apostrophe,—'Gentlemen! do you call yourselves cooks?'"

"One of the present household titles in the Mansion House establishment was of singular origin. When the celebrated men in armor were first exhibited, Alderman P., who happened to be with his Lordship previous to the procession, was extremely curious in examining the suits of mail, &c., expressing, at the same time, an eager desire to try on one of the helmets. The mayor, with his usual consideration, insisted on first sending it down to the kitchen to be aired, after which

process the ambition of the alderman met with its gratification. For some little time he did not perceive any inconvenience from his new beaver, but by degrees the enclosure became first uncomfortably, and then intolerably warm, the confined heat being aggravated by his violent but vain struggles to undo the unaccustomed fastenings. An armorer was obliged to be sent for before his face could be let out, red and rampant as a Brentford lion, from its iron cage. It appeared that, in the hurry of the pageant, the chief cook had clapped the casque upon the fire, and thus found out a recipe for stewing an alderman's head in its own steam, and for which feat he has retained the title of the Head Cook, ever since!"

"G., the Common Councilman, was a warden of his own company, the Merchant Tailors'. At one of their frequent festivals, he took with him to the dinner a relation, an officer of the Tenth foot. By some blunder, the soldier was taken for one of the fraternity, but G. hastened to correct the mistake: — 'Gentlemen, this is n't one of the ninth parts of a man, — he 's one of the Tenth!'"

"One day there was a dispute as to the difficulty of catch-singing. Alderman B. struck in, 'Go to Cheshire the hangman, — he 'll prove to you there 's a good deal of *execution* in a *Catch*.'"

A SNAKE-SNACK.

"Twist ye, twine ye." — Sir W. Scott.

It was my good fortune once, at Charing Cross's, to witness the feeding of the Boa Constrictor; rather a rare occurrence, and difficult of observation, the reptile not being remarkable for the regularity of its dinner-hour; and a very considerable interval intervenes, as the world knows, between Gorge the First and Gorge the Second; Gorge the Third and Gorge the Fourth. I was not in time to see the serpent's first dart at the prey; she had already twisted herself round her victim,

—a living White Rabit — who with a large dark eye gazed piteously through one of the folds, and looked most eloquently that line in Hamlet, —

"O could I shuffle off this mortal *coil!*"

The snake evidently only embraced him in a kill-him-when-I-want him manner, just firmly enough to prevent an escape, — but her lips were glued on his, in a close "Judas's kiss." So long a time elapsed, in this position, both as marble-still as poor old Laocoön with his Leaches on, that I really began to doubt the tale of the Boa's ability in swallowing; and to associate the hoax before me with that of the bottle conjurer. The head of the snake, in fact, might have gone without difficulty into a wine-glass, and the throat, down which the rabbit was to proceed whole, seemed not at all thicker than my thumb. In short, I thought the reported *cram* was nothing but *stuff*, and the only other visitor declared himself of my opinion: "If that 'ere little wiper swallows up the rabbit, I 'll bolt um both!" and he seemed capable of the feat. He looked like a personification of what Political Economists call the Public Consumer; or, Geoffrey Crayon's Stout Gentleman, seen through Carpenter's Solar Microscope; a genuine Edax Rerum; one of your devourers of legs of mutton and trimmings, for wagers; the delight of eating-houses, and the dread of ordinaries. The contrast was whimsical, between his mountain of mummy, and the slim *Macaroni* figure of the Snake, the reputed glutton. However, the Boa began at last to prepare for the meal, by lubricating the muzzle of the Rabbit with her slimy tongue, and then commenced in earnest,

"As far as in her lay to take him in,
A stranger dying with so fair a skin."

The process was tedious — "one swallow makes a summer" — but it gradually became apparent, from the fate of the head, that the whole body might eventually be "lost in the Serpentine." The reptile, indeed, made ready for the rest of the interment by an operation rather horrible. On a sudden, the living cable was observed, as a sailor would say, to haul in her slack, and, with a squeeze evincing tremendous muscular power, she reduced the whole body into a compass that would follow the head with perfect ease. It was like a regu-

lar smash in business, — the poor rabbit was completely broken, — and the wily winder-up of his affairs recommenced paying herself in full. It was a sorry sight and sickening. As for the Stout Gentleman, he could not control his agitation. His eyes rolled and watered; his jaws constantly yawned like a panther's; and his hands with a convulsive movement were clasped every now and then on his stomach; — but when the whole rabbit was smothered in snake, he could restrain himself no longer, and rushed out of the menagerie as if he really expected to be called upon to fulfil his rash engagement. Anxious to ascertain the true nature of the impulse, I hurried in pursuit of him, and, after a short but sharp chase, I saw him dash into the British Hotel, and overheard his familiar voice — the same that had promised to swallow both Snake and Snack — bellowing out, guttural with hunger, — "Here! — waiter! — Quick! — Rabbits in onions for two!"

THE APPARITION.

A TRUE STORY.

"To keep without a reef in a gale of wind like that — Jock was the only boatman on the Firth of Tay to do it!"

"He had sail enough to blow him over Dundee Law."

"She 's emptied her ballast and come up again, — with her sails all standing, — every sheet was belayed with a double turn."

I give the sense rather than the sound of the foregoing speeches, for the speakers were all Dundee ferry-boatmen, and broad Scotchmen, using the extra-wide dialect of Angusshire and Fife.

At the other end of the low-roofed room, under a coarse white sheet, sprinkled with sprigs of rue and rosemary, dimly lighted by a small candle at the head, and another at the feet, lay the object of their comments — a corpse of startling magnitude. In life, poor Jock was of unusual stature, but stretch-

ing a little, perhaps, as is usual in death, and advantaged by the narrow limits of the room, the dimensions seemed absolutely supernatural. During the warfare of the Allies against Napoleon, Jock, a fellow of some native humor, had distinguished himself by singing about the streets of Dundee. ballads, I believe his own, against old Boney. The nickname of Ballad-Jock was not his only reward: the loyal burgesses subscribed among themselves, and made him that fatal gift, a ferry-boat,

A FIGURE OF SPEECH: — A BROAD SCOTCHMAN.

the management of which we have just heard so seriously reviewed. The catastrophe took place one stormy Sunday, a furious gale blowing against the tide, down the river — and the Tay is anything but what the Irish call "weak tay," at such seasons. In fact, the devoted Nelson, with all sails set, — fair-weather fashion, — caught aback in a sudden gust, — after a convulsive whirl, capsized, and went down in forty fathoms, taking with her two-and-twenty persons, the greater part of whom were on their way to hear the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, — even at that time highly popular, — though preaching

in a small church at some obscure village, I forget the name, in Fife. After all the rest had sunk in the waters, the huge figure of Jock was observed clinging to an oar, barely afloat, — when, some sufferer probably catching hold of his feet, he suddenly disappeared, still grasping the oar, which afterwards springing upright into the air, as it rose again to the surface, showed the fearful depth to which it had been carried. The body of Jock was the last found; about the fifth day it was, strangely enough, deposited by the tide almost at the threshold of his own dwelling, at the Craig, a small pier or jetty frequented by the ferry-boats. It had been hastily caught up, and in its clothes laid out in the manner just described, lying as it were in state, and the public, myself one, being freely admitted, as far as the room would hold, it was crowded by fish-wives, mariners, and other shore-hunters, except a few feet next the corpse, which a natural awe towards the dead kept always vacant. The narrow death's door was crammed with eager listening and looking heads, and, by the buzzing without, there was a large surplus crowd in waiting before the dwelling for their turn to enter it.

On a sudden, at a startling exclamation from one of those nearest the bed, all eyes were directed towards that quarter. One of the candles was guttering and sputtering near the socket, — the other just twinkling out, and sending up a stream of rank smoke, — but by the light, dim as it was, a slight motion of the sheet was perceptible just at that part where the hand of the dead mariner might be supposed to be lying at his side! A scream and shout of horror burst from all within, echoed, though ignorant of the cause, by another from the crowd without. A general rush was made towards the door, but egress was impossible. Nevertheless horror and dread squeezed up the company in the room to half their former compass: and left a far wider blank between the living and the dead! I confess at first I mistrusted my sight; it seemed that some twitching of the nerves of the eye, or the flickering of the shadows thrown by the unsteady flame of the candle, might have caused some optical delusion; but after several minutes of sepulchral silence and watching, the motion became more awfully manifest, now proceeding slowly upwards, as if the hand of the deceased, still beneath the sheet, was struggling up feebly towards his head. It is possible to

conceive, but not to describe, the popular consternation, — the shrieks of women, the shouts of men, — the struggles to gain the only outlet, choked up and rendered impassable by the very efforts of desperation and fear! Clinging to each other, and with ghastly faces that *dared* not turn from the object of dread, the whole assembly backed with united force against the opposite wall, with a convulsive energy that threatened to force out the very side of the dwelling, — when, startled before by silent motion, but now by sound, — with a smart rattle something fell from the bed to the floor, and, disentangling itself from the death drapery, displayed — a large pound crab! The creature, with some design, perhaps sinister, had been secreted in the ample clothes of the drowned seaman; but even the comparative insignificance of this apparition gave but little alleviation to the superstitious horror of the spectators, who appeared to believe firmly, that it was only the Evil One himself, transfigured. Wherever the crab straddled sidelong, infirm beldame and sturdy boatman equally shrank and retreated before it, — ay, even as it changed place, to crowding closely round the corpse itself, rather than endure its diabolical contact. The crowd outside, warned by cries from within, of the presence of Mahound, had by this time retired to a respectful distance, and the crab, doing what herculean sinews had failed to effect, cleared itself a free passage through the door in a twinkling, and with natural instinct began crawling as fast as he could clapperclaw, down the little jetty before mentioned that led into his native sea. The Satanic Spirit, however disguised, seemed everywhere distinctly recognized. Many at the lower end of the Craig leapt into their craft; one or two even into the water, whilst others crept as close to the verge of the pier as they could, leaving a thoroughfare — wide as "the broad-path of honor" — to the Infernal Cancer. To do him justice, he straddled along with a very unaffected unconsciousness of his own evil importance. He seemed to have no aim higher than salt water and sand, and had accomplished half the distance towards them, when a little, decrepit, poor old sea-roamer, generally known as "Creel Katie," made a dexterous snatch at a hind claw, and, before the Crab-Devil was aware, deposited him in her patch-work apron, with an "Hech sirs, what for are ye gaun to let gang siccan a braw partane?" In vain a hundred voices shouted out, "Let him bide, Katie, —

he 's no cannie ;" fish or fiend, the resolute old dame kept a fast clutch of her prize, promising him, moreover, a comfortable simmer in the mickle pat, for the benefit of herself and that "puir silly body, the gudeman:" and she kept her word. Before night the poor Devil was dressed in his shell, to the infinite horror of all her neighbors. Some even said that a black figure, with horns, and wings, and hoofs, and forky tail, in fact old Clooty himself, had been seen to fly out of the chimney. Others said that unwholesome and unearthly smells, as of pitch and brimstone, had reeked forth from the abominable thing, through door and window. Creel Kate, however, persisted, ay, even to her dying day and on her deathbed, that the crab was as sweet a crab as ever was supped on; and that it recovered her old husband out of a very poor low way,— adding, "And that was a thing, ye ken, the Deil a Deil in the Dub of Darkness wad hae dune for siccan a gude man, and kirk-going Christian body, as my ain douce Davie."

LETTER

FROM A PARISH CLERK IN BARBADOES TO ONE IN HAMPSHIRE, WITH AN ENCLOSURE.

"Thou mayest conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me." — MEMOIRS OF P. P.

MY DEAR JEDIDIAH,

Here I am safe and sound, — well in body, and in fine voice for my calling, — though thousands and thousands of miles, I may say, from the old living Threap-Cum-Toddle. Little did I think to be ever giving out the Psalms across the Atlantic, or to be walking in the streets of Barbadoes, surrounded by Blackamoors, big and little; some crying after me, "There him go, — look at Massa Amen!" Poor African wretches! I do hope, by my Lord Bishop's assistance, to instruct many of them, and to teach them to have more respect for ecclesiastic dignitaries.

Through a ludicrous clerical mischance, not fit for me to

mention, we have preached but once since our arrival. O Jedidiah! how different from the row of comely, sleek, and ruddy plain English faces, that used to confront me in the church-warden's pew, at the old service in Hants, — Mr. Perryman's clean, shining, bald head, — Mr. Truman's respectable powdered, and Mr. Cutlet's comely and well-combed caxon! Here, such a set of grinning sooty faces, that, if I had been in any other place, I might have fancied myself at a meeting of master chimney-sweeps on May-Day. You know, Jedidiah, how strange thoughts and things will haunt the mind, in spite of one's self, at times the least appropriate: — the line that follows "The rose is red, the violet's blue," in the old Valentine, I am ashamed to say, came across me I know not how often. Then after service, no sitting on a tombstone for a cheerful bit of chat with a neighbor, — no invitation to dinner from the worshipful church-wardens. The jabber of these niggers is so outlandish or unintelligible, I can hardly say I am on speaking terms with any of our parishioners, except Mr. Pompey, the Governor's black, whose trips to England have made his English not quite so full of Greek as the others. There is one thing, however, that is so great a disappointment of my hopes and enjoyments, that I think, if I had foreseen it, I should not have come out, even at the Bishop's request. The song in the play-book says, you know, "While all Barbadoes bells do ring!" — but alas! Jedidiah, there is not a ring of bells in the whole island! You who remember my fondness for that melodious pastime, indeed I may say my passion, for a Grandsire Peel of Triple Bob-Majors truly pulled, and the changes called by myself, as when I belonged to the Great Tom Society of Hampshire Youths, — may conceive my regret that, instead of coming here, I did not go out to Swan River, — I am told they have a Peel there.

I shall write a longer letter by the Nestor, Bird, which is the next ship. This comes by the Lively, Kidd, — only to inform you that I arrived here safe and well. Pray communicate the same, with my love and duty, to my dear parents and relations, not forgetting Deborah and Darius at Porkington, and Uriah at Pigstead. The same to Mrs. Pugh, the opener, Mr. Sexton, and the rest of my clerical friends. I have no commissions at present, except to beg that you will deliver the enclosed, which I have written at Mr. Pompey's

dictation to his old black fellow-servant, at No. 45 Portland Place. Ask for Agamemnon down the area. If an opportunity should likewise offer of mentioning, in any quarter that might reach administration, the destitute state of our Barbarian steeples and belfrys, pray don't omit; and if, in the mean time, you could send out even a set of small handbells, it might prove a parochial acquisition as well as to me.

Dear Jedidiah,
Your faithful Friend and fellow Clerk,
HABAKKUK CRUMPE.

P. S. — I send Pompey's letter open, for you to read. You will see what a strange herd of black cattle I am among.

[THE ENCLOSURE.]

I say, Aggy! —

You remember me? Very well. Runaway Pompey, somebody else. Me Governor's Pompey. You remember? Me carry out Governor's piccaninny a walk. Very well. Massa Amen and me write this to say the news. Barbadoes all bustle. Nigger-mans do nothing but talkee talkee. [*Pompey's right, Jedidiah.*] The Bishop is come. Missis Bishop, Miss Bishop, — all the Bishops. Very well. The Bishop come in one ship, and him wigs come out in other ship. Bishop come one, two, three weeks first. [*It's too true, Jedidiah.*] Him say no wig, no Bishop. Massa Amen, you remember, say so too. Very well. Massa Amen ask me everything about nigger-man, where him baptizes in a water. [*So I did.*] Me tell him in the sea, in the river, anywheres abouts. You remember? Massa Amen ask at me again, who 'ficiates. Me tell him de Cayman. [*What mean, Jedidiah, could he mean?*] Very well. The day before the other day Bishop come to dinner with Governor and Governess, up at the Big House. You remember, — Missis Bishop too. Missis Bishop set him turban afire at a candle, and me put him out. [*With a kettle of scalding water, Jedidiah.*] Pompey get nothing for that. Very well.

I say, Aggy, — you know your catechism? Massa Amen ask him at me and my wife, Black Juno, sometimes. You remember. Massa Amen say, you give up a Devil? very well. Then him say, you give up all work? very well. Then him

say again, Black Juno, you give up your *Pompeys* and vanities? Black Juno shake her head, and say no. Massa Amen say you must, and then my wife cry ever so much. [*It's a fact, Jedidiah, the black female made this ridiculous mistake.*]

Very well. Governor come to you in three months to see the king. Pompey too. You remember? Come for me to Blackwall. Me bring you some of Governor's rum. Black Juno say, tell Massa Agamemnon he must send some fashions, sometimes. You remember? Black Juno very smart. Him wish for a Bell Assembly. [*Jedidiah, so do I.*] You send him out, you remember? Very well.

Massa Amen say write no more now. I say, O pray one little word more for Agamemnon's wife. Give him good kiss from Pompey. [*Jedidiah, what a heathenish message!*] Black Diana a kiss too. You remember? Very well. No more.

THE SCRAPE-BOOK.

"Luck 's all."

Some men seem born to be lucky. Happier than kings, Fortune's wheel has for them no revolutions. Whatever they touch turns to gold, — their path is paved with the philosopher's stone. At games of chance they have no chance, but what is better, a certainty. They hold four suits of trumps. They get windfalls, without a breath stirring, — as legacies. Prizes turn up for them in lotteries. On the turf, their horse — an outsider — always wins. They enjoy a whole season of benefits. At the very worst, in trying to drown themselves, they dive on some treasure undiscovered since the Spanish Armada; or tie their halter to a hook that unseals a hoard in the ceiling. That 's their luck.

There is another kind of fortune called ill-luck; so ill, that you hope it will die; — but it don't. That 's my luck.

Other people keep scrap-books; but I, a scrape-book. It is theirs to insert bon-mots, riddles, anecdotes, caricatures, facetiæ of all kinds; mine to record mischances, failures, accidents, disappointments; in short, as the betters say, I have

always a bad book. Witness a few extracts, bitter as extract of bark.

April 1st. Married on this day: in the first week of the honeymoon, stumbled over my father-in-law's beehives! He has 252 bees; thanks to me, he is now able to check them. Some of the insects having an account against me, preferred to *settle* on my calf. Others swarmed on my hands. My bald head seemed a perfect humming-top! Two hundred and fifty-two stings, — it should be "stings — and arrows of outrageous fortune!" But that 's my luck. Rushed bee-blind into

AN UNFORTUNATE BEE-ING.

the horse-pond, and *torn out* by Tiger, the house-dog. Staggered incontinent into the pig-sty, and collared by the sow, — sus. per coll. for kicking her sucklings; recommended oil for my wound, and none but lamp-ditto in the house; relieved of the stings at last, — what luck! by 252 operations.

9th. Gave my adored Belinda a black eye in the open street, aiming at a lad who attempted to snatch her reticule.

Belinda's part taken by a big rascal, as deaf as a post, who wanted to fight me "for striking a woman." My luck again.

12th. Purchased a mare, warranted so gentle that a lady might ride her, and, indeed, no animal could be quieter, except the leather one, formerly in the Show-room, at Exeter Change. Meant, for the first time, to ride with Belinda to the Park, — put my foot in the stirrup, and found myself on my own back instead of the mare's. Other men are thrown by their horses, but a saddle does it for me. Well, — nothing is so hard as my luck, — unless it be the fourth flag or stone from the post at the north corner of Harley Street.

14th. Run down in a wherry by a coal-brig, off Greenwich, but providentially picked up by a steamer that burst her boiler directly afterwards. Saved to be scalded! — But misfortunes with me never came single, from my very childhood. I remember when my little brothers and sisters tumbled down stairs, they always hitched half-way at the angle. *My* luck invariably turned the corner. It could not bear to bate me a single bump.

17th. Had my eye picked out by a pavior who was *axing* his way, he did n't care where. Sent home in a hackney chariot that upset. Paid Jarvis a sovereign for a shilling. My luck all over!

1st of May. My flue on fire. Not a sweep to be had for love or money! — Lucky enough *for me*, the parish engine soon arrived, with all the charity school. Boys are fond of playing, — and indulged their propensity by playing into my best drawing-room. Every friend I had dropped in to dinner. Nothing but Lacedemonian black broth. Others have pot-luck, but I have not even pint-luck, — at least, of the right sort.

8th. Found, on getting up, that the kitchen garden had been stripped by thieves, but had the luck at night to catch some one in the garden, by walking into my own trap. Afraid to call out, for fear of being shot at by the gardener, who would have hit me to a dead certainty, — for such is my luck!

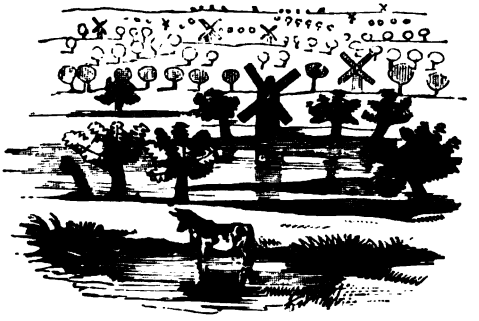
10th. Agricultural distress is a treat to mine. My old friend Bill — I must henceforth call him Corn-bill — has, this morning, laid his unfeeling wooden-leg on my tenderest toe, like a thresher. In spite of Dibdin, I don't believe that

oak has any heart, or it would not be such a walking treadmill!

12th. Two pieces of "my usual." First, knocked down by a mad bull. Secondly, picked up by a pickpocket. Anybody but me would have found one honest humane man out of a whole crowd; but I am born to suffer, whether done by accident or done by design. Luckily for me and the pickpocket, I was able to identify him, bound over to prosecute, and had the satisfaction of exporting him to Botany Bay. I suppose I performed well in a court of justice, for the next day — "*Encore un coup!*" — I had a summons to serve with a Middlesex jury, at the Old Bailey, for a fortnight.

14th. My number in the lottery has come up a capital prize. Luck at last — if I had not lost the ticket.

A CORNISH MAN.



A PASTORALE IN A FLAT.

THE PUGSLEY PAPERS.

How the following correspondence came into my hands must remain a Waverley mystery. The Pugsley Papers were neither rescued from a garret, like the Evelyn, — collected from cartridges like the Culloden, — nor saved, like the Garrick, from being shredded into a snow-storm at a Winter Theatre. They were not snatched from a tailor's shears, like the original parchment of Magna Charta. They were neither the Legacy of a Dominie, nor the communications of My Landlord, — a consignment, like the Clinker Letters, from some Rev. Jonathan Dustwich, nor the waifs and strays of a Twopenny Post Bag. They were not unrolled from ancient papyri. They were none of those that "line trunks, clothe spices," or paper the walls of old attics. They were neither given to me nor sold to me, — nor stolen, — nor borrowed and surreptitiously copied, — nor left in a hackney-coach, like Sheridan's play, — nor misdelivered by a carrier-pigeon, — nor dreamt of, like Coleridge's Kubla Khan, — nor turned up in the Tower, like Milton's Foundling MS., — nor dug up, — nor trumped up, like the Eastern tales of Horam harum Horam the son of Asmar, — nor brought over by Rammohun Roy, — nor translated by Doctor Bowring from the Scandinavian,

Batavian, Pomeranian, Spanish, or Danish, or Russian, or Prussian, or any other language, dead or living. They were not picked from the Dead-Letter Office, nor purloined from the British Museum. In short, I cannot, dare not, will not, hint even at the mode of their acquisition: the reader must be content to know that, in point of authenticity, the Pugsley Papers are the extreme reverse of Lady L.'s celebrated Autographs, which were all written by the proprietor.

No. I. — *From Master* RICHARD PUGSLEY *to Master* ROBERT ROGERS, *at Number* 132, *Barbican.*

DEAR BOB,

Huzza! — Here I am in Lincolnshire. It's good-by to Wellingtons and Cossacks, Ladies' double channels, Gentlemen's stout calf, and ditto ditto. They've all been sold off under prime cost, and the old Shoe Mart is disposed of, good-will and fixtures, for ever and ever. Father has been made a rich Squire of by will, and we've got a house and fields, and trees of our own. Such a garden, Bob! — It beats White Conduit.

Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come. It's only ninety mile. If you're out of pocket-money, you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on cordroys, and don't care for cut behind. The two prentices, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of, and brother Nick is took home from school to help in agriculture. We like farming very much, it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun, and go out shooting; it's a famous good un, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him.

There's plenty of New Rivers about, and we're going a fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly to get gentles. We've a pony too to ride upon when we can catch him, but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay

hold of. Is n't it prime, Bob? You *must* come. If your mother won't give your father leave to allow you, run away. Remember, you turn up Goswell Street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middlefen Hall. There 's a pond full of frogs, but we won 't pelt them till you come, but let it be before Sunday, as there 's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit 's to be gathered on Monday.

If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I 'm bound there 's lots of birds' nests. Do come, Bob, and I 'll show you the wasp's nest, and everything that can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him without his knowing of it; but be sure anyhow to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid ours by firing it off. Don't forget some bird-lime, Bob — and some fish-hooks — and some different sorts of shot — and some gut and some gunpowder — and a gentle-box, and some flints, — some May flies, — and a powder horn, — and a landing-net and a dog-whistle, — and some porcupine quills, and a bullet-mould, — and a trolling-winch, and a shot-belt and a tin can. You pay for 'em, Bob, and I 'll owe it you.

Your old friend and schoolfellow,

RICHARD PUGSLEY.

No. II. — *From the Same to the Same.*

DEAR BOB,

When you come, bring us a 'bacco-pipe to load the gun with. If you don't come, it can come by the wagon. Our Public House is three mile off, and when you've walked there it's out of everything. Yours, &c.,

RICH. PUGSLEY.

No. III. — *From Miss* ANASTASIA PUGSLEY *to Miss* JEMIMA MOGGRIDGE, *at Gregory House Establishment for Young Ladies, Mile End.*

MY DEAR JEMIMA,

Deeply solicitous to gratify sensibility, by sympathizing with our fortuitous elevation, I seize the epistolary implements

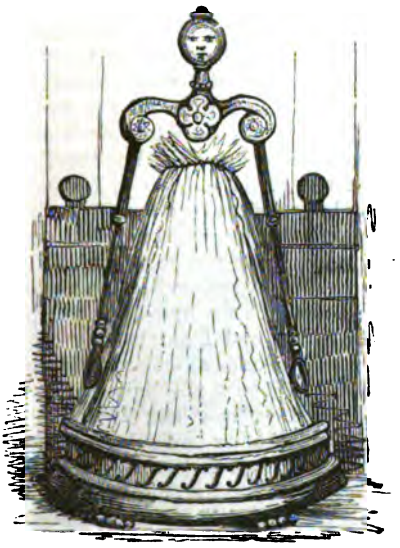
to inform you, that, by the testamentary disposition of a remote branch of consanguinity, our tutelary residence is removed from the metropolitan horizon to a pastoral district and its congenial pursuits. In futurity I shall be more pertinaciously superstitious in the astrological revelations of human destiny. You remember the mysterious Gypsy at Hornsey Wood? Well, the eventful fortune she obscurely intimated, though couched in vague terms, has come to pass in minutest particulars; for I perceive perspicuously, that it predicted that papa should sell off his boot and shoe business at 133 Barbican, to Clack & Son, of 144 Hatton Garden, and that we should retire, in a station of affluence, to Middlefen Hall, in Lincolnshire, by bequest of our great-great maternal uncle, Pollexfen Goldsworthy Wrigglesworth, Esq., who deceased suddenly of apoplexy at Wisbeach Market, in the ninety-third year of his venerable and lamented age.

At the risk of tedium, I will attempt a cursory delineation of our rural paradise, altho' I feel it would be morally arduous to give any idea of the romantic scenery of the Lincolnshire Fens. Conceive, as far as the visual organ expands, an immense sequestered level, abundantly irrigated with minute rivulets, and studded with tufted oaks, whilst more than a hundred wind-mills diversify the prospect and give a revolving animation to the scene. As for our own gardens and grounds they are a perfect Vauxhall,—excepting of course the rotunda, the orchestra, the company, the variegated lamps, the fireworks, and those very lofty trees. But I trust my dear Jemima will supersede topography by ocular inspection; and in the interim I send for acceptance a graphical view of the locality, shaded in Indian ink, which will suffice to convey an idea of the terrestrial verdure and celestial azure we enjoy, in lieu of the sable exhalations and architectural nigritude of the metropolis.

You who know my pastoral aspirings, and have been the indulgent confidant of my votive tributes to the Muses, will conceive the refined nature of my enjoyment when I mention the intellectual repast of this morning. I never could enjoy Bloomfield in Barbican,—but to-day he read beautifully under our pear-tree. I look forward to the felicity of reading Thomson's Summer with you on the green seat, and if engagements at Christmas permit your participation in the bard, there is a

bower of evergreens that will be delightful for the perusal of his Winter.

I enclose, by request, an epistolary effusion from sister Dorothy, which I know will provoke your risible powers, by the domesticity of its details. You know she was always in the homely characteristics a perfect Cinderella, though I doubt whether even supernatual agency could adapt her foot to a



CINDERELLA.

diminutive vitrified slipper, or her hand for a prince of regal primogeniture. But I am summoned to receive, with family members, the felicitations of Lincolnshire aristocracy; though whatever necessary distinctions may prospectively occur between respective grades in life, they will only superficially affect the sentiments of eternal friendship between my dear Jemima and her affectionate friend,

ANASTASIA PUGSLEY.

No. IV. — *From Miss* Dorothy Pugsley *to the Same.*

My dear Miss Jemima,

Providence having been pleased to remove my domestic duties from Barbican to Lincolnshire, I trust I shall have strength of constitution to fulfil them as becomes my new allotted line of life. As we are not sent into this world to be idle, and Anastasia has declined housewifery, I have undertaken the Dairy, and the Brewery, and the Baking, and the Poultry, the Pigs, and the Pastry, — and though I feel fatigued at first, use reconciles to labors and trials more severe than I at present enjoy. Altho' things may not turn out to wish at present, yet all well-directed efforts are sure to meet reward in the end, and altho' I have chumped and churned two days running, and it 's nothing yet but curds and whey, I should be wrong to despair of eating butter of my own making before I die. Considering the adulteration committed by every article in London, I was never happier in any prospect, than of drinking my own milk, fattening my own calves, and laying my own eggs. We cackle so much I am sure we new-lay somewhere, tho' I cannot find out our nests; and I am looking every day to have chickens, as one pepper-and-salt-colored hen has been sitting these two months. When a poor ignorant bird sets me such an example of patience, how can I repine at the hardest domestic drudgery! Mother and I have worked like horses, to be sure, ever since we came to the estate; but if we die in it, we know it 's for the good of the family, and to agreeably surprise my father, who is still in town winding up his books. For my own part, if it was right to look at things so selfishly, I should say I never was so happy in my life; though I own I have cried more since coming here than I ever remember before. You will confess my crosses and losses have been unusual trials, when I tell you, out of all my makings, and bakings, and brewings, and preservings, there has been nothing either eatable or drinkable; and what is more painful to an affectionate mind, have half poisoned the whole family with home-made ketchup of toadstools, by mistake for mushrooms. When I reflect that they are preserved, I ought not to grieve about my damsons and bullaces, done by Mrs. Maria Dover's receipt.

Among other things, we came into a beautiful closet of old china, which, I am shocked to say, is all destroyed by my preserving. The bullaces and damsons fomented, and blew up a great jar with a violent shock that smashed all the tea and coffee cups, and left nothing but the handles hanging in rows on the tenter-hooks. But to a resigned spirit there's always some comfort in calamities, and if the preserves work and foment so, there's some hope that my beer will, as it has been a month next Monday in the mash-tub. As for the loss of the elder-wine, candor compels me to say it was my own fault for letting the poor blind little animals crawl into the copper; but experience dictates next year not to boil the berries and kittens at the same time.

VERY FOND OF GARDENING.

I mean to attempt cream-cheese as soon as we can get cream; but as yet we can't drive the cows home to be milked for the bull, — he has twice hunted Grace and me into fits, and

kept my poor mother a whole morning in the pig-sty. As I know you like country delicacies, you will receive a pound of my fresh butter when it comes, and I mean to add a cheese as soon as I can get one to stick together. I shall send also some family pork for governess, of our own killing, as we wring a pig's neck on Saturday. I did hope to give you the unexpected treat of a home-made loaf, but it was forgot in the oven from ten to six, and so too black to offer. However, I hope to surprise you with one by Monday's carrier. Anastasia bids me add she will send a nosegay for respected Mrs. Tombleson, if the plants don't die off before, which I am sorry to say is not improbable.

It's really shocking to see the failure of her cultivated taste, and one in particular, that must be owned a very pretty idea. When we came, there was a vast number of flower-roots, but jumbled without any regular order, till Anastasia trowelled them all up, and set them in again, in the quadrille figures. It must have looked sweetly elegant, if it had agreed with them, but they have all dwindled and drooped like deep declines and consumptions. Her dahlias and tulips too have turned out nothing but onions and kidney-potatoes, and the ten-week stocks have not come up in twenty. But, as Shakespeare says, Adversity is a precious toad, — that teaches us Patience is a jewel.

Considering the unsettled state of coming in, I must conclude, but could not resist giving your friendliness a short account of the happy change that has occurred, and our increase of comforts. I would write more, but I know you will excuse my listening to the calls of dumb animals. It's the time I always scald the little pigs' bread and milks, and put saucers of clean water for the ducks and geese. There are the fowls' beds to make with fresh straw, and a hundred similar things that country people are obliged to think of.

The children, I am happy to say, are all well, only baby is a little fractious, we think from Grace setting him down in the nettles, and he was short-coated last week. Grace is poorly with a cold, and Anastasia has got a sore throat, from sitting up fruitlessly in the orchard to hear the nightingale; perhaps there may not be any in the Fens. I seem to have a trifling ague and rheumatism myself, but it may be only a stiffness from so much churning, and the great family wash-up of every-

thing we had directly we came down, for the sake of grass-bleaching on the lawn. With these exceptions, we are all in perfect health and happiness, and unite in love, with.

Dear Miss Jemima's affectionate friend,

DOROTHY PUGSLEY.

No. V. — *From* MRS. PUGSLEY *to* MRS. MUMFORD, *Bucklersbury.*

MY DEAR MARTHA,

In my ultimatum I informed of old Wrigglesworth paying his natural debts, and of the whole Middlefen estate coming from Lincolnshire to Barbican. I charged Mr. P. to send bulletings into you with progressive reports, but between sisters, as I know you are very curious, I am going to make myself more particular. I take the opportunity of the family being all restive in bed, and the house all still, to give an account of our moving. The things all got here safe, with the exception of the crockery and glass, which came down with the dresser, about an hour after its arrival. Perhaps if we had n't overloaded it with the whole of our breakables, it would n't have given way, — as it is, we have only one plate left, and that 's chipt, and a mug without a spout to keep it in countenance. Our furniture, &c. came by the wagon, and I am sorry to say a poor family at the same time, and the little idle boys with their knives have carved and scarified my rose-wood legs, and, what is worse, not of the same patterns: but as people say, two Lincolnshire removes are as bad as a fire of London.

The first thing I did, on coming down, was to see to the sweeps going up, — but I wish I had been less precipitous, for the sooty wretches stole four good flitches of bacon, as was up the kitchen chimbly, quite unbeknown to me. We have filled up the vacancy with more, which smoke us dreadfully, but what is to be cured must be endured. My next thing was to have all holes and corners cleared out, and washed and scrubbed, being left, like bachelor's places, in a sad state by old single W.; for a rich man, I never saw one that wanted so much cleaning out. There were heaps of dung about, as high as haystacks, and it cost me five shillings a load to have it all carted off the prem-

ises; beside heaps of good for nothing littering straw that I gave to the boys for bonfires. We are not all to rights yet, but Rome was n't built in St. Thomas's day.

It was providential I hampered myself with cold provisions, for, except the bacon, there were no eatables in the house. What old W. lived upon is a mystery, except salads, for we found a whole field of beet-root, which, all but a few plants for Dorothy to pickle, I had chucked away. As the ground was then clear for sowing up a crop, I directed George to plough it up, but he met with agricultural distress. He says, as soon as he whipped his horses, the plough stuck its nose in the earth, and tumbled over head and heels. It seems very odd when ploughing is so easy to look at, but I trust he will do better in time. Experience makes a King Solomon of a Tom-noddy.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

I expect we shall have bushels upon bushels of corn, tho' sadly pecked by the birds, as I have had all the scarecrows taken down for fear of the children dreaming of them for

bogies. For the same dear little sakes I have had the well filled up, and the nasty, sharp iron-spikes drawn out of all the rakes and harrows. Nobody shall say to my teeth, I am not a good mother. With these precautions, I trust the young ones will enjoy the country when the Gypsies have left, but till then I confine them to round the house, as it 's no use shutting the stable-door after you 've had a child stole.

We have a good many fine fields of hay, which I mean to have reaped directly, wet or shine, for delays are as dangerous as pickles in glazed pans. Perhaps St. Swithin's is in our favor, for if the stacks are put up dampish they wont catch fire so easily, if Swing should come into these parts. The poor boys have made themselves very industrious in shooting off the birds and hunting away all the vermin, besides cutting down trees. As I knew it was profitable to fell timber, I directed them to begin with a very ugly straggling old hollow tree next the premises; but it fell the wrong way, and knocked down the cow-house. Luckily, the poor animals were all in the clover-field at the time. George says it would n't have happened but for a violent sow, or rather sow-west, — and it 's likely enough, but it 's an ill wind that blows nothing to nobody.

Having writ last post to Mr. P., I have no occasion to make you a country commissioner. Anastasia, indeed, wants to have books about everything, but for my part and Dorothy's, we don't put much faith in authorized receipts and directions, but trust more to nature and common sense. For instance, in fatting a goose, reason points to sage and onions, — why our own don't thrive on it is very mysterious. We have a beautiful poultry-yard, only infested with rats; but I have made up a poison, that I know, by the poor ducks, will kill them if they eat it.

I expected to send you a quantity of wall-fruit for preserving, and am sorry you bought the brandy beforehand, as it has all vanished in one night by picking and stealing, notwithstanding, I had ten dozen of bottles broke on purpose to stick a-top of the wall. But I rather think they came over the pales, as George, who is very thoughtless, had driven all the new tenter-hooks with the points downwards. Our apples and pears would have gone too, but, luckily, we heard a noise in the dark, and threw brickbats out of window, that alarmed the thieves, by smashing the cowcumber frames. However, I mean on Monday

to make sure of the orchard, by gathering the trees, — a pheasant in one's hand is worth two cock-sparrows in a bush. One comfort is the house-dog is very vicious, and wont let any

WALL FRUIT.

of us stir in or out after dark, — indeed, nothing can be more furious, except the bull, and at me in particular. You would think he knew my inward thoughts, and that I intend to have him roasted whole when we give our grand house-warming regalia.

With these particulars, I remain, with love, my dear Dorcas, your affectionate sister,

BELINDA PUGSLEY.

P. S. — I have only one anxiety here, and that is, the likelihood of being taken violently ill, nine miles off from any physical powers, with nobody that can ride in the house, and nothing

but an insurmountable hunting horse in the stable. I should like, therefore, to be well doctor-stuffed from Apothecaries' Hall by the wagon or any other vehicle. A stitch in the side taken in time saves nine spasms. Dorothy's tincture of the rhubarb stalks in the garden does n't answer, and it 's a pity now they were not saved for pies.

No. VI. — *From Mrs.* Pugsley *to Mrs.* Rogers.

Madam,

Although warmth has made a coolness, and our having words has caused a silence, yet as mere writing is not being on speaking terms, and disconsolate parents in the case, I waive venting of animosities till a more agreeable moment.

A COOLNESS BETWEEN FRIENDS.

Having perused the afflicted advertisement in the *Times*, with interesting description of person, and ineffectual dragging of New River, — beg leave to say that Master Robert is safe and well, — having arrived here on Saturday night last, with almost

not a shoe to his foot, and no coat at all, as was supposed to be with the approbation of parents. It appears that not supposing the distance between the families extended to him, he walked the whole way down on the footing of a friend, to visit my son Richard, but hearing the newspapers read, quitted suddenly, the same day with the Gypsies, and we have n't an idea what is become of him. Trusting this statement will relieve of all anxiety, remain, Madam, your humble servant,

BELINDA PUGSLEY.

No. VII. — *To Mr.* SILAS PUGSLEY, *Parisian Depôt, Shoreditch.*

DEAR BROTHER,

My favor of the present date is to advise of my safe arrival on Wednesday night, per opposition coach, after ninety miles of discomfort, absolutely unrivalled for cheapness, and a walk of five miles more, through lanes and roads, that for dirt and sludge may confidently defy competition, — not to mention turnings and windings, too numerous to particularize, but morally impossible to pursue on undeviating principles. The night was of so dark a quality as forbade finding the gate, but for the house-dog flying upon me by mistake for the late respectable proprietor, and almost tearing my clothes off my back by his strenuous exertions to obtain the favor of my patronage.

Conscientiously averse to the fallacious statements, so much indulged in by various competitors, truth urges to acknowledge, that on arrival I did not find things on such a footing as to insure universal satisfaction. Mrs. P., indeed, differs in her statement, but you know her success always surpassed the most sanguine expectations. Ever emulous to merit commendation by the strictest regard to principles of economy, I found her laid up with her lumbago, through her studious efforts to please, and Doctor Clarke of Wisbeach in the house prescribing for it, but I am sorry to add — no abatement. Dorothy is also confined to her bed, by her unremitting assiduity and attention in the housekeeping line, and Anastasia the same, from listening for nightingales on a fine July evening, but which is an article not always to be warranted to keep its virtue in any climate, — the other children, large and small

sizes, ditto, ditto, with Grace too ill to serve in the nursery, — and the rest of the servants totally unable to execute such extensive demands. Such an unprecedented depreciation in health makes me doubt the quality of country air, so much recommended for family use, and whether constitutions have not more eligibility to offer that have been regularly town-made.

Our new residence is a large, lonely mansion, with no connection with any other house, but standing in the heart of Lincolnshire fens, over which it looks through an advantageous opening: comprising a great variety of windmills, and drains, and willow-pollards, and an extensive assortment of similar articles, that are not much calculated to invite inspection. In warehouses for corn, &c., it probably presents unusual advantages to the occupier; but candor compels to state that agriculture in this part of Lincolnshire is very flat. To supply language on the most moderate terms, unexampled distress in Spitalfields is nothing to the distress in ours. The corn has been deluged with rain of remarkable durability, without being able to wash the smut out of its ears; and with regard to the expected great rise in hay, our stacks have been burnt down to the ground instead of going to the consumer. If the hounds had n't been out, we might have fetched the engines, but the hunter threw George on his head, and he only revived to be sensible that the entire stock had been disposed of at an immense sacrifice. The whole amount I fear will be out of book, — as the Norwich Union refuses to liquidate the hay, on the ground that the policy was voided by the impolicy of putting it up wet. In other articles I am sorry I must write no alteration. Our bull, after killing the house-dog, and tossing William, has gone wild and had the madness to run away from his livelihood, and, what is worse, all the cows after him — except those that had burst themselves in the clover field, and a small dividend, as I may say, of one in the pound. Another item, the pigs, to save bread and milk, have been turned into the woods for acorns, and is an article producing no returns, — as not one has yet come back. Poultry ditto. Sedulously cultivating an enlarged connection in the turkey line, such the antipathy to Gypsies, the whole breed, geese and ducks inclusive, removed themselves from the premises by night, directly a strolling camp came and set up in the neighborhood. To avoid prolixity, when I came to take stock,

there was no stock to take, — namely, no eggs, no butter, no cheese, no corn, no hay, no bread, no beer, — no water even, — nothing but the mere commodious premises, and fixtures, and good-will, — and candor compels to add, a very small quantity on hand of the last-named particular.

To add to stagnation, neither of my two sons in the business nor the two apprentices have been so diligently punctual in executing country orders with despatch and fidelity, as laudable ambition desires, but have gone about fishing and shooting, — and William has suffered a loss of three fingers, by his unvarying system of high charges. He and Richard are likewise both threatened with prosecution for trespassing on the hares in the adjoining landed interest, and Nick is obliged to decline any active share, by dislocating his shoulder in climbing a tall tree for a tom-tit. As for George, though for the first time beyond the circumscribed limits of town custom, he indulges vanity in such unqualified pretensions to superiority of knowledge in farming, on the strength of his grandfather having belonged to the agricultural line of trade, as renders a wholesale stock of patience barely adequate to meet its demands. Thus stimulated to injudicious performance, he is as injurious to the best interests of the country as blight and mildew, and smut and rot, and glanders, and pip, all combined in one texture. Between ourselves, the objects of unceasing endeavors, united with uncompromising integrity, have been assailed with so much deterioration, as makes me humbly desirous of abridging sufferings, by resuming business as a Shoe Marter at the old-established house. If Clack & Son, therefore, have not already taken possession and respectfully informed the vicinity, will thankfully pay reasonable compensation for loss of time and expense incurred by the bargain being off. In case parties agree, I beg you will authorize Mr. Robins to have the honor to dispose of the whole Lincolnshire concern, though the knocking down of Middlefen Hall will be a severe blow on Mrs. P. and family. Deprecating the deceitful stimulus of advertising arts, interest commands to mention, — desirable freehold estate and eligible investment — and sole reason for disposal, the proprietor going to the Continent. Example suggests likewise, a good country for hunting for foxhounds, — and a prospect too extensive to put in a newspaper. Circumstances being rendered awkward by the untoward event

of the running away of the cattle, &c., it will be best to say, "The stock to be taken as it stands;" — and an additional favor will be politely conferred, and the same thankfully acknowledged, if the auctioneer will be so kind as bring the next market town ten miles nearer, and carry the coach and the wagon once a day past the door. Earnestly requesting early attention to the above, and with sentiments of, &c.

R. PUGSLEY, SEN.

P. S. Richard is just come to hand dripping and half dead out of the Nene, and the two apprentices all but drowned each other in saving him. Hence occurs to add, fishing opportunities among the desirable items.

AN ASSENT TO THE SUMMUT OF MOUNT BLANK.

IT was on the 1st of Augst, — I remember by my wags cumming dew, and I wanted to be riz, — that Me and master maid our minds up to the Mounting. I find Master as oppend an acount with the Keep Sack, — but as that is a cut abov, and rit in by only Lords and Laddies, I am redeuced to a Peer in the pagis of the Comick Anual, — Mr H giving leaves.

Wile we waited at Sham Money, our minds sevral tims misgiv, but considdring only twelve Gentelmen and never a footmun had bin up, we determind to make ourselves particler, and so highered gides to sho us up. For a long tim the whether was dout full weather, — first it snew, then thew, and then friz, — and that was most agreeabil for a tempting. The first thing I did was to change my blew and wite livry, as I guest we shood hav enuf of blew and wite on the mounting, — but put on a dred nort for fear of every thing, — takin care to hav my pockets well cramd with sand witches, and, as proved arterwards, they broke my falls very much when I slipd on my bred and ams. The land Lord was so kind as lend me His green gaws tap room blind for my eyes, and I recumend no boddy to go up any Snowhill without green vales, — for the hice dazls like winkin. Sum of the gides wanted me to ware a sort of crimpt skaits, — but thoght my feet would be the stifer

for a cramp on, — and declind binding any think xcept my lisk garters round my Shews. I did all this by advize of John Mary Cuthay the Chief Gide, who had bin 8 tims up to every think. Thus a tired we sit out, on our feat, like Capting Paris, with our Nor poles in our hands, — Master in verry good sperrits, and has for me I was quit ellivatted to think what a figger the Summut of Mount Blank wood cut down the airs of Portland Plaice.

Arter sliping and slidding for ours, we cum to the first principle Glazier. To give a correct noshun, let any won suppose a man in fustions with a fraim and glass and puttey and a dimond pensel, and it's quit the revers of that. It's the sam with the Mare of Glass. If you dont think of a mare or any think maid of glass you have it xactly. We was three ours gitting over the Glazier, and then come to the Grand Mullets, ware our beds was bespoak, — that is, nothing but clean sheats of sno, — and never a warmin pan. To protect our heds we struck our poles agin the rock, with a cloath over them, but it looked like a verry little tent to so much mounting. There we was, — all Sno with us Sollitory figgers atop. Nothink can give the sublime idear of it but a twelf Cake.

The Gides pinted out from hear the Pick de Middy, but I was too cold to understand Frentch, — and we see a real Shammy leeping, as Master sed, from scrag to scrag, and from pint to pint, for vittles and drink, — but to me it looked like jumpin a bout to warm him self. His springs in the middel of Winter I realy beleave as uncredible. Nothink else was muving xcept Havelaunches, witch is stupendus Sno balls in high situations, as leaves their plaices without warnin, and makes a deal of mischef in howses and famlies. We shot of our pistle, but has it maid little or no noise, did n't ear the remarkbly fine ekko.

We dind at the Grand Mullets on cold foul and a shivver of am, with a little O de Colon, agen stomical panes. Wat was moor cumfortble we found haf a bottel of brandey, left behind by sum one before, and by way of return we left behind a littel crewit of Chilly Viniger for the next cummer, whoever he mite be or not. After this repass'd we went to our sublime rests, I may say, in the Wurld's garrits, up 150 pare of stares. As faling out of Bed was dangerus, we riz a wal of stons on each side. Knowing how comfortble Master sleeps at Home, I regretted his unaccommodation, and particklly as

he was verry restless, and evry tim he stird kickd me about the Hed. I laid awack a good wile thinking how littel Farther, down in Summerset Sheer, thoght I was up in Mount Blank Sheer; but at long and last I went of like a top, and dremt of Summuts. Won may sleep on wus pillers than Nap Sacks.

Next mornin we riz erly, having still a good deal to git up, and skrambled on agin, by crivises and crax as maid our flesh crawl on hands and nees to look at. Master wanted to desend in a crack, but as he mite not git up in a crack agin, his letting himself down was unrecomended. Arter menny ours works, we cum to the Grand Plato. Master called it a vast Amphi-Theater; and so it is, except Du-Crow and the Horses and evry thing. Hear we brekfisted, but was surprizd as our stomicks not having moor hedges, Master only eting a Chickin wing, and me only eting all the rest. We had littel need to not eat, — the most uneasy part to go was to cum. In about too ours we cum to a Sno wall, up rite as high as St. Paul's; that maid us cum to an alt, and I cood not help saying out, Wat is only too human legs to 200 feet! Howsumever, after a bottel of Wine we was abel to proceed in a zig zag direxion, — the Gides axing the way, and cutting steps afore. After a deal of moor white Slavery, we sucsided in gitting up to the Mounting's top, and no body can hav a distant idea of it, but them as is there. Such Sno! And ice enuf to serve all the Fish Mungers, and the grate Routs till the end of the Wurld!

I regrets my joy at cumming to the top maid me forget all I ment to do at it; and in partickler to thro a tumble over hed and heals, as was my mane object in going up. Howsumever, I shall allways be abel to say Me and Master as bin to the Summut of Mount Blank, and so has a little butterfly. I ought to mension the curiousness of seeing one there, but we did not ketch it, as it was too far abov us.

We dissented down in much shorter time, and without anny axident xcept Masters sliding telliscope, witch roled of the ice. Wen we cum agin to Sham Money, the Land Lord askd our names to be rit in the book, as was dun, by Mr. W. in prose, but by me in poetry: —

"Mount Blank is very hard to be cum at,
But Me and Master as bin to its Summut.

"JOHN JONES."

THE ILLUMINATI.

"Light, I say, light!" — OTHELLO.

THOSE who have peeped into the portfolios of Mr. Geoffrey Crayon, will easily remember his graphic sketches of a locality called Little Britain, — and his amusing portraits of its two leading families, the Lambs and the Trotters. I imagine the deserved popularity of the draughtsman made him much in request at routs, soirées, and conversazioni, or so acute an observer would not have failed to notice a nocturnal characteristic of the same neighborhood, — I mean the frequent and alarming glares of light that illuminate its firmament; but in spite of which, no parish engine rumbles down the steps of St. Botolph, the fire-ladders hang undisturbed in their chains, and the turn-cock smokes placidly in the tap-room of the Rose and Crown. For this remarkable apathy, my own more domestic habits enable me to account.

It is the fortune, or misfortune, of the house where I lodge, to confront that of Mr. Wix, "Wax and Tallow Chandler to his Majesty;" and certainly no individual ever burned so much to evince his loyalty. He and his windows are always framing an excuse for an illumination.

The kindling aptitude ascribed to Eupyrions and Lucifers and Chlorate matches, is nothing to his. Contrary to Hoyle's rules for loo, a single court card is sufficient with him for "a blaze." He knows and keeps the birthdays of all royal personages, and shows by tallow in tins how they wax in years. As sure as the Park guns go off in the morning, he fires his six-pounders in the evening, — as sure as a newsman's horn is sounded in the street, it blows the same spark into a flame. In some cases his inflammability was such, he has been known to ignite, and exhibit fire, where he should have shed water. He was once — it is still a local joke — within an ace of rejoicing at Marr's murder.

During the long war he was really a nuisance, and what is worse, not indictable. For one not unused to the melting mood, he was strangely given to rejoicing. Other people were content to light up for the great victories, but he commem-

orated the slightest skirmishes. In civil events the same, whether favorable to Whig or Tory. Like the lover of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, he divided his flame between them. He lighted when the administration of the Duke of Wellington came in, and he lighted when it went out, — in short, it seemed, as with the Roman Catholics, that candle-burning was a part of his religion, and that he had got his religion itself from an illuminated missal.

To aggravate this propensity, Mr. Sperm, the great oil-merchant, lives nearly opposite to Mr. Wix, and his principle and his interest coincide exactly with those of his neighbor. Mr. Sperm possesses a very large star, and, like certain managers, he brings it forward as often as he can. He is quite as lax in his political creed as the chandler, and will light up on the lightest occasions, — for instance, let there be but a peal of bells, and the Genius of the Ring directly invokes the Genius of the Lamp. In short, Mr. Wix and Mr. Sperm both resemble the same thing, — a merchantman getting rid of goods by means of lighters.

As the other inhabitants do not always choose to follow the example of these two, I have known our illuminations to be very select, — the great oil and tallow establishments blazing all alone in their glory. On other occasions, — for instance, the rejoicings for that bill which Lord L. calls a Bill of Panes and Penalties, — I have seen our street assume the motley appearance of a chessboard, alternately dark and bright, — to say nothing of Mrs. Frampton's lodging-house, where every tenant was of a different sentiment, and the several floors afforded a striking example of the Clare Obscure.

Among general illuminations, I remember none more so than the one on the accession of his late Majesty, — but what so universally brightened the Great Britain might be expected to light the little one. It was, in reality, an unrivalled exhibition of its kind, and I propose, therefore, to give some account of it, the situation of my apartment having afforded unusual opportunities, — for it is at the angle of a corner-house, and thus, while its easterly windows stare into those of the Rumbold family, its northern ones squint aside into the sashes of that elderly spinster, Miss Winter.

It must have been an extreme fit of loyalty that put such a thought into the penurious mind of Miss W., but she resolved

for once in her life to illuminate. I could see her at a large dining-table, so called by courtesy, for it never dined, reviewing a regiment of glass custard-cups, so called also by courtesy, for they never held custard, and another division of tall jelly-glasses, equally unknown to jellies. I might have thought that she meant for once to give a very light supper, had I not seen her fill them all with oil from a little tin can, and afterwards she furnished them with a floating wick. They were then ranged on the window-frame, alternately, tall and short; and after this costly preparation, which, by the heaving of her neckerchief, she visibly sighed over, she folded her arms demurely before her, and, by the light of her solitary rush-taper, sat down to await the extravagant call of "Light up!"

The elder Miss Rumbold — the parents were out of town — was not idle in the mean time. She packed all the little R.'s off to bed, (I did not see them have any supper,) and then, having got rid of the family branches, began on the tin ones. She had fixed her head-quarters in the drawing-room, from whence I saw Caroline and Henry detached, with separate parcels of tins and candles, to do the same office for the floors above and below. But no such luck! After a while, the street door gently opened, and forth sneaked the two deserters, of course, to see better illuminations than their own. At the slam of the door behind them, Miss Rumbold comprehended the full calamity: first, she threw up her arms, then her eyes, then clenched her teeth, and then her hands, going through all the pantomime for distress of mind, — but she had no time for grieving, and, indeed, but little for rejoicing. Mr. Wix's was beginning to glitter. Tearing up and down stairs, like a lamplighter on his ladder, she furnished all the blank windows, and then returned to the drawing-room; and, what was evidently her favorite fancy, she had completed and hung up two festoons of artificial flowers; but alas! her stock on hand fell short a whole foot of the third window, I am afraid for want of the very bouquet in Caroline's bonnet. Removing the unfortunate garlands, she rushed out full speed, and the next moment I saw her in the story above, rapidly unpapering her curls, and making herself as fit as time allowed, to sit in state in the drawing-room, by the light of twenty-seven long sixes.

A violent uproar now recalled my attention to Number 29, where the mob had begun to call out to Miss Winter for her

northern lights. Miss W. was at her post, and rushed with her rush to comply with the demand; but, a sudden twitter of nervousness aggravating her old palsy, she could not persuade her wavering taper to alight on any one of the cottons. There

ALL AT SIXES AND SEVENS.

was a deal of coquetting, indeed, between wick and wick, but nothing like a mutual flame. In vain the thin lover-like candle kept hovering over its intended, and shedding tears of grease at every repulse; not a glimmer replied to its glance, till at last, weary of love and light, it fairly leaped out of its tin socket, and drowned its own twinkle in a tall jelly-glass. The patience of the mob, already of a thin texture, was torn to rags by this conclusion; they saw that if she would, Miss Winter never *could* illuminate: but as this was an unwelcome truth, they broke it to her with a volley of stones that destroyed her little Vauxhall in a moment, and in a twinkle left her nothing to twinkle with!

Shocked at this catastrophe, I turned with some anxiety to Miss Rumbold's; but with admirable presence of mind she had lighted every alternate candle in her windows, and was thus able to present a respectable front at a short notice. The mob, however, made as much uproar as at Miss Winter's, though the noise was different in character, and more resembled the boisterous merriment which attends upon Punch. In fact Miss Rumbold had a Fantoccini overhead she little dreamt of. Awakened by the unusual light, the younger Rumbolds had rushed from bed to the window, where, exhilarated by childish spirits and the appearance of a gala, they had got up an extempore Juvenile Ball, and were dancing with all their might in their little night-caps and night-gowns. In vain the unconscious Matilda pointed to her candles, and added her own private pair from the table to the centre window; in vain she wrung her hands, or squeezed them on her bosom: the more she protested in dumb show, the more the mob shouted; and the more the mob shouted, the wilder the imps jigged about. At last Matilda seemed to take some hint; she vanished from the drawing-room like a Ghost, and reappeared like a Fury in the nursery, — a pair of large hands vigorously flourished and flogged, — the heels of the Corps de Ballet flew up higher than their heads, — the mob shouted louder than ever, — and exeunt omnes.

This interlude being over, the rabble moved on to Mr. Wix's, whose every window, as usual, shone "like nine good deeds in a naughty world," and he obtained nine cheers for the display. Poor Mr. Sperm was not so fortunate. He had been struggling manfully with a sharp nor-wester to light up his star, but one obstinate limb persisted in showing which way the wind blew. It was a point not to be gained, and, though far from red-hot, it caused a hiss that reached even to Number 14, and frightened all the Flowerdews. Number 14, as the Clown expresses it in Twelfth Night, was as "lustrous as ebony." In vain Mrs. Flowerdew pleaded from one window, and Mr. Flowerdew harangued from the other, while Flowerdew junior hammered and tugged at the space between; the glaziers and their friends unglazed everything; and I hope the worthy family, the next time they have a Crown and Anchor, will remember to have the right side uppermost. Green and yellow lamps decline to hang upon hooks that

are topsy-turvy, and the blue and red are just as particular.

I forgot to say that, during the past proceedings, my eyes had frequently glanced towards Number 28. Its occupier, Mr. Brookbank, was in some remote way connected with the royal household, and had openly expressed his intention of surprising Little Britain. And in truth Little Britain was surprised enough, when it beheld at Mr. Brookbank's nothing but a few sorry flambeaux: he talked to the mob, indeed, of a transparency of Peace and Plenty, but as they could see no sign of either, and they had plenty of stones, they again broke the peace. I am sorry to say that in this instance the mob were wrong, for there *was* a transparency, but as it was lighted from the outer side, Mr. B.'s Peace and Plenty smiled on nobody but himself.

There was only one more disorder, and it occurred at the very house that I help to inhabit. Not that we were dim by any means, for we had been liberal customers to Mr. Sperm and to Mr. Wix: the tallow of one flared in all our panes, and the oil of the other fed a brilliant W P. Alas! it was these fiery initials, enigmatical as those at Belshazzar's banquet, that caused all our troubles. The million could make out the meaning of the W, but the other letter, divided in conjecture among them, was literally a split P. Curiosity increased to furiosity, and what might have happened nobody only knows, if my landlady had not proclaimed that her W had spent such a double allowance of lamps, that her R had been obliged to retrench.

To aid her oratory, the rabble were luckily attracted from our own display by a splendor greater even than usual at Number 9. The warehouseman of Mr. Wix — *like master like man* — had got up an illumination of his own, by leaving a firebrand among the tallow, that soon caused the breaking out of an insurrection in Grease; and where candles had hitherto been lighted only by Retail, they were now ignited by Wholesale; or, as my landlady said, "All the fat was in the fire!"

I ventured to ask her, when all was over, what she thought of the lighting-up, and she gave me her opinion in the following sentiment, in the prayer of which I most heartily concur. "Illuminations," she said, "were very pretty things to look at,

and no doubt new Kings ought to be illuminated; but what with the toil, and what with the oil, and what with the grease, and what with the mob, she hoped it would be long, very long, before we had a new King again!"

IGNIS FATUUS.

THE LIFE OF ZIMMERMANN.

(BY HIMSELF).

"This, this, is solitude." — LORD BYRON.

I WAS born, I may almost say, an orphan: my father died three months before I saw the light, and my mother three hours after, — thus I was left in the whole world alone, and an only child, for I had neither brothers nor sisters; much

of my after-passion for solitude might be ascribed to this cause, for I believe our tendencies date themselves from a much earlier age, or, rather, youth, than is generally imagined. It was remarked that I could go alone at nine months, and I have had an apitude to going alone all the rest of my life. The first words I learnt to say, were, "I by myself, I" — or thou — or he — or she — or it; but I was a long time before I could pronounce any personals in the plural. My little games and habits were equally singular. I was fond of playing at Solitary or at Patience, or another game of cards of my own invention, namely, whist, with *three* dummies. Of books, my favorite was Robinson Crusoe, especially the first part, for I was not fond of the intrusion of Friday, and thought the natives really were savages to spoil such a solitude. At ten years of age I was happily placed with the Rev. Mr. Steinkopff, a widower, who took in only the limited number of six pupils, and had only me to begin with: here I enjoyed myself very much, learning in a first and last class in school-hours, and playing in play-time at hoop, and other pretty games not requiring partners. My playground was, in short, a garden of Eden, and I did not even sigh for an Eve, but, like Paradise, it was too happy to last. I was removed from Mr. Steinkopff's to the University of Göttingen, and at once the eyes of six hundred pupils, and the pupils of twelve hundred eyes, seem fastened upon me: I felt like an owl forced into daylight; often and often I shammed ill as an excuse for confining myself to my chamber, but some officious would-be friends, insisting on coming to sit with me, as they said, to enliven my solitude, I was forced, as a last resource, to do that which subjected me, on the principle of Howard's Prison Discipline, to solitary confinement. But even this pleasure did not last; the heads of the College found out that solitary confinement was no punishment, and put another student in the same cell; in this extremity I had no alternative but to endeavor to make him a convert to my principles, and in some days I succeeded in convincing him of the individual independence of man, the solid pleasures of solitude, and the hollow one of society, — in short, he so warmly adopted my views, that in a transport of sympathy we swore an eternal friendship, and agreed to separate forever, and keep ourselves to ourselves as much as possible. To this end we formed with our blanket a screen

across our cell, and that we might not even in thought associate with each other, he soliloquized only in French, of which I was ignorant, and I in English, to which he was equally a stranger. Under this system my wishes were gratified, for I think I felt more intensely lonely than I ever remember when more strictly alone. Of course, this condition had a conclusion; we were brought out again unwillingly into the common world, and the firm of Zimmermann, Nobody, and Co. was compelled to admit — six hundred partners. In this extremity, my fellow-prisoner Zingleman and myself had recourse to the persuasions of oratory. We preached solitude, and got quite a congregation, and of the six hundred hearers, four hundred at least became converts to our Unitarian doctrine; every one of these disciples strove to fly to the most obscure recesses, and the little cemetery of the College had always a plenty of those who were trying to make themselves scarce. This of course was afflicting; as in the game of puss in a corner, it was difficult to get a corner unoccupied to be alone in; the defections and desertions from the College were consequently numerous, and for a long time the state gazette contained daily advertisements for missing gentlemen, with a description of their persons and habits, and invariably concluding with this sentence: "of a melancholy turn, — calls himself a Zimmermanian, and affects solitude." In fact, as Schiller's Robbers begot Robbers, so did my solitude beget solitudinarians, but with this difference, that the dramatist's disciples frequented the highways, and mine the by-ways!

The consequence was what might have been expected, which I had foreseen, and ardently desired. I was expelled from the University of Göttingen. This was perhaps the triumph of my life. A grand dinner was got up by Zingleman in my honor, at which more than three hundred were present; but in tacit homage to my principles, they never spoke nor held any communication with each other, and at a concerted signal the toast of "Zimmermann and Solitude" was drunk, by dumb show, in appropriate solemn silence. I was much affected by this tribute, and left with tears in my eyes, to think, with such sentiments, how many of us might be thrown together again. Being thus left to myself, like a vessel with only one hand on board, I was at liberty to steer my own course, and accordingly took a lodging at Number One, in

Wilderness Street, that held out the inviting prospect of a single room to let for a single man. In this congenial situation I composed that my great work on Solitude, and here I think it necessary to warn the reader against many spurious books, calling themselves "Companions to Zimmermann's Solitude," as if solitude could have society. Alas! from this work I may date the decline which my presentiment tells me will terminate in my death. My book, though written against populousness, became so popular, that its author, though in love with loneliness, could never be alone. Striving to fly from the face of man, I could never escape it, nor that of woman and child into the bargain. When I stirred abroad mobs surrounded me, and cried, "Here is the Solitary!" — when I stayed at home I was equally crowded; all the public societies of Göttingen thought proper to come up to me with addresses, and not even by deputation. Flight was my only resource, but it did not avail, for I could not fly from myself. Wherever I went Zimmermann and Solitude had got before me, and their votaries assembled to meet me. In vain I travelled throughout the European and Asiatic continent: with an enthusiasm and perseverance of which only Germans are capable, some of my countrymen were sure to haunt me, and really showed, by the distance they journeyed, that they were ready to go all lengths with me and my doctrine. Some of these Pilgrims even brought their wives and children along with them, in search of my solitude; and were so unreasonable even as to murmur at my taking the inside of a coach, or the cabin of a packet-boat, to myself.

From these persecutions I was released by what some persons would call an unfortunate accident, a vessel in which I sailed from Leghorn going down at sea with all hands excepting my own pair, which happened to have grappled a hen-coop. There was no sail in sight, nor any land to be seen, — nothing but sea and sky; and from the midst of the watery expanse it was perhaps the first and only glimpse I ever had of real and perfect solitude; yet, so inconsistent is human nature, I could not really and perfectly enter into its enjoyment. I was picked up at length by a British brig of war; and, schooled by the past, had the presence of mind to conceal my name, and to adopt the English one of Grundy. Under this *nom de guerre*, but really a name of peace, I enjoyed

comparative quiet, interrupted only by the pertinacious attendance of an unconscious countryman, who, noticing my very retired habits, endeavored by daily lectures from my own work to make me a convert to my own principles. In short, he so wore me out, that at last, to get rid of his importunities, I told him in confidence that I was the author himself. But the result was anything but what I expected; and here I must blush again for the inconsistency of human nature. While Winkells knew me only as Grundy, he painted nothing but the charms of Solitude, and exhorted me to detach myself from society; but no sooner did he learn that I was Zimmermann, than he insisted on my going to Lady C——'s rout and his own conversazione. In fact, he wanted to make me, instead of a Lion of the Desart, a Lion of the Menagerie. How I resented such a proposition may be supposed, as well as his offer to procure for me the first vacancy that happened in the situation of Hermit at Lord P——'s Hermitage; being, as he was pleased to say, not only able to bear solitude, but well bred and well informed, and fit to *receive company*. The effect of this unfortunate disclosure was to make me leave England, for fear of meeting with the fate of a man or an ox that ventures to quit the common herd. I should immediately have been declared mad, and mobbed into lunacy, and then put into solitary confinement, with a keeper always with me, as a person beside himself, and not fit to be left alone for a moment. As such a fate would have been worse to me than death, I immediately left London, and am now living anonymously in an uninhabited house, — prudence forbids me to say where.

LETTER FROM AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

Dear Sir,

I receaved your's of the first last, wich I should have anser'd it sooner, only I have ad the Roomatiz in my fingers, so you must Pleas to excus my crampd hand.

As to my Sporting Reminis-cences, as you are pleasd to say, I have lookd them out in the ḑixenary, and kno verry well

what it is. I beg leaf to Say, I have forgot all my recolections, and can not bring to Mind any of my old Rememberances.

As for Hunting, I shall never take a fence at it agen, altho I sumtims Ride to cover on the old Gray, wich is now be come quite Wite. The last tim I went out, we dru Hazel-

WHICH WAY DID THE FOX GO?

mere copses down to Broxley wood; then we dru Broxley wood over to Fox thorp; then we dru Fox thorp over to Middle ford, and then we dru Middle ford, in short, it was all drawing and no painting for want of a brush.

Sir William Chase cuming to be his father's hare, he set up a coarsing club, but being short of long dogs, and there hairs falling of, it was obleged to discourse, and is now turned into a conversasiony.

In regard to shuting, I have never dun anny thing Since percussion Captiousness cum up, wich I am Told they are sharper than Flints. The last hare I kild was 2 long ears

ago, and the Last fezzant, But theres a long tail belonging to that, wich you shall have when you cum over, as I hop you wil, with your Horse's; I have good entertainment for boath, as the french Say, at my table D' oats. The lads go out after Burds now and then, but I seldum cum at the rites of there shuting, — you kno

Wat is Hits is History,
But what is mist is mystery.

Talking of shuting, hav you seen Ubbard's new guns like wauking sticks, — there a cappital defence agin cappital offences; as you may ether stick a feller or Shute him; or boath together. I wish farmer Gale had carrid one last friday, for he was Rob'd cuming from markit by a foot paddy Irishman, that knockd him down to make him Stand. Luckly he had nothing on him when Stopd but sum notes of the Barnsby bank that had bin stopd the weak afore.

FLY FISHING.

In the fishing line I am quite Dead bait, tho I have had manny a Good run in my tim, Partickler when the keeper

spide me out were I hadent got Leaf. The last tim I went I could hardly un do my rod for roomatiz in my joints, and I got the Lumbago verry bad wen I cum Back, and its atax I doant like. Beside wich I found verry Little big fish on a count of the pochers, who Kil em al in colde blood. I used sumtims to float and sumtims to fli, but our waters is so over fished theres no fish to be had, and as I am very musicle, I dont like trolling without a catch, the last jack I caut was with my boot, and was only a foot long.

As for raceing, I never cared much a bout it, and in regard of betting, I am Better with out it, tho I al ways take the feeld wen I am Able, and suport the Farmer's Plate with al my Mite.

Our Wist club is going of, Some of the members go on so; two of em are perpetuly quareling like anny thing but double dummies, for one plays like Hoyle and the other like Vinegar. The young men hav interduced Shorts, but I doant think theyle Last long. They are al so verry Sharp at the Pints, and as for drinking, I never se sich Liquorish Chaps in my life. They are al ways laying ods, even at Super, when theyle Bet about the age of a Roosted foul, wich they cal Chicken hazzard, or about the Wait of a Curran py, wich they cal the Currancy question. They al so smoke a grate manny seagars, but they cant Put the old men's pips out, wich it Wood be a Burning shame if they did. I am sorry to say politicks has Crept in; Sum is al for reform, and some is al for none at al, and the only thing they agre in is, that the Land lord shant bring in no Bil. There is be sides grate dis-cushins as to the new game laws, sum entertaning douts wen sum peple go out a shuting, wether even acts of Parliament will inable them to shute anny game.

The crickit Club is going on uncomon wel. They are 36 members with out rekoning the byes; our best man at Wickit is Captin Batty, — he often gets four notches running; and our best boler is Use Ball, tho we sumtims get Dr. Pilby to bolus. As for the crickit Bal, it is quit wore out, wich the gals say they are verry Sory for it, as they took a grate intrest in our matches.

My lads are boath of em marred, wich mayhap you have Herd, — and if the gals are not, I Beleve its no falt of theres. They hope youle cum to the Wake, wich is next Sunday weak,

for they Say there will be High fun, al tho I think it is Rather Low. The only use of waking that I can See, is to pervent folks Sleeping, and as for there jumping and throwing up their Heals, I see no Pleasur in it. If they had the Roomatiz as Bad as I have, they woudent be for Dancing there fandangoes at that rat, and Kicking for partners.

Our county Member, Sir William Wiseacre, is going to bring in a bil "for the supression of the Barbarus past-time of bul beating, and for the better incorigement of the nobul art of Cockin," by wich al buls, wether inglish or irish, are to

WHERE 'S YOUR HAWKER'S LICENSE?

be Made game of no longer, and al such as are found at anny ring or stake are libel to be find. They cal it here the Cock and Bul Act, wich I think is a very good name. It has causd grate diversion in manny peple's opinnions, but most of us Think the cocks is quite as Bad as the buls. The same Barrownet as tried to interduce Forkenry, but the first atempts as been verry Hawkward. The forkens flu at a herin, who tried

to be above there atax, for the more they pecked him the more they maid him sore, but a boy flying a Kite skared em al away togither.

Last week was our grand archery Meetin, and the first prize was won by Little Master Tomkins, of grove House. I supose his fondnes for lolli pops made him ame best at bulls Eyes. The Miss Courtenays were there as usul, and in comparison of arch Angles look raly archer. The wags propposed miss Emily shood have the seccond prize for shuting in too a cows Eye that came to nere the target; she says she was so nervus, it put her arrow into a quiver. In the middle of the meeting we herd a Bad playd Key buggle, and out of the shrubbery, were they had bin hiding, Jumpd Revd. Mister Crumpe and asistants; he is Rector of Bow and Curat of Harrow, and was disgised in every thing green, as Robin Hood and his mery Men; after geting Little John to string his bow for him, I am sorry to say, Robin Hood shot Worst of every Body, for he did not even hit the target, and we should have never Seen wear his arrow went, but by hereing it smash in to the conservatorry. When we came to look for the prize, a silver Arrow, every Body had lost it, for it had dropt out of the case, and would never have been found, but for Revd. mister Crumpe sittin downe on the lawne, and wich made Him jump up agen, as miss Courtenay said out of Byron, like "a warrior bounding from its Barb." The Toxophilus Club is very flurrishing, but talk of expeling sum members for persisting in wereing peagreen insted of lincon, and puttin on there spanish Hats and fethers the rong side before.

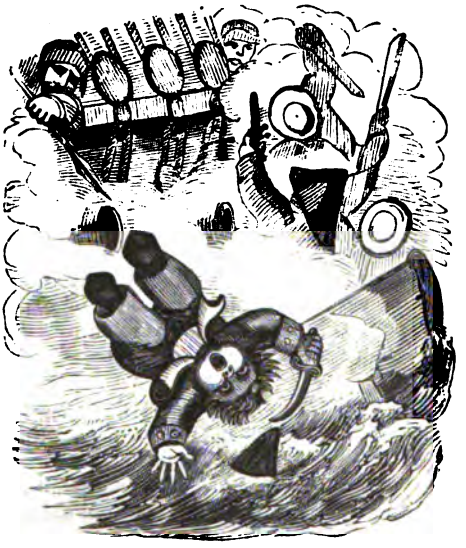
Thank you for the Hoisters, wich was verry good. Mary has took the shels to make her a groto, of wich I think is very shameful, as I wanted them to Friten the Burds. Old Mark Lane, the man as Cheated you out of them oats, has bean sent to jail for Stealing barly. I am sadly Afearde old Marks corn will give Him 14 ears of Bottany.

Pleas to Remember me to al inquiring friends, if they should think it woth wile to Ask after me.

From your Humbel servant,
ANDREW AXELTREE.

P. S. I forgot to menshun the subskripshon Stag hounds

kep by the same members as the wist club, and its there wim to have fifty too dogs to the pack. If old Bil, the huntsman, was drest like Pam, theyd be complet. They have had sum cappital runs dooring the season. As you write for the sporting Maggazins, you may like to notice an apereance rather noo in the felde, I mean the Grate Creol Curnel Brown, who is very pompus, and hunts with Pompey, his black servant, after him. I have got a Deal more to Say, but carnt for want of Room. Mary says I should Cros it, wich I wood, but I doant Wish to put you to the expense of a Dubble leter.



BOARDING-SCHOOL.

THE ISLAND.

"O, had I some sweet little isle of my own!" — MOORE.

If the author of the Irish Melodies had ever had a little Isle so much his own as I have possessed, he might not have

found it so sweet as the song anticipates. It has been my fortune, like Robinson Crusoe and Alexander Selkirk, to be thrown on such a desolate spot, and I felt so lonely, though I had a follower, that I wish Moore had been there. I had the honor of being in that tremendous action off Finisterre, which proved an end of the earth to many a brave fellow. I was ordered with a boarding party to forcibly enter the Santissima Trinidada, but in the act of climbing into the quarter-gallery, which, however, gave no quarter, was rebutted by the but-end of a marine's gun, who remained the quarter-master of the place. I fell senseless into the sea, and should no doubt have perished in the waters of oblivion, but for the kindness of John Monday, who picked me up to go adrift with him in one of the ship's boats. All our oars were carried away, that is to say, we did not carry away any oars, and while shot was rain-

THE POUND OF FLESH.

ing, our feeble hailing was unheeded. In short, as Shakespeare says, we were drifted off by "the current of a heady fight." As may be supposed, our boat was anything but the jolly-boat,

for we had no provisions to spare in the middle of an immense waste. We were, in fact, adrift in the cutter with nothing to cut. We had not even junk for junketing, and nothing but salt-water, even if the wind should blow fresh. Famine indeed seemed to stare each of us in the face, — that is, we stared at one another; but if men turn cannibals, a great allowance must be made for a short ditto. We were truly in a very disagreeable pickle, with oceans of brine and no beef, and, like Shylock, I fancy we would have exchanged a pound of gold for a pound of flesh. The more we drifted Nor, the more sharply we inclined to gnaw, — but when we drifted Sow, we found nothing like pork. No bread rose in the east, and in the opposite point we were equally disappointed. We could not compass a meal anyhow, but got mealy-mouthed, notwithstanding. We could see the Sea mews to the eastward, flying over what Byron calls the Gardens of Gull. We saw plenty of Grampus, but they were useless to all intents and porpusses, and we had no bait for catching a bottle-nose.

CATCHING A BOTTLE-NOSE.

Time hung heavily on our hands, for our fast days seemed to pass very slowly, and our strength was rapidly sinking from being so much afloat. Still we nourished Hope, though we had nothing to give her. But at last we lost all prospect of land, if one may so say when no land was in sight. The weather got thicker as we were getting thinner; and though we kept a sharp watch, it was a very bad look-out. We could see nothing

before us but nothing to eat and drink. At last the fog cleared off, and we saw something like land right ahead, but alas! the wind was in our teeth as well as in our stomachs. We could do nothing but keep her near, and as we could not keep ourselves full, we luckily suited the course of the boat; so that after a tedious beating about, — for the wind not only gives blows, but takes a great deal of beating, — we came incontinently to an island. Here we landed, and our first impulse on coming to dry land was to drink. There was a little brook at hand, to which we applied ourselves till it seemed actually to murmur at our inordinate thirst. Our next care was to look for some food, for though our hearts were full at our escape, the neighboring region was dreadfully empty. We succeeded in getting some natives out of their bed, and ate them, poor things, as fast as they got up, but with some difficulty in getting them open; a common oyster-knife would have been worth the price of a sceptre. Our next concern was to look out for a lodging, and at last we discovered an empty cave, reminding me of an old inscription at Portsmouth, "The hole of this place to let." We took the precaution of rolling some great stones to the entrance, for fear of last lodgers, — that some bear might come home from business, or a tiger to tea. Here, under the rock, we slept without rocking, and when, through the night's failing, the day broke, we saw with the first instalment of light that we were upon a small desert isle, now for the first time an Isle of Man. Accordingly, the birds in this wild solitude were so little wild, that a number of boobies and noddies allowed themselves to be taken by hand, though the asses were not such asses as to be caught. There was an abundance of rabbits, which we chased unremittingly, as Hunt runs Warren; and when coats and trousers fell short, we clothed our skins with theirs, till, as Monday said, we each represented a burrow. In this work Monday was the tailor, for, like the maker of shadowy rabbits and cocks upon the wall, he could turn his hand to anything. He became a potter, a carpenter, a butcher, and a baker, — that is to say, a master butcher and a master baker, for I became merely his journeyman. Reduced to a state of nature, Monday's favorite phrase for our condition, I found my being an officer fulfilled no office; to confess the truth, I made a very poor sort of savage, whereas Monday, I am persuaded, would have been made a chief by any tribe

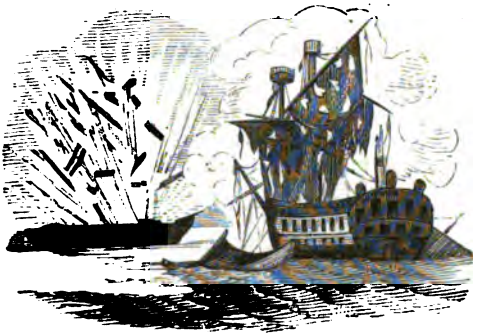
whatever. Our situations in life were completely reversed; he became the leader and I the follower, or rather, to do justice to his attachment and ability, he became like a strong big brother to a helpless little one.

We remained in a state of nature five years, when at last a whaler of Hull — though the hull was not visible — showed her masts on the horizon, an event which was telegraphed by Monday, who began saying his prayers and dancing the College Hornpipe at the same time with equal fervor. We contrived by lighting a fire, literally a *feu-de-joie*, to make a sign of distress, and a boat came to our signal

IN EMBARRASSED CIRCUMSTANCES.

deliverance. We had a prosperous passage home, where the reader may anticipate the happiness that awaited us; but not the trouble that was in store for me and Monday. Our parting was out of the question; we would both rather have parted from our sheet-anchor. We attempted to return to our relative rank, but we had lived so long in a kind of liberty and

equality, that we could never resume our grades. The state of nature remained uppermost with us both, and Monday still watched over and tended me like Dominie Sampson with the boy Harry Bertram; go where I would, he followed with the dogged pertinacity of Tom Pipes; and do what I might, he interfered with the resolute vigor of John Dory in Wild Oats. This disposition involved us daily, nay, hourly, in the most embarrassing circumstances; and how the connection might have terminated I know not, if it had not been speedily dissolved in a very unexpected manner. One morning poor Monday was found on his bed in a sort of convulsion, which barely enabled him to grasp my hand, and to falter out, "Good by, I am go — going — back — to a state of nature."



A GOOD ACTION MEETS ITS OWN REWARD.

THE DEATH OF THE DOMINIE.

"Take him up, says the master." — OLD SPELLING-BOOK.

MY old schoolmaster is dead. He "died of a stroke;" and I wonder none of his pupils have ever done the same. I have been flogged by many masters, but his rod, like Aaron's, swallowed up all the rest. We have often wished that he whipped on the principle of Italian penmanship, — up strokes

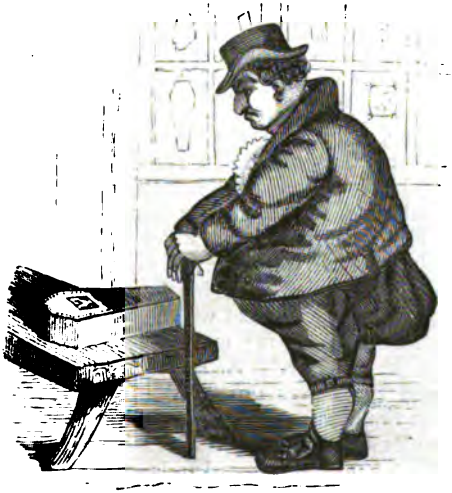
heavy and down strokes light; but he did it in English round hand, and we used to think with a very hard pen. Such was his love of flogging, that for some failure in English composition, after having been well corrected, I have been ordered to be revised. I have heard of a road to learning, and he did justice to it; we certainly never went a stage in education without being well horsed. The mantle of Dr. Busby descended on his shoulders, and on ours. There was but one tree in the play-ground, — a birch, but it never had a twig or leaf upon it. Spring or summer it always looked as bare as if the weather had been cutting at the latter end of the year. Pictures they say are incentives to learning, and certainly we never got through a page without cuts; for instance, I do not recollect a Latin article without a tail-piece. All the Latin at that school might be comprised in one line, —

"Arma virumque cano."

An arm, a man, and a cane. It was Englished to me one day in school-hours, when I was studying Robinson Crusoe instead of Virgil, by a storm of bamboo that really carried on the illusion, and made me think for the time that I was assaulted by a set of savages. He seemed to consider a boy as a bear's cub, and set himself literally to lick him into shape. He was so particularly fond of striking us with a leather strap on the flats of our hands that he never allowed them a day's rest. There was no such thing as a Palm Sunday in our Calendar. In one word, he was disinterestedly cruel, and used as industriously to strike for nothing as other workmen strike for wages. Some of the elder boys, who had read Smollett, christened him Roderick, from his often hitting like Random, and being so partial to Strap.

His death was characteristic. After making his will he sent for Mr. Taddy, the head usher, and addressed him as follows: "It is all over, Mr. Taddy, — I am sinking fast, — I am going from the terrestrial globe — to the celestial, — and have promised Tomkins a flogging, — mind he has it, — and don't let him pick off the buds, — I have asked Aristotle," — (here his head wandered,) — "and he says I cannot live an hour, — I don't like that black horse grinning at me, — cane him soundly for not knowing his verbs, — Castigo te, non quod odio habeam. O Mr. Taddy, it's breaking up with me, — the

vacation's coming. There is that black horse again, — Dulcis moriens reminiscitur, — we are short of canes, — Mr. Taddy, don't let the school get into disorder when I am gone, — I'm afraid, through my illness, — the boys have gone back in their flogging, — I feel a strange feeling all over me, — is the new pupil come? — I trust I have done my duty, — and have made my will, — and left all" — (here his head wandered again) — "to Mr. Souter, the school bookseller, — Mr. Taddy, I invite you to my funeral, — make the boys walk in good order, — and take care of the crossings. My sight is getting dim, — write to Mrs. B. at Margate, — and inform her, — we break up on the 21st. The school door is left open, — I am very cold, — where is my ruler gone, — I will make him feel, — John, light the school lamps, — I cannot see a line, — O Mr. Taddy, — venit hora, — my hour is come, — I am dying, — thou art dying, — he — is dying, — we — are — dying, — you — are — dy ——" The voice ceased. He made a



"IT MAY BE MY OWN CASE TO-MORROW."

feeble motion with his hands, as if in the act of ruling a copy-book, — "the *ruling* passion strong in death," — and expired.

An epitaph, composed by himself, was discovered in his desk, — with an unpublished pamphlet against Tom Paine. The epitaph was so stuffed with quotations from Homer and Virgil, and almost every Greek or Latin author beside, that the mason who was consulted by the widow declined to lithograph it under a hundred pounds. The Dominie consequently reposes under no more Latin than HIC JACET; and without a single particle of Greek, though he is himself a Long Homer.

THE DEBUTANTE.

"INSIDE or out, ma'am?" asked the coachman, as he stood civilly with the door in his hand.

"If you please, I'll try *in* first," answered the woman, poking in an umbrella before her, and then a pair of pattens, — "I'm not used to coaching, and don't think I could keep myself on the top."

In she came, and after some floundering, having first tried two gentlemen's laps, she found herself in the centre of the front seat, where she composed herself, with something of the air of a Catherine Hayes getting into a sledge for a trip to Tyburn. Except for her fear, which literally made a fright of her, I should have called her a pretty-looking woman, — but the faces she pulled were horrible. As the cad enclosed her luggage in the hind-boot with a smart slam, her features underwent an actual spasm; and I heard her whisper to herself, "Somethink broke." As she spoke thus, she started on her feet, and the horses doing the same thing at the same moment, the timid female found herself suddenly hugging the strange gentleman opposite, for which she excused herself by saying, "she was n't accustomed to be so carried away."

Down she plumped again in her old place, but her physiognomy did n't improve. She seemed in torture, as if broken, not upon one wheel, but upon four. Her eyes rolled, her eyebrows worked up and down, as if trying to pump out tears that would n't come, — her lips kept going like a rabbit's,

though she had nothing to eat, and I fancied I could hear her grinding her teeth. Her hands, meanwhile, convulsively grasped a bundle on her lap, till something like orange-juice squeezed out between her fingers. When the coach went on one side, she clutched the arm of whichever of her neighbors sat highest, and at a *pinch* she laid hold of both. At last she suddenly turned pale, and somewhat hastily I suggested that she perhaps did not prefer to ride backwards.

"If it's all the same to *you*, sir, I should really be glad to change seats."

The removal was effected, not without some difficulty, for she contrived to tread on all our feet, and hang on all our necks, before she could subside. It was managed, however, and there we sat again, vis-à-vis, if such a phrase may be used where one visage was opposed to visages innumerable; for if her face was her fortune, she screwed as much out of it as she could. She hardly needed to speak, but she did so after a short interval.

"I hope you'll excuse, but I can't ride forrards neither."

"The air's what you want, ma'am," said a stout gentleman in the corner.

"Yes, I think that *would* revive me," said the female, with what the musicians call a veiled voice, through her handkerchief.

"Let the lady out!" squealed a little man, who sat on her left, whilst a stout gentleman on her right, after looking in vain for a check-string, gave a pull at the corner of the skirt of a great-coat that hung over the window, almost pulling the owner off the roof. The Chronometer stopped.

"It's the lady," said the little man to the coachman, as the latter appeared at the door; "she wants to be inside out."

"It's as the gentleman says," added the female; "I an't quite myself, but I don't want to affect the fare. You shan't be any loser, for I'll discharge in full."

"There's the whole dickey to yourself, ma'am," said the coachman, with something like a wink, and after some scuffling and scrambling, we felt her seating herself on the "backgammon board" as if she never meant to be taken up.

"It seems ungallant," said the little man, as we got into motion again; "but I think women ought n't to travel, particularly in what are called short stages, for they're certain to

make them long ones. First of all, they have been told to make sure of the right coach, and they spell it all over, from 'Horne and Co.,' and 'licensed to carry,' to No. nine thousand fourteen hundred and nine. Then they never believe the cads. If one cries 'Hackney,' they say 'that means Camberwell,' and I've had enough of getting into wrong stages. Then they have to ascertain if it's the first coach, and when it will start exactly; and when they're sure of both points, they're to be hunted for in a pastry-cook's shop, and out of that into a fruiterer's. At last you think you have 'em, — but no such thing. All the luggage is to be put in under their own eyes, — there's a wrangle, of course, about that, — and when they're all ready, with one foot on the step, they've been told to make their bargain with the coachman before they get in."

"My own mother to a T," exclaimed the fat man; "she agreed with a fly-man, at Brighton, to convey her to the Devil's Dyke for twelve shillings; but when it came to setting off, she could n't resist the spirit of haggling. Says she, 'What'll you take me to the Devil for, without the Dyke?'"

A loud scream interrupted any further illustration of female travelling, and again the Chronometer stopped, losing at the rate of ten miles an hour. We all had a shrewd guess at the cause, but the little man nevertheless thought proper to pop his little head out of the window, and inquire with a big voice, "What the plague we were stopping for?"

"It's the *lady* agin, sir," said the coachman, in a dissatisfied tone. "She says the dickey shakes so, she's sure it will come off: but it's all right now, — I've got her in front."

"It's very well," said the little man, "but if I travel with a woman again in a stage ——"

"Pooh! pooh! — consider your own wife," said the stout man; "women can't be stuck in garden-pots and tied to sticks; they must come up to London now and then. She'll be very comfortable in front."

"I wish she may," said the little man, rather tartly, "but it's hard to suit the sex;"— and, as if to confirm the sentence, the coach, after proceeding about a mile, came again to a full stop.

"I'm very sorry, gentlemen," said the coachman, with a touch of his hat, as he looked in at the window, "but she won't do in front!"

"Just like 'em!" muttered the little man, "the Devil himself can't please a woman."

"I should think," suggested the stout man, "if you were to give her the box seat, with your arm well round her waist."

"No, I've tried that," said the coachman, shaking his head; "it did pretty well over the level, but we're coming on a hill, and she can't face it."

"Set her down at once, bag and baggage," said the little man; "I've an appointment at one."

"And for my part," said a gentleman in black, "if there's any delay, I give you legal notice I shall hire a chaise at the expense of the coach proprietors."

"That's just it, curse her," said the perplexed coachman, deliberately taking off his hat, that he might have a scratch at his head; "she's had her pick, outside and in, back and front, and it's no use, of course, to propose to her to sit astride on the pole."

"O Eve! Eve! Eve!" exclaimed the little man, who seemed to owe the sex some peculiar grudge.

The man in black looked at his watch.

The coachman pulled out a handful of silver, and began to count out a portion preparatory to offering to return the woman her fare if she would get down, — when a cheering voice hailed him from above.

"It's all right, Tom, — jump up, — the lady's creeped into the boot."

"She won't like that, I guess," muttered Tom to himself; but in a second the money jingled back into his pocket, and he was on his box in the twinkling of an eye. Away went the coach over the brow of the hill, and began to spin down the descent with an impetus increasing at every yard. The wheels rattled, — the chains jingled, — the horseshoes clattered, — and the maid in the boot shrieked like a maid in Bedlam.

"Poor thing!" ejaculated the stout gentleman.

The little man grinned, — villanously like an ape.

The man in black pretended to be asleep.

Meanwhile her screams increased in volume, and ascended in pitch, — interrupted only by an occasional "O Lord!" and equivalent ejaculations. It was piteous to hear her; but there was no help for it. To stop the coach was impossible;

it had pressed upon the horses till, in spite of all the coachman's exertions, they broke into a gallop, and it required his utmost efforts to keep them together. An attempt to pull up would have upset us, as sure as fate; luckily for us all, Tom did not make the experiment, and the Chronometer, after running down one hill and half-way up another, was stopped without accident.

"How's the lady?" asked the stout man, anxiously thrusting his head and shoulders out at one window, whilst I acted the same part at the other; and, as the sufferer got down on my side of the coach, my curiosity was first gratified. Never was figure more forlorn; her face was as pale as ashes, and her hair hung about it in all directions through heat and fright, — her eyes as crazy as her hair, and her mouth wide open.

"How's the lady?" repeated the stout gentleman.

As for her straw bonnet, it was like Milton's Death, of no particular shape at all, flat where it should have been full, square where it ought to have been round, turned up instead of down, and down instead of up, — it had as many corners and nubbles about it as a crusty loaf. Her shawl or scarf had twisted round and round her like a snake, and her pelisse showed as ruffled and rumpled and all awry as if she had just rolled down Greenwich Hill.

"How's the lady, I say?" bellowed the big man.

One of her shoes had preferred to remain with the boot, and as the road was muddy, she stood like a Numidian crane, posturing and balancing on one leg; whilst Tom hunted after the missing article, which declined to turn up till everything else had been taken out of "the leathern conveniency," and as it was one of the old-fashioned boots, it held plenty of luggage.

"How is the lady?" was shouted again with no better success.

It was evident she had not escaped with the fright merely; her hands wandered from her ribs to the small of her back, and then she rubbed each knee. It was some time before she could fetch her breath freely, but at last she mustered enough for a short exclamation.

"O them trunks!"

"How's the lady?" shouted the fat man for the last time;

for finding that it obtained no answer, he opened the door and bolted out, just in time to have the gratification of putting on the woman's one shoe, whilst she clung with both her arms round his short neck.

"There, my dear," he said, with a finishing slap on the sole. "Bless my heart, though, it's a distressing situation! Coachman, how far is she from London?"

"A good nine mile," answered Tom.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the stout man. "She can't *do* it!"

"It's only nine mile," said the woman, with a sort of hysterical giggle; "and I 'm fond of walking."

"Give her her luggage then at once," cried the little man from the coach.

The dark man held out his watch. A passenger on the top swore horribly, and threatened to get down; and Tom himself, as well as his horses, were on the fret. "There is no remedy," sighed the fat man, as he resumed his old seat in the corner of the coach. The whip smacked, — I leaned out for a parting look.

There she stood, nursing three bundles, each as big as a baby, and as we rolled off I heard her last words in this soliloquy:

"How *ham* I to *hever* to get to York by the mail?"

POPPING THE QUESTION.

My friend Walker is a great story-teller. He reminds me of the professional tale-bearers in the East, who, without being particularly requested by the company, begin reciting the adventures of Sinbad, or the life, death, and resurrection of Little Hunchback. No sooner does conversation flag for a few minutes, than W. strikes up, with some such prelude as, "I told you about the Flying-Fish affair before, — but as you wish me to refresh your memory, you shall have it again." He then deliberately fills his glass, and furnishes himself with a cork, a bit of orange-peel, or an apple-paring, to be shredded

and sub-shredded during the course of narration. Many Scotchmen, by the way, and most Canadians, are given to the same manual propensity. A lady located towards the Back

FISHING — A RISE.

Settlements informed me, that, at a party she gave, the mantel-shelf, chairs, tables, and every wooden article of furniture, was nicked and notched by the knives of her guests, like the tallies of our Exchequer. It is most probably an Indian peculiarity, and derived by intercourse or intermixture with the Chipaways. But to return to W. The other day, after dinner, with a select few of my friends, there occurred one of those sudden silences, those verbal armistices, or suspensions of words, which frequently provoke an irresistible allusion to a Quakers' meeting. Of this pause W. of course availed himself.

"You were going, sir," addressing the gentleman opposite, "to ask me about the Pop business, — but I ought first to tell you how I came to be carrying ginger-beer in my pocket."

The gentleman thus appealed to, a straightforward old dry-salter, who had never seen W. in his life before, naturally stared at such a bold anticipation of his thoughts; but before he could find words to reply, W. had helped himself to a dozen almonds, which he began mincing, while he set off at a steady pace in his story.

"The way I came to have ginger-beer in my pocket was this. I don't know whether you are acquainted with Hopkins, sir, of the Queen's Arms in the Poultry." The dry-salter shook his head. "It's the house I frequent, and a very civil, obliging sort of fellow he is, — that is to say, was two summers ago. The season was very sultry, and says I, Hopkins, I wonder you don't keep ginger-pop, — it's a pleasant refreshing beverage at this season, and particularly wholesome. Well, Hopkins was very thankful for the hint, for he likes to have everything that can be called for, and he was for sending off an order at once to the ginger-beer manufactory, but I persuaded him better. None of their wholesale trash, said I, but make your own. I'll give you a recipe for it, — the best ever bottled. But I could n't gain my point. Hopkins hum'd and haw'd, and thought nobody could make it but the makers. There was no setting him right, so at last I determined to put him to the proof. I'll tell you what, Hopkins, said I, you don't like the trouble, or I'd soon convince you that a man who is n't a maker can make it as well as any one, — perhaps better. You shall have a sample of mine: I've got a few bottles at my counting-house, and it's only a step. Of course Hopkins was very much obliged, and off I went. In confidence between you and me, sir, — though I never had the pleasure of seeing you before, — I wanted to introduce ginger-beer at the Queen's Arms as a public benefit."

"I am sure, sir, I'm very much obliged," stammered the dry-salter, at a loss what to say. "Ginger-beer, I've no doubt, is very efficacious, and particularly after fruit or lobsters, for I observe you always see them at the same shops."

"The best drink in the dog-days all to nothing," returned W., "but ought to be amazingly well corked and wired down; and I'll tell you why, — it will get vapid and maybe worse. Well, I'd got it in my coat-pocket, and was walking back, just by Bow Church, no more thinking of green silk pelisses than you are, sir, at this moment — upon my honor I was n't

— when something gave a pop and a splash, and I heard a female scream. I was afraid to look round, — and when I did, you might have knocked me down with a straw. You know, Tom," addressing me, "I'm not made of brass, — for the minute I felt more like melted lead, — heavy and hot. Two full kettles seemed poured over me, — one warm within, and the other cold without. You never saw such an object! There she stood, winking and gasping, and all over froth and foam, like a lady just emerged out of the sea, — only they don't bathe in green silk pelisses and satin bonnets. You might have knocked me down with a hair. What I did or said at first I don't know; I only remember that I attempted to wipe her face with my handkerchief, but she preferred her

BANDITTI SEIZING BOOTY.

own. To make things worse, the passengers made a ring round us, as if we had been going to fight about it, and a good many of 'em set up a laugh. I would rather have been surrounded by banditti. I don't tell a lie if I say I would gladly

have been tossed out of the circle by a mad bull. How I longed to jump like a Harlequin into a twopenny post-box, or to slip down a plug like an eel!"

"Very distressing, indeed," said the dry-salter.

"I don't think," resumed W., "I felt as much when my poor mother died, — I don't, upon my soul! *She* was expected for years, but the lady in green came like a thunderbolt! When I saw the ginger-beer weltering down her, I would almost as soon have seen blood. I felt little short of a murderer. How I got her into Tweedie's shop, Heaven knows! I suppose I pulled her in, for I cannot remember one word of persuasion. However, I got her into Tweedie's, and had just sense enough to seat her in a chair, and to beg for a few dry cloths. To do the dear creature justice, she bore it all angelically, — but every smile, every syllable making light of her calamity, went to my heart. You don't know my original old friend, Charles Mathews, do you, sir?"

The dry-salter signified dissent.

"No matter, — his theory is right all over, — it is as true as gospel!" exclaimed W., with an asseverating thump upon the table. "There *is* an infernal, malicious, aggravating little demon, hovers up aloft above us, wherever we go, ready to magnify any mischief and deepen every disaster. Sure I am he hovered about me! The cloths came, — but as soon as I began to wipe briskly, bang again went 't'other bottle,' and uncorked itself before it was called for. I shall never forget the sound! Pop, whiz, fiz, whish — ish — slish — slosh — slush — guggle, guggle, guggle: I'd rather have been at the exploding of the Dartford Powder-Mills! At the first report I turned hastily round, but by so doing, I only diverted the *jet* from the open cases on the counter, to the show-trays in the shop window, filled with Tweedie's choicest cutlery; and as I completed the pirouette, I favored Tweedie himself with the tail of the spout!"

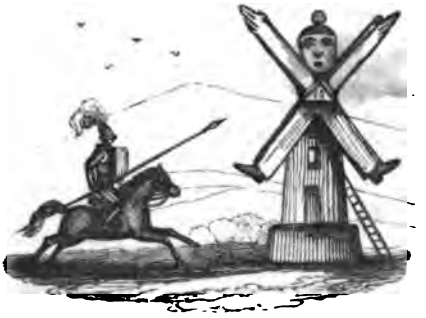
"Very unpleasant, indeed," said the dry-salter, with a hard wink, as if the fussy fluid had flown in his own face.

"Unpleasant!" ejaculated W., "it was unendurable! I could have cut my throat with one of the wet razors, — I could have stabbed myself with a pair of the splashed scissors! The mess was frightful, — bright steel buckles, buttons, clasps, rings, all cut and polished, — I saw Tweedie himself shake his

head as he looked at the chains and some of the delicate articles. It was n't a time to stand upon words, and I believe I cursed and swore like a trooper. I know I stamped about, for I went on the lady's foot, and that made me worse than ever. Tweedie says I raved; and I do remember I cursed myself for talking of ginger-beer, as well as Hopkins for not keeping it in his house. At last I got so rampant, that even the lady began to console me, and as she had a particularly sweet voice and manner, and Tweedie, too, trying to make things comfortable, I began to hear reason: but if ever I carry ginger-beer again in my pocket, along Cheapside—"

"Till you 're a widower," said I.

"I was coming to that, sir," continued W., still addressing the dry-salter. "I insisted on putting the lady into a coach, and by that means obtained her address, and, as common politeness dictated, I afterwards called, and was well received. A new green-silk dress was graciously accepted, and a white one afterwards met with the same kind indulgence, when the lady condescended to be Mrs. Walker. Our fortunes, sir, in this world, hinge frequently on trifles. Through an explosion of pop I thus popped into a partner with a pretty fortune; but for all that, I would not have any man, like the Persian in Hajji Baba, mistake a mere accident for the custom of the country. For Cœlebs in Search of a Wife to walk up and down Cheapside with a bottle of ginger-beer in his pocket, would be Quixotic in the extreme."



MILL'S HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES.

THE YEOMANRY.

A FIELD OFFICER.

AMONGST the agitations of the day, there is none more unaccountable to a peaceable man in a time of peace than the resistance to the disbanding of the Yeomanry. It is of course impossible for any one so unconnected with party as myself, to divine the ministerial motives for the measure; but, judging from my own experience, I should have expected that every private at least would have mounted his best hunter to make a jump at the offer. It appears, however, that a part of the military body in question betrays a strong disinclination to dismiss; and certain troops have even offered their services gratuitously, and been accepted, although it is evident that such a troop, to be consistent, ought to refuse, when called upon to act, to make any charge whatever.

Amongst my Scottish reminiscences, I have a vivid recollection of once encountering, on the road from Dundee to Perth, a party of soldiers, having in their custody a poor fellow in

the garb of a peasant, and secured by handcuffs. He looked somewhat melancholy, as he well might, under the uncertainty whether he was to be flogged within an inch of his life, or shot to death, for such were the punishments of his offence, which I understood to be desertion, or disbanding himself without leave. It was natural to conclude that no ordinary disgust at a military life would induce a man to incur such heavy penalties. With what gratitude would *he* have accepted his discharge! He would surely have embraced the offer of

"I VISH VE COULD BE DISBANDY'D."

being let off with the alacrity of gunpowder! And yet he was a regular, in the receipt of pay, and with the prospect and opportunity, so rare to our yeomanry, of winning laurels, and covering himself with glory!

It has been argued, on high authority, as a reason for retaining the troops in question, that they are the most *constitutional* force that could be selected; and truly, of their general robustness there can be but one opinion. However, if a

domestic force of the kind ought to be kept up, would it not be advisable and humane and fair to give the manufacturing body a turn, and form troops of the sedentary weavers and other artisans, who stand so much more in need of out-of-door exercise? The farmer, from the nature of his business, has *Field* Days enough, to say nothing of the charges and throwings off he enjoys in hunting and coursing, besides riding periodically to and from market, or the neighboring fairs. Indeed, the true English yeoman is generally, thanks to these sports and employments, so constantly in the saddle, that, instead of volunteering into any cavalry, it might be supposed he would be glad to feel his own legs a little, and enjoy the household comforts of the chimney-corner and the elbow-chair. As regards their effectiveness, I have had the pleasure of seeing a troop fire at a target for a subscription silver cup; and it convinced me, that, if I had felt inclined to *roast* them, their own *fire* was the very best one for my purpose. On another occasion I had the gratification of beholding a charge, and as they succeeded in dispersing themselves, it may be inferred that they might possibly do as much by a mob. Still there seemed hardly excitement enough or amusement enough, except to the spectators, in such playing at soldiers, to induce honest, hearty, fox-hunting farmers to wish to become veterans. To tell the truth, I have heard before now repentant grumblings from practical agriculturists, who had too rashly adopted the uniform, and have seen even their horses betray an inclination to back out of the line. The more, therefore, is my surprise, on all accounts, to hear that the Yeomanry are so unwilling to be dispensed with, and relieved from inactive service; for though the song tells us of a "Soldier tired of war's alarms," there is no doubt that, to a soldier of spirit, the most tiresome thing in the world is to have no alarms at all.

In the mean time, I have been at some pains to ascertain the sentiments of the yeowomanry on the subject, and if they all feel in common with Dame, the disbanding will be a most popular measure amongst the farmers' wives. I had no sooner communicated the news, through the old lady's trumpet, than she exclaimed, that "it was the best hearing she had had for many a long day! The sogering work unsettled both men and horses: it took her husband's head off his business, and it threw herself off the old mare, at the last fair, along of a

showman's trumpet. Besides, it set all the farm-servants a-sogering too, and when they went to the wake, only old Roger came back again to say they had all 'listed. They had more sense, however, than their master, for they all wanted to be disbanded the next morning. As for the master, he 'd never been the same man since he put on the uniform; but had got a hectoring, swaggering way with him, as if everybody that did n't agree in politics, and especially about the Corn Bill, was to be bored and slashed with sword and pistol. Then there was the constant dread that, in his practising, cut six would either come home to him, or do a mischief to his neighbors; and after a reviewing there was no bearing him, it put him so up in his stirrups, and on coming home, he 'd think nothing of slivering off all the hollyoaks as he brandished and flourished up the front garden. Another thing, and that was no trifle, was the accidents; she could n't tell how it was, whether he thought too much of himself and too little of his horse, but he always got a tumble with the yeomanry, though he 'd fox-hunt by the year together without a fall. What was worse, a fall always made him crusty, and when he was crusty, he made a point to get into his cups, which made him more crusty still. Thank God, as yet he had never been of any use to his country, and it was her daily prayer that he might never be called out, as he had so many enemies and old grudges in the neighborhood, there would be sure to be murder on one side or the other. For my own part, she concluded, I think the Parliament is quite right in these hard times to turn the farmers' swords again into ploughshares, for they have less to care about the rising of rioters than the falling of wheat." The old lady then hunted out what she called a yeomanry letter from her husband's brother, and, having her permission to make it public, I have thought proper to christen it.

AN UNFAVORABLE REVIEW.

"You remember Philiphaugh, Sir?"
"Umph!" said the Major, "the less we say about that, John, the better." — OLD MORTALITY.

To Mr. Robert Cherry, the Orchard, Kent.

DEAR BOB, — It's no use your making more stir about the barley. Business has no business to stand before king and

country, and I could n't go to Ashford Market and the Review at the same time. The Earl called out the Yeomanry for a grand field day at Bumper Daggle Bottom Common, and, to say nothing of its being my horse duty to attend, I would n't have lost my sight for the whole barley in Kent. Besides the Earl, the great Duke did us the honor to come and see the troops go through everything, and it rained all the time. Except for the crops, a more unfavoring day could n't have been picked out for man or beast, and many a nag has got a consequential cough.

"POUR ON, — I WILL ENDURE."

The ground was very good, with only one leap that nobody took, but the weather was terribly against. It blew equinoxious gales, and rained like watering-pots with the rose off. But, as somebody said, one cannot always have their reviews cut and dry.

We set out from Ashford at ten, and was two hours getting to Bumper Daggle Bottom Common, but it 's full six mile. The

Bumper Daggle's dress is rather handsome and fighting-like,— blue, having a turn-up with white, and we might have been called cap-a-pee, but Mr. P., the contractor of our caps, made them all too small for our heads. Luckily the clothes fit, except Mr. Lambert's, who could n't find a jacket big enough; but he scorned to shrink, and wore it loose on his shoulder, like a hussar. As for arms, we had all sorts, and as regards horses, I am sorry to say all sorts of legs, — what with splints, and quitters, and ring-bone, and grease. The Major's, I noticed, had a bad spavin, and was no better for being fired with a ramrod, which old Clinker the blacksmith forgot to take out of his piece.

We mustard very strong, — about sixty, — besides two volunteers, one an invalid, because he had been ordered to ride

SEEING A REVIEW.

for exercise, and the other because he had nothing else to do, and he did nothing when he came. We must have been a disagreeable site to eyes as is unaffected towards Govern-

ment, — though how Hopper's horse would behave in putting down riots I can't guess, for he did nothing but make revolutions himself, as if he was still in the thrashing-mill. But you know yomanry an't reglers, and can't be expected to be veterans all at once. The worst of our mistakes was about the cullers. Old Ensign Cobb, of the White Horse, has a Political Union club meets at his house, and when he came to unfurl, he had brought the wrong flag · instead of "Royal Bumper Daggle," it was "No Boromongers." It made a reglar horse-laugh among the cavalry; and Old Cobb took such dudgeon at us, he deserted home to the White Horse, and cut the concern without drawing a sword. The Captain ordered Jack Blower to sound the recal to him, but sum wag on the rout had stuck a bung up his trumpet; and he gallopped off just as crusty about it as Old Cobb. Our next trouble was with Simkin, but you know he is anything but Simkin and Martial. He rid one of his own docked wagon-horses, — but for appearance sake had tied on a long regulation false tale, that made his horse kick astonishing, till his four loose shoes flew off like a game at koits. Of course nobody liked to stand nigh him, and he was obliged to be drawn up in single order by himself, but not having any one to talk to, he soon got weary of it, and left the ground. This was some excuse for him, — but not for Dale, that deserted from his company, — some said his horse bolted with him, but I'll swear I seed him spur. Up to this we had only one more deserter, and that was Marks, on his iron-gray mare; for she heard her foal whinnying at home, and attended to that call more than to a deaf and dumb trumpet. Biggs did n't come at all; he had his nag stole that very morning, as it was waiting for him, pistols and all.

What with these goings off and gaps our ranks got in such disorder, that the Earl, tho' he is a Tory, was obliged to act as a rank Reformer. We got into line middling well, as far as the different sizes of our horses would admit, and the Duke rode up and down us, and I am sorry to say was compelled to a reprimand. Morgan Giles had been at a fox-hunt the day before, and persisted in wearing the brush as a feather in his cap. As fox-tails is n't regulation, his Grace ordered it out, but Morgan was very high, and at last threw up his commission into a tree, and trotted home to Wickham Hall, along with

Private Dick, who, as Morgan's whipper-in, thought he was under obligations to follow his master.

We got thro' sword exercise decent well, — only Barber shaved Crofts' mare with his saber, which he need n't have done, as she was clipt before; and Holdsworth slashed off his cob's off ear. It was cut and run with her in course; and I hope he got safe home. We don't know what Hawksley might have thrusted, as his sword objected to be called out in wet weather, and stuck to its sheath like pitch; but he went thro all the cuts very correct with his umbrella. For my own part, candor compels to state I swished off my left hand man's feather; but tho' it might have been worse, and I apologized as well as I could for my horse fretting, he was foolish enough to huff at, and swear was done on purpose, and so gallopped home, I suspect, to write me a calling out challenge. Challenge or not, if I fight him with anything but fists, I'm not one of the Yeomanry. An accident 's an accident, and much more pardonable than Hawksley opening his umbrella plump in the face of the Captain's blood charger; and ten times more mortifying for an officer to be carried back willy-nilly to Ashford, in the very middle of the Review. Luckily before Hawksley frightened any more, he was called off to hold his umbrella over Mrs. H., as Mrs. Morgan had taken in nine ladies, and could n't accommodate more in her close carriage, without making it too close.

After sword exercise we shot pistols, and I must say, very well and distinct; only old Dunn did n't fire, — but he 's deaf as a post, and I wonder how he was called out. Talking of volleys, I am sorry to say we fired one before without word of command; but it was all thro' Day on his shooting pony putting up a partridge, and in the heat of the moment letting fly, and as he is our fugelman we all did the same. Lucky for the bird it was very strong on the wing, or the troop must have brought it down; howsomever the Earl looked very grave, and said something that Day did n't choose to take from him, being a qualified man, and taking out a reglar license, so he went off to his own ground, where he might shoot without being called to account. Contrary to reason and expectation, there was very few horses shied at the firing; but we saw Bluff lying full length, and was afraid it was a bust; but we found his horse, being a very quiet one, had run

away from the noise. He was throwd on his back in the mud, but refused to leave the ground. Being a man of spirit, and military inclind, he got up behind Bates; but Bates's horse, objecting to such back-gammon, reared and threw doublets. As his knees was broke, Bates and Bluff was forced to lead him away, and the troop lost two more men, tho' for once against their own wills.

As for Roper he had bragged how he could stand fire, but seeing a great light over the village, he set off full Swing to look after his ricks and barns.

The next thing to be done was charging, and between you and me, I was most anxious about that, as many of us could only ride up to a certain *pitch*. As you've often been throwd you'll know what I mean: to tell the truth, when the word came, I seed some lay hold of their saddles, but Barnes had better have laid hold of anything else in the world, for it turnd round with him at the first start. Simpkin fell at the same time insensibly, but the doctor dismounted and was very happy to attend him without making any charge whatever. All the rest went off gallantly, either gallopping or cantering, tho', as they say at Canterbury races, their was some wonderful tailing on account of the difference of the nags. Grimsby's mare was the last of the lot, and for her backwardness in charging we called her the Mare of Bristol, but he took the jest no better than Cobb did, and when we wheel'd to the right he was left. Between friends, I was not sorry when the word came to pull up, — such crossing, and josling, and foul riding; but two farmers seemed to like it, for they never halted when the rest did, but gallopped on out of sight. I have since heard they had matched their two nags the day before to run two miles for a sovereign: I don't think a sovereign should divert a man from his king; but I can't write the result, as they never came back, — I suppose on account of the wet. The rains, to speak cavalry-like, had got beyond bearing rains; and when we formed line again, it was like a laundress's clothes-line, for there was n't a dry shirt on it. One man on a lame horse rode particularly restive, and objected in such critical weather to a long review. He would n't be cholera morbus'd, he said, for Duke or Devil, but should put his horse up, and go home by the blue Stage; by way of answer he was ordered to give up his arms and his

jacket, which he did very off hand, as it was wet thro'. Howsomever it was thought prudent to dispense with us till fine weather, so we was formed into a circle — 9 bobble

AN OBJECTION TO CROSSING THE LINE.

square, and the Duke thanked us in a short speech for being so regular, and loyal, and soldier-like, after which every man that had kept his seat gave three cheers.

On the whole the thing might have been very gratifying, but on reviewing the Field day, the asthmas and agues are uncommonly numerous, and, to say nothing of the horses that are amiss with coffs and colds, there are three dead and seven lame for life. The Earl has been very much blamed under the rose among the privates, for fixing on a Hunting day, which, I forgot to say, carried away a dozen that were mounted on their hunters. I am sorry to say there was so few left at the end of all, as to suffer themselves to be hissed into the

town by the little boys and gals, and called the Horse Gomerils; and that consequently the corpse as a body is as good as defunct. Not that there were many resigned at the end of the review, as his Lordship gave a grand dinner on the following day to the troop: but I am sorry to say, a great

PEACE OFFICERS.

many was so unhandsome as to throw up the very day after. The common excuse among them was something of not liking to wet their swords against their countrymen.

For my own part, as the yomanry cannot go on, I shall stick to it honorably, and as any man of spirit would do in my case; but don't be afraid of my attending market, come what will, and selling the barley at the best quotation.

I am, dear Brother,

Your's and the Colonel's to command,

JAMES CHERRY.

P. S. — I forgot to tell what will make you laugh. Barlow would n't ride with spurs, because, he said, they made his horse prick his ears. Our poor corps, small as it is, I understand, is like to act in divisions. Some wish to be infantry instead of cavalry; and the farmers from the hop grounds want to be Polish Lancers.

I have just learned Ballard, and nine more of the men, was ordered to keep the ground; but it seems they left before the troop came on it. They say in excuse, they stood in the rain till they were ready to drop; and as we did n't come an hour after time, they thought everything was postponed. "None but the brave," they said, "deserve the fair;" and till it *was* fair, they would n't attend again.

The mare you lent Ballard, I am sorry to say, got kicked in several places, and had her shoulder put out; we was advised to give her a swim in the sea, and I am still more sorry to say, in swimming her we drownded her. As for my own nag, I am afraid he has got string-halt; but one comfort is, I think it diverts him from kicking.

THE WOODEN LEG.

"Peregrine and Gauntlet heard the sound of the stump ascending the wooden staircase with such velocity, that they at first mistook it for the application of drum-sticks to the head of an empty barrel." — PEREGRINE PICKLE.

EVER since the year 1799, I have had, in the coachman phrase, an off leg and a near one; the right limb, thanks to a twelve-pounder, lies somewhere in Seringapatam, its twin-brother being at this moment under a table at Brighton. In plain English, I have a wooden leg. Being thus deprived of half of the implements for marching, I equitably retired on half-pay, from a marching regiment, and embarked what remained of my body for the land of its nativity, literally fulfilling the description of man, "with one foot on sea and one on shore," in the Shakespearian song.

A great deal has been said and sung of our wooden walls and hearts of oak, but legs of ditto make but an inglorious

figure on the ocean. No wrestler from Cornwall or Devonshire ever received half so many fair back-falls as I, the least roll of the vessel — and the equinoctial gales were in full blow — making me lose, I was going to say, my feet. I might have walked in a dead calm, and as a soldier accustomed to exercise, and moreover a foot soldier, and used to walking, I felt a great inclination to pace up and down the deck, but a general protest from the cabins put an end to my promenade. As Lear recommends, my wooden hoof ought to have been "shod with felt."

At last the voyage terminated, and in my eagerness to land, I got into a fishing-boat, which put me ashore at Dungeness. Those who have enjoyed a ramble over its extensive shingle, will believe that I soon obtained abundance of exercise in walking with a wooden leg among its loose pebbles; in fact, when I arrived at Lydd I was, as the cricketers say, "stumped out." It was anything but one of Foote's farces.

The next morning saw me in sight of home. As a provincial bard says, —

> "But when home gleams upon the wanderer's eye,
> Quicken his steps, — he almost seems to fly."

But I wish he had seen me doing my last half-mile over Swingfield Hill. I found its deep sand anything but a quicksand, in spite of a distinct glimpse of the paternal roof. I am convinced, when "Fleet Camilla scours the plain," she does not do it with sand. At last I stood at the lodge-gate, which opened, and let me into a long avenue, the path of which had been newly gravelled, but not well rolled; accordingly I cut out considerable work for myself and the gardener, who, as he watched the holes I picked in his performance, seemed to look on my advance much as Apollyon did on Pilgrim's Progress. By way of relief, I got upon the grass, but my wooden leg, though it was a black-leg, did not thrive much upon the turf. Arrived at the house door, filial anxiety caused me to forget to scrape and wipe, and I proceeded to make a fishy pattern of soles and dabs up the stair-carpet. The good wife in the Scotch song says, —

> "His very foot has music in 't,
> As he comes up the stair."

If there was any music in mine, it was in the stump, which

played a sort of "Dead March in Saul," up to the landing-place, where the sound and sight of my Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane threw my poor mother into a Macbeth fit of horror, for the preparatory letter which should have broken my leg to her, had been lost on its passage. As for my father, I will not attempt to describe his transport, for I came upon him,

"As fools rush in where angels fear to tread";

and Gabriel or Michael would not have escaped a volley for treading on his gouty foot. At the same moment, Margaret and Louisa, with sisterly impetuosity, threw themselves on my neck, and not being attentive to my "outplay or loose leg," according to Sir Thomas Parkyn's "Instructions for Wrestling," the result was a "hanging trippet." "A hanging trippet is when you put your toe behind your adversary's heel, on the same side, with a design to hook his leg up forwards, and throw him on his back."

The reader will guess my satisfaction when night came, and allowed me to rid myself of my unlucky limb. Fatigued with my walk through dry sand and wet gravel, exhausted by excessive emotion, and maybe a little flustered by dipping into the cup of welcome, I literally tumbled into bed, and was soon dreaming of running races and leaping for wagers, galloping, waltzing, and other feats of a biped, when I was suddenly aroused by shrill screams of "Thieves!" and "Murder!" with a more hoarse call for "Frank! Frank!" There were burglars, in fact, in the house, who were packing and preparing to elope with the family plate, without the consent of parents. It was natural for the latter to call a son and a soldier to the rescue, but son or soldier never came in time to start for the plate; not that I wanted zeal or courage, or arms, but I wanted that unlucky limb, and I groped about a full half-hour in the dark, before I could lay my hand upon my leg.

The next morning I took a solitary stroll before breakfast to look at the estate; but during my absence abroad, some exchanges of land had taken place with our neighbor, Sir Theophilus. The consequence was, in taking my wood through a wood of his, — but which had formerly been our own, — and going with my "best leg foremost," as a man in my predicament always does, I popped it into a man-trap. Thus my

timber failed me at a pinch when it might really have stood my friend. Luckily the trap was one of the humane sort; — but it was far from pleasant to stand in it for two hours' calling out for Leg Bail.

I could give many more instances of scrapes, besides the perpetual hobble which my wooden leg brought me into, but I will mention only one. At the persuasion of my friends, a few years ago I stood for Rye, but the electors, perhaps, thought I only half stood for it, for they gave me nothing but split votes. It was perhaps as well that I did not go into the House, for with two such odd legs I could never properly have "paired off." The election expenses, however, pressed heavily on my pocket, and to defray them, and all for one Wooden Leg, I had to cut down some thousand loads of timber.

"PEGGING TWO FOR HIS HEELS."

THE RUN-OVER.

"Do you see that 'ere gentleman in the buggy, with the clipt un?" inquired Ned Stocker, as he pointed with his whip at a chaise, some fifty yards in advance. "Well, for all he 's

driving there so easy like, and comfortable, he once had a gig-shaft, and that's a fact, driv right through his body!"

"Rather him than me," drawled a passenger on the box, without removing his cigar from his mouth.

"It's true for all that," returned Ned, with a nod of his head equal to an affidavit. "The shaft run in under one armpit, right up to the tug, and out again at t'other, besides pinning him to the wall of the stable, — and that's a thing such as don't happen every day."

"Lucky it don't," said the smoker, between two puffs of his cigar.

"It an't likely to come often," resumed Ned, "let alone the getting over it afterwards, which is the wonderfullest part of it all. To see him bowling along there, he don't look like a man pinned to a stable-wall with the rod through him, right up to the tug, — do he?"

"Can't say he does," said the smoker.

"For my part," said Ned, "or indeed any man's part, most people in such a case would have said, it's all up with me, and good reason why, as I said afore, with a shaft clean through your inside, right up to the tug, — and two inches besides into the stable wall by way of a benefit. But somehow he always stuck to it — not the wall, you know, but his own opinion — that he should get over it, — he was as firm as flints about that, — and sure enough the event came off exactly."

"The better for him," said the smoker.

"I don't know the rights on it," said Ned, "for I warn't there; but they do say, when he was dextricated from the rod, there was a regular tunnel through him, and in course the greatest danger was of his ketching cold in the lungs from the thorough draught."

"Nothing more likely," said the fumigator.

"Howsomever," continued Ned, "he was cured by Dr. Maiden, of Stratford, who giv him lots of physic to provoke his stomach, and make him eat hearty; and by taking his feeds well, — warm mashes at first, and then hard meat, — in course of time he filled up. Nobody hardly believed it, though, when they see him about on his legs again, — myself for one; but he always said he would overcome it, and he was as good as his word. If that an't game, I don't know what is."

"No more do I," said the man with the Havana.

"I don't know the philosophy on it," resumed Ned, "but it 's a remark of mine about recovering, if a man says he will, he will; and if he says he won't, he won't; you may book that for certain. Mayhap a good pluck helps the wounds in healing kindly; but so it is, for I've observed it. You 'll see one man with hardly a scratch on his face, and says he, I 'm done for, and he turns out quite correct; while another, as is cut to ribbons, will say, Never mind, I 'm good for another round, and so he proves, particularly if he 's one of your small farmers. I 'll give you a reason why."

"Now then," said the smoker.

"My reason is," replied Ned, "that they 're all as hard as nails, — regular pebbles for game. They take more thrashing than their own corn, and that 's saying something. They 're all fortitude, and nothing else. Talk about punishment! nothing comes amiss to 'em, from but-ends of whips and brickbats, down to bludgeons loaded with lead. You can't hurt their feelings. They 're jist like badgers, the more you welt 'em, the more they grin; and when it 's over, — maybe a turn-up at a cattle fair, or a stop by footpads, — they 'll go home to their missises, all over blood and wounds, as cool and comfortable as cowcumbers, with holes in their heads enough to scarify a whole hospital of army surgeons."

"The very thing Scott has characterized," I ventured to observe, "in the person of honest Dandie."

"Begging your pardon, Sir," said Ned, "I know Farmer Scott very well, and he 's anything but a dandy. I was just a going to bring forward, as one of the trumps, a regular out-and-outer. We become friends through an axident. It was a darkish night, you see, and him a little lushy or so, making a bit of a swerve in his going towards the middle of the road, before you could cry Snacks! I was over him with the old Regulator."

"Good God!" exclaimed my left-hand companion on the roof. "Was not the poor fellow hurt?"

"Why, not much for HIM," answered Ned, with a very decided emphasis on the pronoun; "though it would have been a quietus for nine men out of ten, and, as the Jews say, take your pick of the basket. But he looked queer at first, and shook himself, and made a wryish face, like a man that had n't got the exact bit of the joint he preferred."

"Looked queer!" ejaculated the compassionate passenger, "he must have looked dreadful! I remember the Regulator, one of the oldest and heaviest vehicles on the road. But of course you picked him up, and got him inside, and ——"

"Quite the reverse," answered Ned, quietly, "and far from it. He picked himself up, quite independent, and would n't even accept a lift on the box. He only felt about his head a bit, and then his back, and his arms, and his thighs, and his lines; and after that he guv a nod, and says he, 'All right,' and away he toddled."

"I can't credit it," exclaimed the man on the roof.

"That 's jist what his wife said," replied Ned, with considerable composure, in spite of the slur on his veracity. "Let alone two black eyes, and his collar-bone, and the broke rib, he 'd a hole in his head, with a flint sticking in it bigger than any one you can find since Macadaming. But he made so light on it all, and not being very clear, besides, in his notions, I 'm blest if he did n't tell her he 'd only been knockt down by a man with a truck."

"Not a bad story," said the smoker on the box.

I confess I made, internally, a parallel remark. Naturally robust as my faith is, I could not, as Hamlet says, let "Belief lay hold of me," with the coachman's narrative in his hand, like a copy of a writ. I am no stranger, indeed, to the peculiar hardihood of our native yeomanry; but Ned, in his zeal for their credit, had certainly overdrawn the truth. As to his doctrine of presentiments, it had never been one of the subjects of my speculations; but on a superficial view, it appeared to me improbable that life or death, in cases of casualty, could be predetermined with such certainty as he had averred; and particularly as I happen to know a certain lady who has been accepting the bills of mortality at two months' date for many years past, but has never honored them when due. It was fated, however, that honest Ned was to be confirmed in his theories, and corroborated in his facts.

We had scarcely trotted half a mile in meditative silence, when we overtook a sturdy pedestrian, who was pacing the breadth as well as the length of the road, rather more like a land-surveyor than a mere traveller. He evidently belonged to the agricultural class, which Ned had distinguished by the title of Small Farmers. Like Scott's Liddesdale yeoman, he

wore a shaggy dreadnaught, below which you saw two well-fatted calves, penned in a pair of huge top-boots; the tops and the boots being of such different shades of brown as you may observe in two arable fields of various soil, a rich loam and a clay. In his hand he carried a formidable knotted club-stick, and a member of the Herald's College would have set him down at once a tenant of the Earl of Leicester, he looked so like a bear with a ragged staff.

I observed that Ned seemed anxious. One of his leaders was a bolter, and his wheelers were far from steady; and the man ahead walked not quite so straightly as if he had been ploughing a furrow. We were almost upon him, — Ned gave a sharp halloo, — the man looked back, and wavered. A minute decided the matter. He escaped Scylla, but Charybdis yawned for him; in plain prose, he cleared the Rocket, but contrived to get under the broad wheel of a Warwickshire wagon, which was passing in the opposite direction. There was still a chance, — even a fly-wagon may be stopped without much notice, — but the wagoner was inside, sweethearting with three maids that were going to Coventry. Every voice cried out Woh! but the right one. The horses plodded on, — the wheels rumbled, — the bells jingled — we all thought a knell.

Ned instantly pulled up, with his team upon their haunches; we all alighted, and in a moment the sixteen the Rocket was licensed to carry were at the fatal spot. In the midst of the circle lay what we considered a bundle of last linen just come home from the mangle.

"That 's a dead un," said the smoker, throwing away as he spoke the but-end of a cigar.

"Poor wretch!" exclaimed the humane man from the roof, "what a shocking spectacle!"

"It 's over his chest," said I.

"It 's all over," said the passenger on my right.

"And a happy release," said a lady on my left; "he must have been a cripple for life."

"He can't have a whole rib in his body," said a man from the dickey.

"Hall to hattums," said a gentleman from the inside.

"The worst I ever see, and I've had the good luck to see many," said the guard.

"No, he can't get over that," said Ned himself.

To our astonishment, however, the human mass still breathed. After a long sigh it opened one eye, the right, — then the other; the mouth gasped, — the tongue moved, and at last even spoke, though in disjointed syllables.

"We 're nigh — hand — an't we — the nine — milestun?"

"Yes — yes — close to it," answered a dozen voices, and one in its bewilderment asked, "Do you live there?" but was set right by the sufferer himself.

"No — a mile fudder."

"Where is there a surgeon?" asked the humane man; "I will ride off for him on one of the leaders."

"Better not," said the phlegmatic smoker, who had lighted a fresh cigar with some German tinder and a lucifer; "not used to saddle, — may want a surgeon yourself."

"Is there never a doctor among the company?" inquired the guard.

"I am a medical man," replied a squat, vulgar-looking personage. "I sell Morison's pills, — but I have n't any about me."

"Glad of it," said the smoker, casting a long puff in the other's face.

"Poor wretch!" sighed the compassionate man. "He is beyond human aid. Heaven help the widow and the fatherless, — he looks like a family man!"

"I were not to blame," said the wagoner. "The woife and childerin can't coom upon I."

"Does any one know who he is?" inquired the coachman, but there was no answer.

"Maybe the gemman has a card or summut," said the gentleman from the inside.

"Is there no house near?" inquired the lady.

"For to get a shutter off on," added the gentleman.

"Ought we not to procure a post-chaise?" inquired a gentleman's footman.

"Or a shell, in case," suggested the man from the dickey.

"Shell be hanged!" said the sufferer, in a tone that made us all jump a yard backwards. "Stick me up agin the milestun, — there, easy does it, — that 's comfortable! And now tell me, and no nonsense, be I flat?"

"A little pancakey," said the man with the cigar.

"I say," repeated the sufferer, with some earnestness, "be I flat, — quite flat, — as flat like as a sheet of paper? Yes or no?"

"No, no, no," burst from sixteen voices at once, and the assurance seemed to take as great a load off his mind as had lately passed over his body. By an effort he contrived to get up and sit upon the milestone, from which he waved us a good-by, accompanied by the following words: —

"Gentlefolk, my best thanks and my sarvice to you, and a pleasant journey. Don't consarn yourselves about me, for there's nothing dangerous. I shall do well, I know I shall; and I'll tell you what I go upon, — if I bean't flat I shall get round."

JOHNSONIANA.

"None despise puns but those who cannot make them." — SWIFT.

To the Editor of the Comic Annual.

SIR,

As I am but an occasional reader in the temporary indulgence of intellectual relaxation, I have but recently become cognizant of the metropolitan publication of Mr. Murray's Mr. Croker's Mr. Boswell's Dr. Johnson: a circumstance the more to be deprecated, for if I had been simultaneously aware of that amalgamation of miscellaneous memoranda, I could have contributed a personal quota of characteristic colloquial anecdotes to the biographical reminiscences of the multitudinous lexicographer, which, although founded on the basis of indubitable veracity, has never transpired among the multifarious effusions of that stupendous complication of mechanical ingenuity which, according to the technicalities in usage in our modern nomenclature, has obtained the universal cognomen of the press. Expediency imperiously dictates that the nominal identity of the hereditary kinsman, from whom I derive my authoritative responsibility, shall be inviolably and umbrageously obscured: but in future variorum editions his voluntary addenda to the already inestimable concatenation of circumstantial particu-

larization might typographically be discriminated from the literary accumulations of the indefatigable Boswell and the vivacious Piozzi, by the significant classification of Boz, Poz, and Coz.

In posthumously eliciting and philosophically elucidating the phenomena of defunct luminaries, whether in reference to corporeal, physiognomical, or metaphysical attributes, justice demands the strictest scrupulosity, in order that the heterogeneous may not preponderate over the homogeneous in the critical analysis. Metaphorically speaking, I am rationally convinced that the operative point I am about to develop will remove a pertinacious film from the eye of the biographer of the memorable Dr. Johnson; and especially with reference to that reiterated verbal aphorism so preposterously ascribed to his conversational inculcation, namely, that "he who would make a pun would pick a pocket;" however irrelevant such a doctrinarian maxim to the irrefrangible fact, that in that colossal monmuent of etymological erudition erected by the stupendous Doctor himself, (of course implying his inestimable Dictionary,) the paramount gist, scope, and tendency of his laborious researches was obviously to give as many meanings as possible to one word. In order, however, to place hypothesis on the immutable foundation of fact, I will, with your periodical permission, adduce a few Johnsonian repartees from my cousin's anecdotical memorabilia, which will perspicuously evolve the synthetical conclusion, that the inimitable author of Rasselas did not dogmatically predicate such an aggravated degree of moral turpitude in the perpetration of a double entendre.

Apologistically requesting indulgence for the epistolary laxity of an unpremeditated effusion,

I remain, Sir,
Your very humble obedient servant,
SEPTIMUS REARDON.

Lichfield, October 1, 1833.

"Do you really believe, Dr. Johnson," said a Lichfield lady, "in the dead walking after death?" — "Madam," said Johnson, "I have no doubt on the subject; I have heard the Dead March in Saul." — "You really believe then, Doctor, in ghosts?" — "Madam," said Johnson, "I think *appearances* are in their favor."

The Doctor was notoriously very superstitious. The same lady once asked him "if he ever felt any presentiment at a winding-sheet in the candle." "Madam," said Johnson, "if a *mould* candle, it doubtless indicates death, and that somebody will go out like a *snuff*; but whether at Hampton *Wick* or in *Greece*, must depend upon the *graves*."

AN ILLUMINATED MS.

Dr. Johnson was not comfortable in the Hebrides. "Pray, Doctor, how did you sleep?" inquired a benevolent Scotch hostess, who was so extremely hospitable that some hundreds always occupied the same bed. "Madam," said Johnson, "I had not a wink the whole night long; sleep seemed to *flee* from my eyelids, and to *bug* from all the rest of my body."

The Doctor and Boswell once lost themselves in the Isle of Muck, and the latter said they must "*spier* their way at the first body they met." "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "you're a a scoundrel; you may spear anybody you like, but I am not going to 'run a-Muck and tilt at all I meet.'"

"What do you think of whiskey, Dr. Johnson?" hiccupped

Boswell, after emptying a sixth tumbler of toddy. "Sir," said the Doctor, "it penetrates my very soul like 'the *small-still* voice of conscience,' and doubtless the worm of the still is the 'worm that never dies.'" Boswell afterwards inquired the Doctor's opinion on illicit distillation, and how the great moralist would act in an affray between the smugglers and the Excise. "If I went by the *letter* of the law I should assist the Customs, but according to the *spirit* I should stand by the contrabands."

The Doctor was always very satirical on the want of timber in the North. "Sir," he said to the young Laird of Icombally, who was going to join his regiment, "may Providence preserve you in battle, and especially your nether limbs. You may grow a walking-stick here, but you must import a wooden leg." At Dunsinane the old prejudice broke out. "Sir," said he to Boswell, "Macbeth was an idiot; he ought to have known that every wood in Scotland might be carried in a man's hand. The Scotch, Sir, are like the frogs in the fable: if they had a Log they would make a King of it."

Boswell one day expatiated at some length on the moral and religious character of his countrymen, and remarked triumphantly that there was a cathedral at Kirkwall, and the remains of a bishop's palace. "Sir," said Johnson, "it must have been the poorest of Sees: take your *Rum* and *Egg* and *Mull* all together, and they won't provide for a *Bishop*."

East India company is the worst of all company. A lady fresh from Calcutta once endeavored to curry Johnson's favor by talking of nothing but howdahs, doolies, and bungalows, till the Doctor took, as usual, to *tiffin*. "Madam," said he, in a tone that would have scared a tiger out of a jungle, "India's very well for a rubber or for a bandana, or for a cake of ink; but what with its Bhurtpore, Pahlumpore, Barrackpore, Hyderapore, Singapore, and Nagpore, its Hyderabad, Astrabad, Bundlebad, Sindbad, and Guzzaratbadbad, it's a *poor* and *bad* country altogether."

Master M., after plaguing Miss Seward and Dr. Darwin, and a large tea-party at Lichfield, said to his mother that he would be good if she would give him an apple. "My dear child," said the parent, feeling herself in the presence of a great moralist, "you ought not to be good on any consideration of gain, for 'virtue is its own reward.' You ought to be

good disinterestedly, and without thinking what you are to get for it." "Madam," said Dr. Johnson, "you are a fool; would you have the boy *good for nothing?*"

The same lady once consulted the Doctor on the degree of turpitude to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard. "Madam," said Johnson, "it all depends upon the weight of the boy. I remember my schoolfellow Davy Garrick, who was always a little fellow, robbing a dozen of orchards with impunity; but the very first time I climbed up an apple-tree, for I was always a heavy boy, the bough broke with me, and it was called a judgment. I suppose that 's why Justice is represented with a pair of scales."

Caleb Whitefoord, the famous punster, once inquired seriously of Dr. Johnson, whether he really considered that a man ought to be transported, like Barrington, the pickpocket, for being guilty of a double meaning. "Sir," said Johnson, "if a man means well, the more he means the better."

THE NELSON.

"This here, your honour, upon wheels, is the true genuine real *Nelson's Car*." — GUIDE TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"THE Nelson," I repeated to myself, as I read that illustrious name on the dickey of the vehicle, — "the Nelson." My fancy instantly converted the coach into a first-rate, the leaders and wheelers into sea-horses, the driver into Neptunus, brandishing a trident, and the guard into a Triton blowing his wreathed shell. There was room for one on the box, so I climbed up, and took my seat beside the coachman. "Now clap on all sail," said I, audibly; "I am proud to be one of the crew of the great Nelson, the hero of Aboukir."

"Begging your pardon, sir," said the coachman, "the Hero an't a booker at Mrs. Nelson's; it goes from some other yard." Gracious powers! what a tumble down stairs for an idea! As for mine, it pitched on its head, as stunned and stupefied as if it had rolled down the whole flight at the Monument. "I have made a bull, indeed," I exclaimed, as the noted inn at Aldgate

occurred to my memory; "but we are the slaves of association," I continued, addressing the coachman, "and the name of Nelson identified itself with the Union Jack."

"I really can't say," replied the coachman, very civilly, "whether the name of Mrs. Nelson is down to the Slave Associations or not; but as for Jack, if you mean Jack Bunce, he's been off the Union these six months. Too fond of the *Bar*, sir," (here he tipped me the most significant of winks,) "to keep his seat on the *Bench*."

"I alluded, my good fellow, to Nelson, the wonder of the maritime world, — the dauntless leader when yard was opposed to yard, and seas teemed with blood."

"We're all right, — as right as a trivet," said the coachman, after a pause of perplexity; "I thought our notions were getting rather wide apart, and that one of us wanted putting straight; but I see what you mean, and quite go along with your opinion, step by step. To be sure, Mrs. Nelson has done the world and all for coaching; and the Wonder *is* the crack of all the drags in London, and so is the Dauntless, let yard turn out agin yard, as you say, any day you like. And as for leaders, and teams full of blood, there's as pretty a sprinkling of blood in the tits I'm now tooling of ——"

"The vehicles of the proprietress, and the appearance of the animals, with their corresponding caparisons," said I, "have often gratified my visual organs and elicited my mental plaudits."

"That's exactly what *I* says," replied the coachman, very briskly; "there's no humbug nor no nonsense about Mrs. Nelson. You never see her a standing a-foaming and fretting in front o' the Bank, with a regular mob round her, and looking as if she'd bolt with the Quicksilver. And you never see her painted all over her body, wherever there's room for 'em, with Saracen Heads, and Blue Boars, and Brown Bears, from her roller bolts to her dickey and hind boot. She's plain and neat, and nothin' else, — and is fondest of having her body of a claret color, picked out with white, and won't suffer the Bull nowhere, except on the backgammon-board."

I know not how much further the whimsical description might have gone, if a strapping, capless, curly-headed lass, running with all her might and main, had not addressed a screaming retainer to the coachman. With some difficulty he

pulled up, for he had been tacitly giving me a proof that the craft of *his* Nelson was a first-rate, with regard to its rate of travelling.

"If you please, Mr. Stevens," said the panting damsel, holding up something towards the box, — "if you please, Mr. Stevens, mother 's gone to Lonnon — in the light cart, — and will you be so kind as to give her — her linchpin?"

Mr. Stevens took the article with a smile, and I fancied with a sly squeeze of the hand that delivered it.

"If such a go had been any one's but your mother's, Fanny," he slyly remarked, "I should have said it was somebody in love." The Dispatch was too strictly timed to allow of further parley; the horses broke, or were rather broken, into a gallop, in pursuit of the mother of Fanny, the Flower of Waltham; and the pin secretly acting as a spur, we did the next five miles in something like twenty minutes.

In spite, however, of this unusual speed, we never overtook Mrs. Merryweather and her cart till we arrived at the Basing-House, where we found her chirping over a cup of ale; as

FANCY PORTRAIT. — MRS. NELSON.

safe and sound as if linchpins had never been invented; in fact, she made as light of the article, when it was handed to her, as if it had been only a pin out of her gown!

"Well, I must say one thing for Mrs. Nelson," said our coachman, as he resumed his seat on the box, "and that 's this. There 's no pinning at the Bull. She sets her face against everything but the patent boxes. She may come to a runaway with a bolter, — or drop the ribbons, — or make a mistake in clearing a gate, by being a little lushy, — but you 'll never see Mrs. Nelson laying flat on her side in the middle of the rood, with her insides gone to smash, and her outsides well distributed, because she 's been let go out of the yard without one of her pins."

THE ACCIDENT.

"We thought she never would ride it out, and expected her every moment to go to pieces." — NAVAL SKETCH-BOOK.

"THERE you go, you villain, — that 's the way to run over people! There 's a little boy in the road: you 'd better run over *him*, for you won't call out to him, no, not you, for a brute as you are! You think poor people an't common Christians, — you grind the faces of the poor, you do. Ay, cut away, do, — you 'll be Wilful Murdered by the Crowner some day! I 'll keep up with you and tell the gentlemen on the top! Women was n't created for you to gallop over like dirt, and scrunch their bones into compound fractions. Don't get into into his coach, ma'am! he 's no respect for the sects, — he 'll lay you up in the hospital for months and months, he will, the inhumane, hard-hearted varmin!"

The speaker, a little active old woman, had run parallel with the coach some fifty yards, when it stopped to take up a lady, who was as prompt as ladies generally are, in giving dinner instructions to the cook, and setting domestic lessons to the housemaid, besides having to pack a parcel, to hunt for her clogs, to exchange the cook's umbrella for her own, and to kiss all her seven children. Mat, thus reduced to a door-mat, was unable to escape the volley which the Virago still poured in upon him; but he kept a most imperturbable face and silence till he was fairly seated again on the box.

"There, gentlemen," said he, pointing at the assailant with his whip; "that's what I call gratitude. Look at her figure now, and look at what it was six months ago. She never had a waist till I run over her."

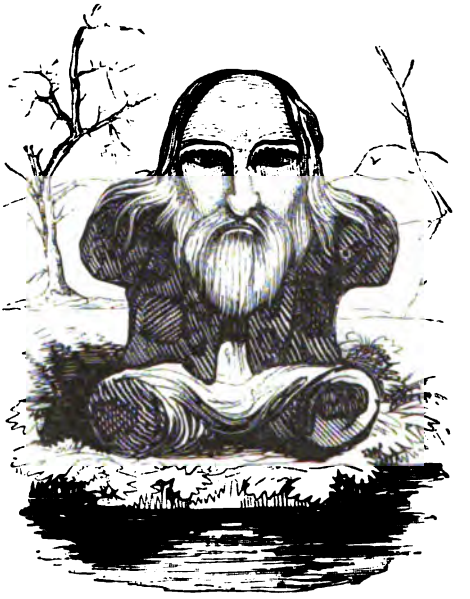
"I hope, friend, thee art not very apt to make these experiments on the human figure," said an elderly Quaker on the roof. "Not by no means," answered Mat; "I have done very little in the accidental line, — nothing worth mentioning. All the years I've been on the road, I've never come to a kill on the spot; them sort o' things belongs to Burrowes, as drives over one with the Friend in Need, and he's got quite a name for it. He's called "Fatal Jack." To be sure, now I think of it, I was the innocent cause of death to one person, and she was rather out of the common." "You fractured her limbs, p'r'aps?" inquired one of the outsides. "No such thing," said Mat, "there was nothing fractious in the case; as to running over her limbs, it was the impossible thing with a woman born without legs and arms." "You must allude to Miss Biffin," said the outsider, — "the Norfolk phenomenon."

"Begging your pardon," said Mat, "it was before the Phenomenon was started. It was one of the regular old long-bodied double coaches, and I drove it myself. Very uneasy they were; for springs at that time had n't much spring in 'em; and nobody on earth had thought of Macadaming Piccadilly. You could always tell whether you were on the stones, or off, and no mistake. I was a full hour behind time, — for coaches in them days was n't called by such names as Chronometers and Regulators, and good reason why. So I'd been plying a full hour after time, without a soul inside, except a barrel of natives for a customer down the road: at last, a hackney-coach pulls up, and Jarvey and the waterman lifts Miss Biffin into my drag. Well, off I sets with a light load enough, and to fetch up time astonished my team into a bit of a gallop, — and it was n't the easiest thing in the world to keep one's seat on the box, the coach jumped so over the stones. Well, away I goes, springing my rattle till I come to the gate at Hyde Park Corner, where one of my insides was waiting for me, — and not very sorry to pull up, for the breath was almost shook out of my bellows. Well, I opens the doors, and what do I see lying together at the bottom of the coach, but

Miss Biffin bruised unsensible, and the head out of the barrel of oysters!"

"I do hope, friend," said the elderly Quaker, "that thou didst replace them on their seats."

"To be sure I did," answered Mat, "and the oysters took it quietly enough, without opening their mouths; but it did n't go quite so smooth with Miss B. She talked of an action for damages, and consulted counsel; but, Lord bless you, when it came to taking steps agin us, she had n't a leg to stand upon!"



FANCY PORTRAIT. — OLD SARUM.

A LAWYER'S LETTER.

To Mr. Richard Walton, 32 Lincoln's Inn.

DEAR DICK,

In re Pedro. — Pike, Row, Badgery, and Crump, Mr. Theodore Hook's attorneys, offered three years ago, and continued the allowance up to last Easter Term, to give me, with unexampled liberality, eighteen shillings per week as copying-clerk, and to undertake the management of the Common Law, — attend to the Chancery Department, — do the outdoor business, — make out Bills of Costs, — and make myself generally useful, — which I have been doing as long as my health permitted. Not being strong, though with an attachment to the profession, I have been compelled to withdraw my record, and to sue out a Writ of Certiorari to carry my line of life into another court. Hearing that Don Pedro was about to bring an action against Don Miguel and Company, and that lots of John Does and Richard Roes were wanted, I took a retainer from an agent of the great Portuguese professional gentleman, and have really embarked in the cause. Being out here on the circuit, as one might call it (Mr. Chief Justice Sartorius goes it), and knowing the interest you take in my verdicts, I shall write at intervals the particulars of plaintiff's demand, and account of set-off on the part of the enemy's fleet, or defendant. Pray call on Mr. Wilson, the Common-Law Clerk at Pike, Row, & Co., and tell him I have four hours to myself and a chance of being paid, but do this if possible without the knowledge of the principals. White of the same office, when I enlisted, was to have taken the benefit of the act, but on mustering at Gravesend, he did not attend the roll call, and was struck off the Rolls. I can't but say, putting Truth on her oath in the Admiralty Court, that when the Blue Peter gave legal notice to quit, I felt some regret at leaving a land where I might have been, so to speak, a tenant at will. Nor was it much better when I came to the Nore. I heartily wished, with Mr. Matthews, that if Britannia does rule the waves, she would rule them evener; but it was "rule refused." The sea ran very rough, and you will understand me when I say I took nothing by my motion. There was the

thought of my mother, besides, and the numberless feelings for which, though matters of every-day practice, it is difficult to show cause.

You remember Sugden with Hart & Co., and will not be surprised to hear that he volunteered to convince Don Miguel of his defective title. A few hours, however, sufficed to disgust him with conveyancing, as it is practised in the Marine Courts; and I heard him, by a verbal instrument, assign over, with technical formality, the whole ship to the Devil, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns.

As for Butterworth, the Captain gave instructions with regard to the stays, and Butterworth in going aloft fell overboard. We thought for some time that he was dead, but after rubbing, and other means of revival, we had the satisfaction of seeing him moving for a new trial, and that he was beginning *de novo*.

You may conceive, professionally, our joy at entering the Douro, with a prospect of being invited within the Bar; but the anchors were instructed to stay proceedings, and we stayed the same. As I took notes of what happened afterwards, I will give you a rough draft.

Michaelmas Term, *Oct.* 31. Admiral took Counsel's opinion with regard to the Fort of St. Michael. Held that an action would lie. Judgment affirmed.

Nov. 2. Action of assault and battery. Admiral's ship opened the case, and the others followed on the same side. Hills crowded with witnesses. Enemy's damages laid at a hundred and fifty men. Tax off a hundred.

3. Discovering flaws and amending same. At intervals term reports. Pollock died of his wounds, and was struck off the paper. Gave him an undertaking.

4. *A dies non.* Poor Horne seized with lockjaw, and preparing for the long vacation.

5. Notice of action. Enemy's fleet put in an appearance, but *non pros.* Horne demised.

6. Joined issue with enemy's flag-ship. Wetherell killed by a ball lodging in the Inner Temple, and Denman subpœnaed by a bullet out of the maintop. Enemy attempted to put an officer and fifty men in possession, but we served them with an ejectment. Night coming on, agreed to withdraw a juror.

7. A violent storm, and a sail under a distress. Taken in execution by a wave, levied on long-boat and three men, and all the hencoops.
8. Fell in with a Portuguese brig, and lodged a detainer. Have not received my share of prize, but have got a cognovit.
9. Enemy moved for a new trial. Bore up and fired a broadside; replied to same. Admiral endeavored, by intercepting the rearmost ships, to cut off the entail. Boarding again; obliged to fight with all my Power of Attorney. Gave quarter to one man, he was such a special pleader. Verdict, — drawn battle.
10. Chitty fell overboard from the mizzen chains. Action of trover failed. Filed a bill of him in Ocean's Chancery, and sent an office copy to his widow.
11. Enemy brought a fresh action. Boarding again, and obliged to defend in person. Enemy nonsuited, with costs.

To abbreviate pleadings, you will see that our time has been term time. Plenty of work at over-hours, and I am sorry to say no extra charge. But I am not going to take a bill of exceptions. I comfort myself for the loss of my arm — I have lost that limb of the law, Dick — by reflecting that I am now like Nelson, except the blind eye, and that I do not follow the Hamiltonian system. Sometimes, however, as I look homeward, and remember "dear Morton," I sigh to join you by a *Surrey-joinder*, and to taste your *Surrey-butter*. I think that is the legal mode of expressing it.

Nothing can behave better than our men, from the principals down to the juniors. They fight as if they belonged to Lyon's Inn. However, a good many have been ticked off, — including Tyndale, Thessiger, Phillips, Spankie, Scarlett, Gurney, Wilde, Burney, and some others of our acquaintance, who have received a general release. For my own part——

[LETTER ENCLOSING THE ABOVE.]

SIR,

Am sorry to Say the man as writ the Inclosed letter, with a bit of a log fell Down the Main Hatchway on the 16th instant at 2 P. M. Was carried down to Cockpit. But the

Doctor pronounced it a Bad Job and after saying O Law three times was a Corps. He left no Will nor no property, and was Sowed up and heaved overboard, same day in lat. 41.5 N. long. 8.50 W.

I take the Liberty of writing This that you may inform Parents, provided there 's father or mother, as well as to his widow and children, if so be. Should you be encouraged to come out to us in your friend's Place, you will be heartily welcome, and lots of as jolly good fighting as hearts can wish. So no more at present from

Your Humble Servant,
THOMAS BENYON.

N. B. Go to the Duncan's Head in Wapping, and Captain Bligh will tell you all about the Bounty. That 's if you mean to 'list.

SOME ACCOUNT OF WILLIAM WHISTON.

"That boy is the brother of Pam——."—JOSEPH ANDREWS.

"WILLIAM certainly *is* fond of whist!"

This was an admission drawn, or extracted, as Cartwright would say, like a double tooth from the month of William's mother; an amiable and excellent lady, who ever reluctantly confessed foibles in her family, and invariably endeavored to exhibit to the world the sunny side of her children.

There can be no possibility of doubt that William *was* fond of whist. He doted on it. Whist was his first passion,—his first love; and in whist he experienced no disappointment. The two were made for each other.

William was one of a large bunch of children, and he never grew up. On his seventh birthday a relation gave him a miniature pack of cards, and made him a whist-player for life. Our bias dates much earlier than some natural philosophers suppose. I remember William, a mere child, being one day William of Orange, and objecting to a St. Michael's because it had no pips.

At school he was a total failure; except in reckoning the odd tricks. He counted nothing by honors, and the schoolmaster said of his head, what he has since said occasionally of his hand, that it "held literally nothing."

At sixteen, after a long maternal debate between the black and red suits, William was articled to an attorney: but instead of becoming a respectable land-shark, he played double-dummy with the Common-Law clerk, and was discharged on the 6th of November. The principal remonstrated with him on a breach of duty, and William imprudently answered that he was aware of his duty, like the ace of spades. Mr. Bitem immediately banged the door against him, and William, for the first time in his life — to use his own expression, — "got a slam."

CARDY-MUMS.

William having served his time, and, as he calls it, followed suit for five years, was admitted as an attorney, and began to play at that finessing game, the Law. *Short-hand*

he still studied and practised; though more in parlors than in court.

William at one period admired Miss Hunt, or Miss Creswick, or Miss Hardy, or Miss Reynolds; a daughter of one of the great cardmakers, I forget which, — and he cut for partners, but without "getting the Lady." His own explanation was, that he "*was discarded.*" He then paid his addresses to a Scotch girl, a Miss MacNab, but she professed religious scruples about cards, and he *revoked.* I have heard it said that she expected to match higher; indeed William used to say she "looked over his hand."

William is short, and likes shorts. He likes nothing of *longs*, but the St. John of them: and he only takes to *him*, because that saint is partial to a *rubber.* Whist seems to influence his face as well as form; it is like a knave of clubs. I sometimes fancy whist could not go on without William, and certainly William could not go on without whist. His whole conversation, except on cards, is wool-gathering; and on that subject is like wool — carded. He "speaks by the card," and never gives equivocation a chance. At the Olympic once he had a quarrel with a gentleman about *the lead* of Madame Vestris or Miss Sydney: he was required to give his card, and gave the "Deuce of Hearts." This was what he termed "calling out."

Of late years William only goes out, like a bad rushlight, earlyish of a night, and quits every table that is not covered with green baize with absolute disgust. The fairies love by night to "*gambol* on the *green*," and so does William, and he is constantly humming with great gusto,

> "Come unto these yellow sands,
> *And then take hands.*"

The only verses, by the way, he ever got by heart. He never cared to play much with the Muses. They stick, he used to say, at Nine.

William can sit longer, drink less, say as little, pay or receive as much, shuffle as well, and cut as deeply, as any man on earth. You may leave him safely after dinner, and catch him at breakfast-time without alteration of attitude or look. He is a small statue erected in honor of whist, and, like Eloquence, "holds his hand well up." He is content to

ring the changes on thirteen cards a long Midsummer night; for he does not *play* at cards, — he *works* at them, and, considering the returns, for very low wages. William never was particularly lucky; but he bears the twos and threes with as much equanimity as any one, and seems, horticulturally speaking, to have grafted Patience upon Whist. I do not know whether it is the family motto, but he has upon his seal — with the Great Mogul for a crest — the inscription of "Packs in Bello."

William is now getting old (nearly fifty-two), with an asthma; which he says makes him rather "weak in trumps." He is preparing himself accordingly to "take down his score," and has made his will, bequeathing all he has or has not to a whist club. His funeral he directs to be quite private, and his gravestone a plain one, and especially "that there be no cherubims carved thereon, forasmuch," says this characteristic document, "that they never hold honors."

A DOUBLE AT LONG'S.

THE LAST SHILLING.

He was evidently a foreigner, and poor. As I sat at the opposite corner of the Southgate stage, I took a mental inventory of his wardrobe. A military cloak much the worse for wear, — a blue coat, the worse for tear, — a napless hat, — a shirt neither white nor brown, — a pair of mud-color gloves,

open at each thumb, — gray trousers too short for his legs, and brown boots too long for his feet.

From some words he dropt, I found that he had come direct from Paris, to undertake the duties of French teacher at an English academy; and his companion, the English classical usher, had been sent to London, to meet and conduct him to his suburban destination.

Poor devil, thought I, thou art going into a bitter bad line of business; and the hundredth share which I had taken in the boyish persecutions of my own French master — an emigré of the old noblesse — smote violently on my conscience. At Edmonton the coach stopped. The coachman alighted, pulled the bell of a mansion inscribed in large letters, Vespasian House, and deposited the foreigner's trunks and boxes on the footpath. The English classical usher stepped briskly out, and deposited a shilling in the coachman's anticipatory hand. Monsieur followed the example, and with some precipitation prepared to enter the gate of the fore-garden, but the driver stood in the way.

"I want another shilling," said the coachman.

"You agreed to take a shilling a-head," said the English master.

"You said you would take one shilling for my head," said the French master.

"It 's for the luggage," said the coachman.

The Frenchman seemed thunderstruck; but there was no help for it. He pulled out a small weazle-bellied, brown-silk purse, but there was nothing in it save a medal of Napoleon. Then he felt his breast-pockets, then his side-pockets, and then his waistcoat-pockets; but they were all empty, excepting a metal snuff-box, and that was empty too. Lastly he felt the pockets in the flaps of his coat, taking out a meagre would-be white handkerchief, and shaking it; but not a dump. I rather suspect he anticipated the result, — but he went through the operations *seriatim*, with the true French gravity. At last he turned to his companion, with a "Mistare Barbiere, be as good to lend me one shelling."

Mr. Barber, thus appealed to, went through something of the same ceremony. Like a blue-bottle cleaning itself, he passed his hands over his breast, round his hips, and down the outside of his thighs, — but the sense of feeling could detect nothing like a coin.

"You agreed for a shilling, and you shall have no more," said the man with empty pockets.

"No — no — no — you shall have no mor," said the moneyless Frenchman.

By this time the housemaid of Vespasian House, tired of standing with the door in her hand, had come down to the garden-gate, and, willing to make herself generally useful, laid her hand on one of the foreigner's trunks.

"It shan't go till I 'm paid my shilling," said the coachman, taking hold of the handle at the other end.

The good-natured housemaid instantly let go of the trunk, and seemed suddenly to be bent double by a violent cramp, or stitch, in her right side, — while her hand groped busily under her gown. But it was in vain. There was nothing in that pocket but some curl-papers, and a brass thimble.

The stitch or cramp then seemed to attack her other side; again she stooped and fumbled, while Hope and Doubt struggled together on her rosy face. At last Hope triumphed, — from the extremest corner of the huge dimity pouch she fished up a solitary coin, and thrust it exultingly into the obdurate palm.

"It won't do," said the coachman, casting a wary eye on the metal, and holding out for the inspection of the trio a silver-washed coronation medal, which had been purchased of a Jew for twopence the year before.

The poor girl quietly set down the trunk which she had again taken up, and restored the deceitful medal to her pocket. In the mean time the arithmetical usher had arrived at the gate in his way out, but was stopped by the embargo on the luggage. "What 's the matter now?" asked the man of figures.

"If you please, sir," said the housemaid, dropping a low curtsey, "it 's this impudent fellow of a coachman will stand here for his rights."

"He wants a shilling more than his fare," said Mr. Barber.

"He does want more than his fare shilling," reiterated the Frenchman.

"Coachman! what the devil are we waiting here for?" shouted a stentorian voice from the rear of the stage.

"Bless me, John, are we to stay here all day?" cried a shrill voice from the stage's interior.

"If you don't get up shortly I shall get down," bellowed a voice from the box.

At this crisis the English usher drew his fellow-tutor aside, and whispered something in his ear that made him go through the old manual exercise. He slapped his pantaloons, — flapped his coat-tails, — and felt about his bosom. "I have n't got one," said he, and, with a shake of the head and a hurried bow, he set off at the pace of a twopenny postman.

"I a'n't going to stand here all day," said the coachman, getting out of all reasonable patience.

"You 're an infernal scoundrelly villain," said Mr. Barber, getting out of all classical English.

"You are a — what Mr. Barber says," said the foreigner.

"Thank God and his goodness," ejaculated the housemaid, "here comes the Doctor;" and the portly figure of the pedagogue himself came striding pompously down the gravel-walk. He had two thick lips and a double-chin, which all began wagging together.

"Well, well; what 's all this argumentative elocution? I command taciturnity!"

"I 'm a shilling short," said the coachman.

"He says he has got one short shilling," said the foreigner.

Poo — poo — poo," said the thick-lips and double-chin. "Pay the fellow his superfluous claim, and appeal to magisterial authority."

"It 's what we mean to do, sir," said the English usher, "but —" and he laid his lips mysteriously to the Doctor's ear.

"A pecuniary bagatelle," said the Doctor. "It 's palpable extortion, — but I 'll disburse it, — and you have a legislatorial remedy for his avaricious demands." As the man of pomp said this, he thrust his forefinger into an empty waistcoat-pocket, — then into its fellow, — and then into every pocket he had, — but without any other product than a bunch of keys, two ginger lozenges, and the French mark.

"It 's very peculiar," said the Doctor, "I had a prepossession of having currency to that amount. The coachman must call to-morrow for it at Vespasian House, — or stay, — I perceive my housekeeper. Mrs. Plummer! pray just step hither and liquidate this little commercial obligation."

Now, whether Mrs. Plummer had or had not a shilling, Mrs. Plummer only knows; for she did not condescend to make any search for it, — and if she had none, she was right not to take the trouble. However, she attempted to carry the

point by a *coup de main*. Snatching up one of the boxes, she motioned the housemaid to do the like, exclaiming in a shrill treble key, "Here 's a pretty work indeed, about a paltry shilling! If it 's worth having, it 's worth calling again for; and I suppose Vespasian House is not going to run away!"

"But may be *I* am," said the inflexible coachman, seizing a trunk with each hand.

"John, I insist on being let out!" screamed the lady in the coach. "I shall be too late for dinner," roared the thunderer in the dickey. As for the passenger on the box, he had made off during the latter part of the altercation.

"What shall we do?" said the English Classical Usher.

"God and his goodness only knows!" said the housemaid.

"I am a stranger in this country," said the Frenchman.

"You must pay the money," said the coachman.

"And here it is, you brute!" said Mrs. Plummer, who had made a trip to the house in the mean time; but whether she had coined it, or raised it by a subscription among the pupils, I know no more than the Man in the Moon.

"IF THE COACH GOES AT SIX, PRAY WHAT TIME GOES THE BASKET?"

THE DOMESTIC DILEMMA:

A True Story.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL NEMAND.

CHAPTER I.

"I AM perfectly at my wits' ends!"

As Madame Doppeldick said this, she thrust both her fat hands into the pockets of her scarlet cotton apron, at the same time giving her head a gentle shake, as if implying that it was a case in which heads and hands could be of no possible avail. She was standing in a little dormitory, exactly equidistant from two beds, between which her eyes and her thoughts had been alternating some ten minutes past. They were small beds, — pallets, cots, cribs, troughs upon four legs, such as the old painters represent the manger in their pictures of the Nativity. Our German beds are not intended to carry double, and in such an obscure out-of-the-way village as Kleinewinkel, who would think of finding anything better in the way of a couch than a sort of box, just too little for a bed, and just too large for a coffin? It was between two such bedlings, then, that Madame Doppeldick was standing, when she broke out into the aforesaid exclamation, — "I am perfectly at my wits' ends!"

Now, the wits' ends of Madame Doppeldick scarcely extended further from her skull than the horns of a snail. They seldom protruded far beyond her nose, and that was a short one; and moreover they were apt to recede and draw in from the first obstacle they encountered, leaving their proprietor to feel her own way, as if she had no wits' ends at all. Thus, having satisfied themselves that there were only two beds in the rooms, they left the poor lady in the lurch, and absolutely at a nonplus, as to how she was to provide for the accommodation of a third sleeper, who was expected to arrive the same evening. There was only one best bed-room in the house, and it happened to be the worst bed-room also; for Gretchen, the maid-servant, went home nightly to sleep at her mother's. To be sure a shake-down might be spread in the parlor; but

to be sure the parlor was also a shop of all sorts; and to be sure the young officer would object to such accommodations; and to be very sure, Mr. Doppeldick would object equally to the shake-down, and giving up the two beds overhead to his wife and the young officer.

"God forgive me," said the perplexed Madame Doppeldick, as she went slowly down the stairs, "but I wish Captain Schenk had been killed at the battle of Leipzig, or had got a bed of glory anywhere else, before he came to be billeted on us!"

"I'LL TAKE A BED WITH YOU."

CHAPTER II.

In extenuation of so unchristian-like an aspiration as the one which escaped from the lips of Madame Doppeldick at the end of the last chapter, it must be remembered that she was a woman of great delicacy for her size. She was so corpulent that she might safely have gone to court without a hoop; her arms were too big for legs; and as for her legs, it passed for a miracle of industry, even amongst the laborious hard-working inhabitants of Kleinewinkel, that she knitted her own stockings. It must be confessed that she ate heartily, drank heartily, and slept heartily; and all she ate, drank, and slept seemed to do her good, for she never ceased growing, at least horizontally, till she did ample justice to the name which became her own by marriage. Still, as the bulk of her body increased, the native shrinking, unobtrusive modesty of her

mind remained the same; or rather it became even more tremulously sensitive. In spite of her huge dimensions, she seemed to entertain the Utopian desire of being seen by no eyes save those of her husband, — of passing through life unnoticed and unknown; in short, she was a globe-peony with the feelings of a violet. Judge then what a shock her blushing sensibilities received from the mere idea of the strange captain intruding on the shadiest haunts of domestic privacy! Although by birth, education, and disposition as loyal as the sunflower to the sun, in the first rash transports of her trepidation and vexation she wished anything but well to her liege sovereign, the King of Prussia, — wondering bitterly why his Majesty could not contrive to have his reviews and sham-fights in Berlin itself; or at least in Posen, where there were spare beds to be had, and lodgings to let for single men. Then again, if the quarter-master had but condescended to give a quarter's notice, why Mr. Doppeldick might have run up an extra room, or they might have parted off a portion of their own chamber with lath and plaster, or they might have done a thousand things; for instance, they might have sold their house and left the country, instead of being thus taken unawares in their own sanctorum by a strange gentleman, as suddenly as if he had tumbled through the roof. "It was too bad, — it was really too bad, — and she wondered what Mr. Doppeldick would say to it when he came home!"

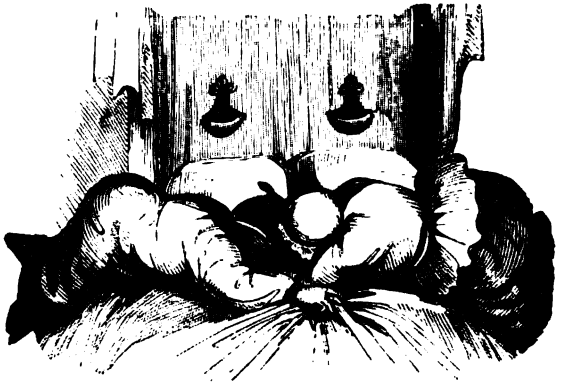
"I WISH I WAS WELL THROUGH IT."

"WE ALL SMOKE IN GERMANY."

CHAPTER III.

MR. DOPPELDICK did come home — and he said nothing to it at all. He only pulled his tobacco-bag out of one coat-pocket, and his tobacco-pipe out of the other, and then he struck a light, and fell to smoking, as complacently as if there had been no Captain Schenk in the world. The truth was, he had none of that nervous nicety of feeling which his partner possessed so eminently, and accordingly he took no more interest in her domestic dilemma than the walnut-wood chair that he sat upon. Moreover, when he once had in his mouth his favorite pipe, with a portrait of Kant on the bowl of it, he sucked through its tube a sort of Transcendental Philosophy which elevated him above all the ills of human life, to say nothing of such little domestic inconveniences as the present. If the house had been as big as the Hotel de Nassau, at Schlangenbad, with as many chambers and spare beds in it, — or a barrack, with quarters for the captain and his company to boot, — he could

not have puffed on more contentedly. The very talk about beds and bedding appeared to lull him into a sort of sleep with his eyes open; and even when the voice and words of his helpmate grew a little sharp and querulous in detailing all her doubts, and difficulties, and disagreeables, they could not raise even a ripple in the calm, placid expanse of his forehead. How should they? His equable German good humor might well be invulnerable to all outward attacks, which had so long withstood every internal one, — ay, in Temper's very citadel, the stomach. For instance, the better part of his daily diet was of sours. He ate "sauer-kraut," and "sauer-braten," with sour sauce and "sauer-ampfer" by way of salad, and pickled plums by way of dessert, and "sauer-milch" with sourish brown bread, — and then, to wash these down, he drank sourish "Essigberger" wine, and "sauer-wasser," of which the village of Kleinewinkel had its own peculiar brunnen. Still, I say, by all these sours, and many others not mentioned besides, his



"THE LAST IN BED TO PUT OUT THE LIGHT."

temper was never soured, — nor could they turn one drop of the milk of human kindness that flowed in his bosom. Instead, therefore, of his round features being ever rumpled and crumpled, and furrowed up by the ploughshare of passion, you never saw anything on his face but the same everlasting sub-smile

of phlegmatic philanthropy. In spite of the stream of complaint that kept pouring into his ear, he forgave Captain Schenk from the bottom of his soul for being billeted on him; and entertained no more spleen towards the King of Prussia and the Quarter-master, than he did towards the gnat that bit him last year. At length, his pipe wanting replenishing, he dropped a few comfortable words to his wife, meanwhile he refilled the bowl, and brought the engine again into play: —

"As for undressing, Malchen, — before the strange man, — puff — why can't we go to bed, — puff — before *he* does, — puff — puff — and so put an end to the matter — puff — puff — puff!"

"As I live upon damsons and bullases!" (for it was the plum season,) exclaimed Madame Doppeldick, clapping her fat hands with delight, "I never thought of that! Gretchen, my lass, get the supper ready immediately, for your good master is mortal hungry, and so am I! — and then, my own Dietrich dear, we 'll bundle off to bed as fast as we can!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE best of plots may come to the worst of ends. It was no fault, however, of Gretchen's; for being in a hurry of her own to meet Ludwig Liedeback, she clapped the supper upon the table in no time at all. The transcendental pipe, with the head of Kant upon it, instantly found itself deposited in a by-corner; for Mr. Doppeldick, like his better half, was a person of substance, keeping a good running account with Messer and Gabel. Besides, amongst other delicacies, the board actually displayed those rarest of all inland rarities, oysters, — a bag of which the warm-hearted Adam Kloot had sent, by way of a token of remembrance, to his old friend Dietrich; forgetting utterly that it was full a hundred leagues from the nearest high-water mark of the sea to the village of Kleinewinkel. Of course they came like other travellers with their mouths wide agape, to see the wonders of the place, — but, then, so much the easier they were to open; and as the worthy couple did not contemplate any such superfluous nicety as *shaving*

them before they swallowed them, there was a fair chance that the delicious morsels would all be devoured before the inauspicious arrival of Captain Schenk. Some such speculation seemed to glimmer in the eyes of both Mr. and Mrs. Doppeldick, — when, lo! just as the sixth dead oyster had been body-snatched out of its shell, and was being flavored up with lemon and vinegar, the door opened, and in walked a blue cap with a red band, a pair of mustachios, and a gray

TRAVELLERS SEEING THE "LIONS."

cloak without any arms in its sleeves. Had Madame Doppeldick held anything but an oyster in her mouth at that moment it would infallibly have choked her, the flutter of her heart in her throat was so violent.

"Holy Virgin! — Captain Schenk!"

"At your service, Madame," answered a voice through the mustachios.

"You are welcome, Captain!" said the worthy master of

the house, at the same time rising, and placing a chair for his guest at that side of the table which was farthest from the oysters. The officer, without any ceremony, threw himself into the seat, and then, resting his elbows upon the table, and his cheeks between his palms, he fixed his dark eyes on the blushing face of Madame Doppeldick in a long and steady stare. It is true that he was only mentally reviewing the review; or, possibly, calculating the chances he had made in favor of an application he had lately forwarded to Berlin, to be exchanged into the Royal Guards; but the circumstance sufficed to set every nerve of Madame Doppeldick a-vibrating, and in two minutes from his arrival she had made up her mind that he was a very bold, forward, and presuming young man.

"O HAM! WHAT A FALLING OFF WAS THERE!"

It is astonishing, when we have once conceived a prejudice, how rapidly it grows, and how plentifully it finds nutriment! Like the sea-polypus, it extends its thousand feelers on every side, for anything they can lay hold of, and the smallest particle afloat in the ocean of conjecture cannot escape from the

tenacity of their grasp. So it was with Madame Doppeldick. From mistrusting the captain's eyes, she came to suspect his nose, his mustachios, his mouth, his chin, and even the slight furrow of a sabre-cut that scarred his forehead just over the left eyebrow. She felt morally sure that he had received it in no battle-field, but in some scandalous duel. Luckily she had never seen Mozart's celebrated opera, or she would inevitably have set down Captain Schenk as its libertine masquerading hero, Don Giovanni himself!

"You will be sharp-set for supper, Captain," said the hospitable host, pushing towards his guest a dish of lean home-made bacon; but the captain took no more notice of the invitation than if he had been stunned stone-deaf by the artillery at the sham-fight in the morning. Possibly he did not like bacon, or, at any rate, such bacon as was set before him; for to put the naked Truth on her bare oath, the Kleinewinkel pigs always looked as if they got their living, like cockroaches, by creeping through cracks. However, he never changed his

"A PIPING BULFINCH."

posture, but kept his dark, intolerable eyes still fixed on his hostess's full and flushed face. He might just as well have stared — if he must stare — at the shelves-full of old family

china (some of it elaborately mended and riveted) in the corner cupboard, the door of which she had left open on purpose; but he had, apparently, no such considerate respect for female modesty.

"Saint Ursula and the Eleven Thousand be near us!" said the disquieted Madame Doppeldick to herself. "It is hard enough for people of our years and bulk to be obliged to lie double; — but to have a strange, wild, rakish, staring young fellow in the same chamber, — I *do* wish that Dietrich would make more haste with his supper, that we may get into bed first!"

CHAPTER V.

HONEST Dietrich was in no such hurry. A rational, moral, pious man, with a due grateful sense of the sapidity of certain gifts of the Creator, ought not to swallow them with the post-haste indifference of a sow swilling her wash; and as Dietrich Doppeldick did not taste oysters once in ten years, it was a sort of religious obligation, as well as a positive secular temptation, that the relish of each particular fish should be prolonged as far as possible on the palate by an orderly, decorous, and deliberate deglutition. Accordingly, instead of bolting the oysters as if he had been swallowing them for a wager, he sat soberly, with his eyes fixed on the two plumpest as if only awaiting the "good night" of his guest to do ample and Christian-like justice to the edible forget-me-nots of his good friend Adam Kloot. In vain his wife looked hard at him, and trod on his toes as long as she could reach them, besides being seized with a short hectic cough that was anything but constitutional.

"Lord, help me!" said Mrs. Doppeldick in her soul, too fluttered to attend to the correctness of her metaphors; "It's as easy to catch the eye of a post! — He minds me no more than if I trod on the toes of a stock-fish! I might as well cough into the ears of a stone wall."

In fact, honest Dietrich had totally forgotten the domestic dilemma.

"He will never take his eyes off," thought Madame Doppelick, stealing a glance across the table; "I was never so

stared at, never, since I was a girl and wore pigtails! I expect every moment he will jump up and embrace me." Whereas nothing could be further from the Captain's thought.

"KISSING GOES BY FAVOR"

The second battalion had joined that very morning, and accordingly he had kissed, or been kissed by, all its eight-and-twenty officers, tall or short, fat or lean, fair or swarthy, — which was quite kissing enough for a reasonable day's ration. The truth is, he was staring at himself. He had just, mentally, put on a new uniform, and was looking with the back of his eyes at his own brilliant figure as a captain in the Royal Guards. It was, however, a stare, outwardly, at Madame Doppeldick, who took everything to herself, frogs, lace, bullion, buttons, cuffs, collars, epaulettes, and the Deuce knows what besides.

"I would to heaven!" she wished, "he had never thought of going into the army, — or at least that the Quartermaster had never taken it into his stupid head to quarter him on us. Young, gay captains are very well to flirt with, or to waltz

with, but at my years and bulk waltzing is quite out of the question!"

WALTZING TO A NEW AIR.

CHAPTER VI.

At last Captain Schenk changed his posture, and averted his familiar eyes from the face of Madame Doppeldick; but it was only to give her a fresh alarm with his free-and-easy mouth. First of all he clenched his fists, — then he raised his arms at full stretch above his head, as if he wanted to be crucified, and then, turning his face upwards towards the ceiling, with his eyes shut, and his jaws open, — he yawned such a yawn as panther never yawned after prowling all day, without prey, in a ten-foot cage.

"Auw-yauw-au-ya-augh-auwayawauwghf!"

"By all the Saints," thought the terrified Madame Doppel-

dick, "he will be for packing off to bed at once!" — and in the vain hope of inducing him to sup beforehand, she seized, yes, she actually seized the devoted dish of oysters, and made them relieve guard, with the home-made bacon, just under the captain's nose. It was now honest Dietrich's turn to try to catch the eyes of posts, and tread on the toes of stock-fish; however, for this time the natives were safe.

"By your leave, Madame," said the abominable voice through the mustachios, "I will take nothing except a candle. What with the heavy rain at first, and then the horse artillery ploughing up our marching-ground, I am really dog-tired with my day's work. If you will do me the favor, therefore, to show me to my chamber — "

"Not for the whole world!" exclaimed the horrified Madame Doppeldick; "not for the whole world, I mean, till you

HOB AND NOB.

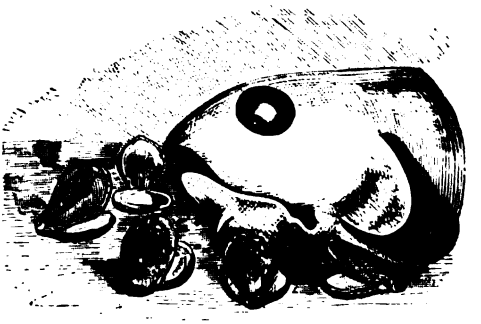
have hob-and-nobbed with us, — at least with the good man." And, like a warm-hearted hostess, jealous of the honor of

her hospitality, she snatched up the spare-candle, and hurried off to the barrel. If she could but set them down to drinking, she calculated, let who *would* be the second, she would herself be the first in bed, if she jumped into it with all her clothes on. It was a likely scheme enough, — but, alas! it fell through, like the rest! Before she had drawn half a flask of Essigberger, or Holzapfelheimer, for I forget which, — she was alarmed by the double screech of two chairs pushed suddenly back on the uncarpeted floor. Then came a trampling of light and heavy feet, and although she dropped the bottle, — and forgot to turn the spigot, — and carried the candle without the candlestick, — and left her left slipper behind her, — still, in spite of all the haste she could make, she only reached the stair-foot just in time to see two Prussian-blue coat-tails, turned up with red, whisking in at the bed-room door!

"WHAT NEXT?" AS THE FROG SAID WHEN HIS TAIL FELL OFF.

CHAPTER VII.

"O THE cruel, the killing ill-luck that pursues us!" exclaimed the forlorn Madame Doppeldick, as her husband returned, with his mouth watering, to the little parlor, where, by some sort of attraction, he was drawn into the captain's vacant chair, instead of his own. In a few seconds the plumpest of Adam Kloot's tender souvenirs, of about the size and shape of a penny-bun, was sliding over his tongue. Then another went — and another — and another. They were a little gone or so, and no wonder; for they had travelled up the Rhine and the Moselle, in a dry "schiff," not a "damp-schiff," towed by real horse-powers, instead of steam-powers, against the stream. To tell the naked truth, there were only four words in the world that a respectably fresh Cod's head could have said to them, namely, —



"NONE OF YOUR SAUCE."

No matter: down they went glibly, glibly. The lemon-juice did something for them, and the vinegar still more, by making them seem sharp instead of flat. Honest Dietrich enjoyed them as mightily as Adam Kloot could have wished; and was in no humor, you may be sure, for spinning prolix answers or long-winded speeches.

"They are good — very! — excellent! Malchen! — Just eat a couple."

But the mind of the forlorn Malchen was occupied with anything but oysters: it was fixed upon things above, or at least overhead. "I do not think I can sit up all night," she murmured, concluding with such a gape that the tears squeezed out plentifully between her fat little eyelids.

"I've found only one bad one — and that was full of black mud — schloo — oo — oo — ooop!" slirropped honest Dietrich. N. B. There is no established formula of minims and crotchets on the gamut to represent the swallowing of an oyster: so the aforesaid syllables of "schloo — oo — oo — ooop" must stand in their stead.

"As for sleeping in my clothes," continued Madame Doppeldick, "the weather is so very warm, — and the little window won't open — and with two in a bed — "

"The English do it, Malchen, — schloo — oo — ooop!"

"But the English beds have curtains," said Madame Doppeldick; "thick stuff or canvas curtains, Dietrich, — all round, and over the top, just like a general's tent."

"We can go — schloo — ooop — to bed in the dark, Malchen."

"No, no," objected Madame Doppeldick, with a grave shake of her head. "We'll have no blindman's-buff work, Dietrich, — and maybe blundering into wrong beds."

"Schloo — oo — oo — oo — ooop."

"And if ever I saw a wild, rakish, immoral, irreligious-looking young man, Dietrich, the captain is one!"

"Schloo — oo — oo — ooop."

"Did you observe, Dietrich, how shamefully he stared at me?"

"Schloo — ooop."

"And the cut on his forehead, Dietrich, I'll be bound he got it for no good!"

"Schloo — oo — oo — ooop."

"Confound Adam Kloot and his oysters to boot!" exclaimed the offended Madame Doppeldick, irritated beyond all patience at the bovine apathy of her connubial partner. "I wish, I do, that the nets had burst in catching them!"

"Why what can one do, Malchen?" asked honest Dietrich, looking up for the first time from the engrossing dish, whence the one-a-penny oysters had all vanished, leaving only the two-a-penny ones behind.

"Saint Ursula only knows!" sighed Madame Doppeldick, her voice relapsing into its former tone of melancholy. "I only know that I will never undress in the room!"

"Then you must undress out of it, Malchen. Schloo — oop. Schloo — oo — oo — oo — ooop."

"I believe that must be the way after all," said Madame Doppeldick, on whose mind her husband's sentence of transcendental philosophy had cast a new light. "To be sure there is a little landing-place at the stair-head, and *our* bed is exactly opposite the door, — and if one scuttled briskly across the room and jumped in. — But are you sure, Dietrich, that you explained everything correctly to the captain? Did you tell him that *his* was the one next the window, with the patchwork coverlet?"

"Not a word of it!" answered honest Dietrich, who, like all other Prussians, had served his two years as a soldier, and was therefore moderately interested in military manœuvres. "Not a word of it; we talked all about the review. But I did what was far better, my own Malchen, for I saw him get into the bed with the patchwork coverlet, with my own eyes, and then took away his candle — Schloo — oo — oop!"

"It was done like my own dear, kind Dietrich," exclaimed the delighted Madame Doppeldick; and in the sudden revulsion of her feelings she actually pulled up his huge round bullet-head from the dish, and kissed him between the nose and chin.

The Domestic Dilemma was disarmed of its horns, Madame Doppeldick saw her way before her, as clear and open as the Rhine three months after the ice has broken up. From that moment, as long as the dish contained two oysters, the air of "Schloo — oo — oo — oo — ooop" was sung, as "arranged for a duet."

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

"ALL is quiet, thank Heaven! the captain is as fast as a church," thought Madame Doppeldick, as she stood in nocturnal dishabille, on the little landing-place at the stair-head. "Now then, my own Dietrich," she whispered, "are you ready to run?" For like the best of wives, as she was, she did not much care to go anywhere without her husband.

But the deliberate Dietrich was not prepared to escort her. He had chosen to undress as usual, with his transcendental pipe in his mouth; indeed it was always the last thing that he took off before getting into bed, so that till all his philosophy was burned to ashes, his mind would not consent to any active corporeal exertion, especially to any locomotion so rapid as a race. At last he stood balancing, made up for the start; his eyes staring, his teeth clenched, his fists doubled, and his arms

swinging, as if he were about to be admitted a burgess of Andernach, — that is to say, by leaping backwards over a winnowing-fan, with a well-poised pail of water in his arms, in order to show if he accomplished it neatly.

"The night-light may be left burning where it is, Dietrich."

"Now then, Malchen!"

"Now then, Dietrich, — and run gently, — on your toes!"

No sooner said than done. The modest Malchen, with the speed of a young wild elephant, made a rush across the room, and, with something of a jump and something more of a scramble, plunged headlong into the bed. The phlegmatic Dietrich was a thought later, from having included the whole length of the landing-place in his run, to help him in his leap, so that just as his bulk came, squash! upon the coverlet, his predecessor was tumbling her body, skow-wow, bow-wow, any-how, over the side of the bedstead.

THE BEARER OF THE GREAT SEAL.

"Sancta Maria!" sobbed Madame Doppeldick, as she settled into hysterics upon the floor.

"Potz-tausend!" said Mr. Doppeldick, as he crawled backwards out of the bed like a crab.

"Ten thousand devils!" bellowed Captain Schenk, — a suppressed exclamation that the first shock had driven from his mouth into his throat, from his throat into his lungs, and from thence into his stomach; but which the second shock had now driven out again in full force.

* * * * *

"Why, I thought, Mister Jean Paul Nemand," says the reader, "that we left the Captain safe and sound, in his own bed, next the window, with the patchwork coverlet?"

"And so we did, Mister Carl Wilhelm Jemand," says the author, "but it was so short that in five minutes he caught the cramp. Wherefore, as there was a second spare bed in the room, and as honest Dietrich had said nothing of other lodgers, and as of all blessings we ought to choose the biggest, the Captain determined to give it a trial; and between you and me he liked the bed well enough, till he felt a sort of smashing pain all over his body, his eyes squeezing out of his face, his nose squeezing into it, and his precious front teeth, at a gulp, going uninvited down his gullet!"

"WHY DID YOU SUP ON PORK?"

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE OBSERVER.

"It's very strange," said the coachman, looking at me over his left shoulder, "I never see it afore: but I've made three observations through life."

Bat — so called for shortness, though in feet and inches he was rather an Upper Benjamin — was anything but what Othello denominates "a puny whipster." He had brandished the whip for full thirty years, at an average of as many miles a day; the product of which, calculated according to Cocker, appears in a respectable sum total of six figures deep.

Now an experience picked up in a progress of some three hundred thousand miles is not to be slighted; so I leaned with my best ear over the coachman's shoulder, in order to catch every syllable.

"I have set on the box, man and boy," said Bat, looking straight ahead between his leaders, "a matter of full thirty year, and what's more, never missing a day, barring the Friday I was married; and one of my remarks is, — I never see a sailor in top-boots."

"Now I think of it, Bat," said I, a little disconcerted at my windfall from the tree of knowledge, "I have had some experience in travelling myself, and certainly do not recollect such a phenomenon."

"I'll take my oath you have n't," said Bat, giving the near leader a little switch of self-satisfaction; "I once driv the Phenomenon myself. There 's no such thing in nature. And I'll tell you another remarkable remark I've made through life, — I never yet see a Jew Pedler with a Newfoundland dog."

"As for that, Bat," said I, perhaps willing to retort upon him a little of my own disappointment, "though I cannot call such a sight to mind, I will not undertake to say I have never met with such an association."

"If you have, you 're a lucky man," said Bat, somewhat sharply, and with a smart cut on the wheeler; "I belong to an association too, and we 've none of us seen it. There 's a hundred members, and I've inquired of every man of 'em, for it's

my remark. But some people see a deal more than their fellows. Mayhap you 've seen the other thing I've observed through life, and that 's this, — I've never observed a black man driving a long stage."

"Never, Bat," said I, desiring to conciliate him, "never in the whole course of my stage practice; and for many years of my life I was a daily visitant to Richmond."

"And no one else has ever seen it," said Bat. "That 's a correct remark, anyhow. As for Richmond, he never drove a team in his life, for I asked him the question myself, just after his fight with Shelton."

THE CONTRAST.

"I HOPE the Leviathian is outward-bound," I ejaculated, half aloud, as I beheld the Kit-Kat portion of the Man-Mountain occupying the whole frame of the coach-window. But Hope deceived as usual; and in he came.

I ought rather to have said he essayed to come in, — for it was only after repeated experiments upon material substances, that he contrived to enter the vehicle edgeways, — if such blunt bodies may be said to have an edge at all. As I contemplated his bulk, I could not help thinking of the mighty Lambert, and was ready to exclaim with Gratiano, "A Daniel! a second Daniel!"

The Brobdignaggian had barely subsided in his seat, when the opposite door opened, and in stepped a Liliputian! The conjunction was whimsical. Yonder, thought I, is the Irish Giant, and the other is the dwarf, Count Borulawski. This coach is their travelling caravan, — and as for myself, I am no doubt the showman.

I was amusing myself with this and kindred fancies, when a hand suddenly held up something at the coach window. "It 's my luggage," said the Giant, with a small penny-trumpet of a pipe, and taking possession of a mere golden pippin of a bundle.

"The three large trunks and the biggest carpet-bag are *my* property," said the Dwarf, with a voice as unexpectedly stentorian.

"Warm day, sir," squeaked the Giant, by way of small talk.

"Prodigious preponderance of caloric in the atmosphere," thundered the Dwarf, by way of big talk.

"Have you paid your fare, gentlemen?" asked the coachman, looking in at the door.

"I have paid half of mine," said the Stupendous, "and it's booked. My name is Lightfoot."

"Mine is Heavyside," said the Pigmy, "and I have disbursed the sum total."

THE GREAT MAIL CONTRACTOR.

The door slammed — the whip cracked — sixteen horse-shoes made a clatter, and away bowled the New Safety; but had barely rolled two hundred yards, when it gave an alarming bound over some loose paving-stones, followed by a very critical swing. The Dwarf, in a tone louder than ever, gave vent to a prodigious oath; the Giant said, "Dear me!"

There will something come of this, said I to myself; so, feigning sleep, I leaned back in a corner, with a wary ear to

their conversation. The Gog had been that morning to the Exhibition of Fleas in Regent Street, and thought them "prodigious!" The Runtling had visited the Great Whale at Charing Cross, and "thought little of it." The Goliah spoke with wonder of the "vast extent of view from the top of the Monument." The David was "disappointed by the prospect from Plinlimmon." The Hurlothrumbo was "amazed by the grandeur of St. Paul's." The Tom Thumb spoke slightingly of St. Peter's at Rome. In theatricals their taste held the same mathematical proportion. Gog "must say he liked the Minors best." The "Wee Thing" declared for the Majors. The Man-Mountain's favorite was Miss *Foote* = twelve inches. The Manikin preferred Miss *Cubitt* = eighteen.

The conversation and the contrast flourished in full flower through several stages, till we stopped to dine at the Salisbury Arms, and then —

The Folio took a chair at the ordinary, —

The Duodecimo required "a room to himself."

The Puppet bespoke a leg of mutton, —

The Colossus ordered a mutton-chop.

The Imp rang the bell for "the loaf," —

The Monster called for a roll.

A magnum of port was decanted for the Minimum.

A short pint of sherry was set before the Maximum.

We heard the Mite bellowing by himself, "The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!"

The Mammoth hummed "The Streamlet."

The Tiny, we learned, was bound to Plimpton Magna.

The Huge, we found, was going to Plimpton Parva.

A hundred other circumstances have escaped from Memory through the holes that time has made in her sieve; but I remember distinctly, as we passed the bar in our passage outwards, that while

The Pigmy bussed the landlady, — a buxom widow, fat, fair, and forty, —

The Giant kissed her daughter, — a child ten years old, and remarkably small for her age.

THE CHECK-STRING.

THOSE who have travelled much as inside passengers in a long stage-coach, whilst they admired the facility of starting off with one, must have occasionally remarked the difficulty of stopping with it, just at the point where it would be convenient to be set down. An ailing man may not have voice enough to lock all the four wheels at once; and should he be, as is probable, a nervous man besides, he will not without some hesitation make up his mind to request of some stentorian neighbor the loan of a set of lungs. In a six-inside coach, the timid occupier of a middle seat has no chance whatever, unless to take advantage of the first casual halt, or an upset. Even in the four-inside vehicle, a weakly, shy traveller's case is equally hopeless, supposing the passengers on the roof to have properly tucked up the skirts of their great and little coats. To a bold, brassy fellow even, with a tongue like a trumpet, it is anything but an easy affair to say Woh! with any effect to a Dart that is flying at twelve miles within the hour. The coachman, who ought to hear, will not; the horses hear, but do not understand; the coach cannot hear; the outsiders admire the pace too much to hear anything but the patter of the hoofs. At last, when he has succeeded, the stout gentleman with the big voice, who wants to run home, finds generally that he has a good hundred yards or two allowed him of law, measured, as the Irish always mete it out, *backwards*.

It was after a more serious dilemma, — for a little nervous bashful man, with a little squeaking voice like Punch's, though he was not so fond of exhibiting it, after suffering himself to be carried two miles beyond his house, had at last fractured the small bone of his leg, by opening the door in despair and jumping out, — that a discussion ensued in the Brighton "Age," as to the best means of being let out to order. Many different methods had been proposed before the little florid, plump gentleman in black delivered his opinion, with his back to the horses.

"For my own part, ratiocinating on hackney-coaches, I should hypothetically propose check-strings."

"Lord forbid!" exclaimed a voice from the other seat, on the same side. Nobody remembered to have heard that voice before, from London to Crawley Common.

The friend to check-strings seemed thunderstruck by the explosion. He screwed himself round to take a look at his neighbor, — did n't like him at all, — turned back again, — stole another look, — liked him worse than before, — then looked for the third time, and hated him. His seat became uneasy; he had found a choke-pear, very like a hedgehog, and, very like a bull terrier, he could neither kill it nor let it alone. It clung to him like a bur which you pull off your hat that it may stick on your right-hand glove, thence to be transferred to the left-hand one, and so on alternately till you finally get rid of it on your pantaloons. The "Lord forbid," like Macbeth's "Amen," stuck in his throat, — it buzzed in his head like a fly in a horse's ear. However, he held his uncomfortable peace till silence itself became insupportable. At last he broke out: —

"Humph! Doubtful as I am whether common coach conversation ought to be tied by strict rules of logic, still I cannot suppress the remark, that when one gentleman syllogistically brings forward a proposition of check-strings, for another gentleman to cry 'Lord forbid,' does not appear to my mind to be following a regular line of argument. But perhaps the forbidding gentleman will have the goodness to explain the colloquial anomaly."

The forbidding gentleman, thus appealed to, good-humoredly apologized. It was a mere slip of the tongue, he said; the words escaped from him involuntarily; but his fellow-traveller would probably excuse him, in consideration of the fact, that on account of a check-string he had lost the only hope of affluence he ever had in his life.

"Indeed, sir! why then I excuse the colloquial irregularity with all my heart," said the warm man, putting both his hands into his pockets; "but, upon my life, sir, it must have been a very extraordinary consequence."

"A very simple one, sir," returned the other. "The facts are briefly these: my maternal uncle had lately returned from India with an immense fortune, a handsome portion of which was my own in expectance, on no worse authority than his own promise. He was a widower with an only daughter, with whom and himself I one evening found myself in the carriage, on our way to a dinner-party, given by a nobleman then intimately connected with East Indian affairs. We were very

late; and my uncle, the Nabob, who rode backward, was extremely fidgety, insisting that we were going beyond our destination. Every other minute he was thrusting his head out of the front window to dispute with the coachman, who, in truth, was a little less sober, and more obstinate, than became him. And so we went onwards, till my uncle's temper, always irritable, was worked up almost to combustion. In such moods he was rather apt to give vent to serio-comic ebullitions; and my ill-fortune has gifted me with risible muscles of exquisite

A CHINESE PUZZLE.

sensibility. I was in the very midst of an ill-smothered laugh, when my fair cousin, giving me a sudden push, and then clasping her hands, exclaimed that we were going past the house. I instantly jumped up and made for the check-string, but with no more effect than if I had pulled at anything else. Gracious Heaven! I had better have pulled the string of a

shower-bath, full of scalding hot water, to pour itself on my devoted head! By that one infernal pull, sir, I pulled myself out of half a plum!"

"A sad pull indeed, sir!" said the florid, plump man in black. "But — humph — begging your pardon, sir, I cannot really derive any such deduction from the premises."

"A moment's patience, sir," continued the unfortunate coach-stopper. "Lord forbid check-strings, — Lord forbid all strings whatever! I was in despair, sir. I could have sunk through the bottom of the carriage! — I believe I went down on my knees. I said everything I could think of, and begged fifty thousand pardons, but my uncle was obdurate. 'Pray don't mention it,' he said, in his most caustic tone, — 'it has saved me fifty thousand pounds. It's a very good practical joke, although it will not read quite so well in my will.'"

"But surely, sir," objected the plump man, "your uncle never acted on a conclusion, jumped to, as I may say, by such very imperfect inferences?"

"You did not know my uncle, sir," answered the unfortunate kinsman with a deep sigh. "But you shall judge of his character from the clause itself: — 'Item, I give and bequeath to my jocose nephew, Arthur Carruthers Oliphant, *for pulling his uncle's pigtail*, the sum of one shilling, sterling.'"

"A SPLIT WITH DUCROW.'

THE SUDDEN DEATH.

THERE are several objections to one-horse vehicles. With two wheels, they are dangerous; with four, generally cruel inventions, tasking one animal with the labor of two. And, in either case, should your horse think proper to die on the road, you have no survivor to drag your carriage through the rest of the stage; or to be sent off galloping with the coachman on his back for a coadjutor.

That was precisely Miss Norman's dilemma.

If a horse could be supposed to harbor so deadly a spite against his proprietor, I should believe that the one in question

"TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE, AND THE POUNDS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES."

chose to vent his animosity by giving up the ghost just at the spot where it would cause most annoyance and inconvenience. For fourteen months past he had drawn the lady in daily air-

ings to a point just short of the Binn Gate; — because that fifty yards further would have cost sixpence; a sum which Miss Norman could, or believed she could, but ill spare out of a limited income. At this very place, exactly opposite the tall elm which usually gave the signal for turning homeward, did Plantagenet prefer to drop down stone-dead: as if determined that his mistress should have to walk every inch of it, to her own house.

But Miss Norman never walked.

Pedestrianism was, in her opinion, a very vulgar exercise, unavoidable with the poor, and to some people, as postmen, bankers' clerks, hawkers, and the like, a professional mode of progression, but a bodily exertion very derogatory to persons of birth and breeding. So far was this carried, that she was once heard to declare, speaking of certain rather humble obsequies, "She would rather live forever than have a walking funeral!" On another occasion, when the great performance of Captain Barclay, in walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours, was submitted to her opinion, she said, "It was a step she did not approve."

It might be surmised from such declarations, that she was incapable of personal locomotion, through some original infirmity, for instance, such as results from the rickets; whereas, so far from allowing any deficiency on the part of her nurse or parents in putting her to her feet, Miss Norman professed to have the perfect command of all her limbs, and would have felt extremely offended at a hint that she could not dance. It was quite another weakness than any bodily one which restricted her promenades, and made her feet almost as useless to her as those of the female Chinese. Pride was in fault; and partly her surname, for suggesting to one of her ancestors that he was a descendant of William the First of England: a notion which, after turning his own head, had slightly crazed those of his successors, who all believed, as part and parcel of their inheritance, on the strength of the "Norman" and some dubious old pedigree, that the Conqueror was their great progenitor.

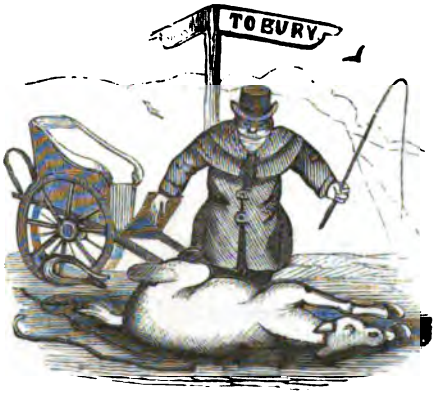
The hereditary arrogance engendered by this imaginary distinction had successively displayed itself by outbreaks of different character, according to the temperament of the individual who happened to be head of the family: with Miss Norman, the

last of *her* line, it took the form of a boast that every branch and twig of her illustrious tree had always ridden "in their own carriage." I am not quite sure whether she did not push this pretension further back than the date of the invention of "little houses on wheels" would warrant; however, it held good, in local tradition, for several generations, although the family vehicle had gradually dwindled down from an ample coach to a chariot, a fly, and, finally, the one-inside sedan-chair upon wheels, which the sudden death of Plantagenet left planted fifty yards short of the Binn Gate. To glance at the whole set-out, nobody would ever have attributed high birth and inherent gentility to its owner. 'T was never of a piece.

DESCENDED FROM THE CONQUEROR.

For once that the body was new-painted, the arms were thrice refreshed and touched up, till the dingy vehicle, by the glaring comparison, looked more ancient than the quarterings. The crest was much oftener renewed than the hammer-cloth; and Humphrey, the coachman, evidently never got a new suit all at

once. He had always old drab to bran-new bright sky-blue plush; or *vice versa*. Sometimes a hat in its first gloss got the better of its old tarnished band; sometimes the fresh gold made the brown beaver look still more antique. The same with the harness and the horse, which was sometimes a tall spanking brute, who seemed to have outgrown the concern; at other times, a short, pony-like animal, who had been put into the shafts by mistake. In short, the several articles seemed to belong the more especially to Miss Norman because they belonged so little to each other. A few minutes made a great change in her possessions, instead of a living horse, hight Plantagenet, she was proprietor of certain hundred-weights of dogs'-meat.



"WARRANTED QUIET TO RIDE OR DRIVE."

It was just at this moment that I came up with my gig; and knowing something of the lady's character, I pulled up in expectation of a scene. Leaving my own bay, who would stand as steady as a mute at death's door, I proceeded to assist the coachman in extricating his horse; but the nag of royal line was stone-dead; and I accompanied Humphrey to the carriage-door to make his report.

A recent American author has described, as an essential attribute of high birth and breeding in England, a certain sort of Quakerly composure in all possible sudden emergencies,

such as an alarm of the house on fire, or a man falling into a fit by one's side; in fact, the same kind of self-command which Pope praises in a lady who is "mistress of herself, though china fall." In this particular, Miss Norman's conduct justified her pretensions. She was mistress of herself, though her horse fell. She did not start, exclaim, put her head out of the window, or even let down the front glass; she only adjusted herself more exactly in the middle of the seat, drew herself bolt upright, and fixed her eyes on the back of the coach-box. In this posture Humphrey found her.

"If you please, ma'am, Planty-ginit be dead." The lady acquiesced with the smallest nod ever made.

"I've took off the collar, and the bit out, and got un out o' harness entirely; but he be as unanimate as his own shoes;" and the informant looked earnestly at the lady to observe the effect of the communication. But she never moved a muscle; and honest Humphrey was just shutting the coach-door, to go and finish the laying out of the corpse, when he was recalled.

"Humphrey!"

"What's your pleasure, ma'am?"

"Remember, another time ——"

"Yes, ma'am."

"When a horse of mine is deceased ——"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Touch your hat."

The abashed coachman instantly paid up the salute in arrear. Unblest by birthright with self-possession, he had not even the advantage of experience in the first families, where he might have learned a little from good example. He was a raw, uncouth country servant, with the great merit of being cheap, whom Miss Norman had undertaken to educate; but he was still so far from proficient, that, in the importance of breaking the death to his mistress, he had omitted one of those minor tokens of respect which she always rigorously exacted.

It was now my own turn to come forward, and, as deferentially as if she had been indeed the last of the Conqueror's Normandy pippins, I tendered a seat in my chaise, which she tacitly declined, with a gracious gesture of head and hand.

"If you please, ma'am," said Humphrey, taking care to touch his hat, and shutting his head into the carriage so that I might not overhear him, "he's a respectable kind of gentleman enough, and connected with some of the first houses."

"The gentleman's name?"

"To be sure, ma'am, the gentleman can't help his name," answered Humphrey, fully aware of the peculiar prejudices of his mistress; "but it be Huggins."

"Shut the door!"

It appeared, on explanation with the coachman, that he had mistaken me for a person in the employ of the opulent firm of Naylor & Co., whose province it was to travel throughout Britain with samples of hardware in the box-seat of his gig. I did not take the trouble to undeceive him, but, determining to see the end of the affair, I affected to hope that the lady

"ONE MAY GO FARTHER AND FARE WORSE," AS THE HORSE SAID.

would change her mind; and accordingly I renewed, from time to time, my offer of accommodation, which was always stiffly declined. After a tolerably long pause on all sides, my expectation was excited by the appearance of the W—— coach coming through the Binn Gate, the only public vehicle that used the road. At sight of the dead horse, the driver

(the noted Jem Wade) pulled up, alighted, and, standing at the carriage-door with his hat off, as if he knew his customer, made an offer of his services. But Miss Norman, more dignified than ever, waved him off with her hand. Jem became more pressing, and the lady more rigid. "She never rode," she condescended to say, "in *public* vehicles." Jem entreated again; but "she was accustomed to be driven by her *own* coachman." It was in vain that in answer he praised the quietness of his team, the safety of his patent boxes, besides promising the utmost steadiness and sobriety on his own part. Miss Norman still looked perseveringly at the back of her coach-box; which, on an unlucky assurance that "he would take as much care of her as of his own mother," she exchanged for a steady gaze at the side-window, opposite to the coachman, so long as he remained in the presence.

"JACK 'S AS GOOD AS HIS MASTER."

"By your leave, ma'am," said Humphrey, putting his hand to his hat, and keeping it there, "Mr. Wade be a very civil-spoken careful whip, and his coach loads very respectable society. There 's Sir Vincent Ball on the box."

"If Sir Vincent Ball chooses to degrade himself, it is no rule for *me!*" retorted the lady, without turning her head; when lo! Sir Vincent appeared himself, and politely endeavored to persuade her out of her prejudices. It was useless. Miss Norman's ancestors had one and all expressed a very decided opinion against stage-coaches, by never getting into one; and "she did not feel disposed to disgrace a line longer than common, by riding in any carriage but her own." Sir Vincent bowed and retreated. So did Jem Wade, without bowing, fervently declaring "he would never do the civil thing to the old female sex again!"

The stage rattled away at an indignant gallop; and we were left once more to our own resources. By way of passing the time, I thrice repeated my offers to the obdurate old maiden, and received as many rebuffs. I was contemplating the fourth trial, when a signal was made from the carriage-window, and Humphrey, hat in hand, opened the door.

"Procure me a post-chaise."

"A po-shay!" echoed Humphrey, but, like an Irish echo, with some variation from his original; "Lord help ye, ma'am, there bean't such a thing to be had ten miles round, — no, not for love nor money. Why, bless ye, it be election time, and there bean't coach, cart, nor dog-barrow, but what be gone to it!"

"No matter," said the mistress, drawing herself up with an air of lofty resignation. "I revoke my order; for it is far, very far, from the kind of riding that I prefer. And Humphrey ——"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Another time ——"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Remember once for all ——"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I do not choose to be blest, or the Lord to help me."

Another pause in our proceedings, during which a company of ragged boys, who had been blackberrying, came up, and planted themselves, with every symptom of vulgar curiosity, around the carriage. Miss Norman had now no single glass through which she could look without encountering a group of low-life faces staring at her with all their might. Neither could she help hearing some such shocking ill-bred remarks

as, "Vy don't the frizzle-vigged old Guy get into the gemman's drag?" Still the pride of the Normans sustained her. She seemed to draw a sort of supplementary neck out of her bosom, and sat more rigidly erect than ever, occasionally favoring the circle, like a mad bull at bay, with a most awful threatening look, accompanied ever by the same five words:—

"I CHOOSE to be alone."

It is easy to say choose, but more difficult to have one's choice. The blackberry boys chose to remain; and, in reply to each congé, only proved by a general grin how very much teeth are set off to advantage by purple mouths. I confess I took pity on the pangs even of unwarrantable pride, and urged my proposal again with some warmth; but it was repelled with absolute scorn.

"Fellow, you are insolent!"

"Quis Deus vult perdure," thought I, and I determined to let her take her fate, merely staying to mark the result. After a tedious interval, in which her mind had doubtless looked abroad as well as inward, it appeared that the rigor of the condition, as to riding only in her own carriage, had been somewhat relaxed to meet the exigency of the case. A fresh tapping at the window summoned the obsequious Humphrey to receive orders.

"Present my compliments at the Grove,—and the loan of the chariot will be esteemed a favor."

"By your leave, ma'am," if I may speak——"

"You may *not*."

Humphrey closed the door, but remained for a minute gazing on the panel, at a blue arm, with a red carving-knife in its hand, defending a black and white rolling-pin. If he meditated any expostulation, he gave it up, and proceeded to drive away the boys, one of whom was astride on the dead Plantagenet, a second grinning through his collar, and two more preparing to play at horses with the reins. It seemed a strange mode enough that he took to secure the harness, by hanging it, collar and all, on his own back and shoulders; but by an aside to me, he explained the mystery, in a grumble.

"It be no use in the world. I see the charrot set off for Lonnon. I shan't go compli*ménting* no Grove. I 'se hang about a bit at the George, and compli*ment* a pint o' beer."

Away he went, intending, no doubt, to be fully as good as

his word; and I found the time grow tedious in his absence. I had almost made up my mind to follow his example, when hope revived at the sound of wheels; and up came a tax-cart, carrying four insides, namely, two well-grown porkers, Master Bardell, the pig-butcher, and his foreman, Samuel Slark, or, as he was more commonly called, Sam the Sticker. They were both a trifle "the worse for liquor," if such a phrase might honestly be applied to men who were only a little more courageous, more generous, and civil and obliging to the fair sex, than their wont when perfectly sober. The Sticker, especially, — in his most temperate moments a perfect sky-blue-bodied, red-faced, bowing and smirking pattern of politeness to females, — was now, under the influence of good ale, a very Sir Calidore, ready to comfort and succor distressed damsels, to fight for them, live or die for them, with as much of the chivalrous spirit as remains in our times. They inquired, and I explained in a few words the lady's dilemma, taking care to forewarn them, by relating the issue of my own attempts in her behalf.

"Mayhap you warn't half purlite or pressing enough," observed Sam, with a side wink at his master. "It an't a bit of a scrape, and a civil word, as will get a strange lady up into a strange gemman's gig. It wants warmth-like, and making on her feel at home. Only let me alone with her, for a persuader, and I'll have her up in our cart — my master's that is to say — afore you can see whether she has feet or hoofs."

In a moment the speaker was at the carriage-door, stroking down his sleek forelocks, bowing, and using his utmost eloquence, even to the repeating most of his arguments twice over. She would be perfectly safe, he told her, sitting up between him and master, and quite pleasant, for the pigs would keep themselves to themselves at the back of the cart, and as for the horse, he was nothing but a good one, equal to twelve mile an hour, — with much more to the same purpose. It was quite unnecessary for Miss Norman to say she had never ridden in a cart with two pigs and two butchers; and she did not say it. She merely turned away her head from the man, to be addressed by the master, at the other window, the glass of which she had just let down for a little air. "A taxed cart, madam," he said, "may n't be exactly the wehicle

accustomed to, and so forth; but thereby, considering respective ranks of lifes, why, the more honor done to your humbles, which, as I said afore, will take every care, and observe the respectful; likewise in distancing the two hogs. Whereby, everything considered, namely, necessity and so forth, I will make so bold as hope, madam, excusing *more* pressing, and the like, and dropping ceremony for the time being, you will embrace us at once, as you shall be most heartily welcome to, and be considered by your humbles as a favor besides."

The sudden drawing up of the window, so violently as to shiver the glass, showed sufficiently in what light Miss Norman viewed Master Bardell's behavior. It was an unlucky smash, for it afforded what the tradesman would have called "an advantageous opening" for pouring in a fresh stream of

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR."

eloquence; and the Sticker, who shrewdly estimated the convenience of the breach, came round the back of the carriage, and as junior counsel "followed on the same side." But he took nothing by the motion. The lady was invincible, or, as

the discomfited pair mutually agreed, "as hard for to be *convinced into a cart* as anything on four legs." The blackberry boys had departed, the evening began to close in, and no Humphrey made his appearance. The butcher's horse was on the fret, and his swine grumbled at the delay. The master and man fell into consultation, and favored me afterwards with the result, the Sticker being the orator. It was man's duty, he said, to look after women, pretty or ugly, young or old; it was what we all came into the world to do, namely, to make ourselves comfortable and agreeable to the fair sex. As for himself, purtecting females was his nature, and he should never lie easy agin, if so be he left the lady on the road; and providing a female would n't be purtected with her own free will, she ought to be forced to, like any other live beast unsensible of its own good. Them was his sentiments, and his master followed 'em up. They knowed Miss Norman, name and fame, and was both well-known respectable men in their lines, and I might ax about for their characters. Whereby, supposing I approved, they 'd have her, right and tight, in their cart, afore she felt herself respectfully off her legs.

Such were the arguments and the plan of the bull-headed pair. I attempted to reason with them, but my consent had clearly been only asked as a compliment. The lady herself hastened the catastrophe. Whether she had overheard the debate, or the amount of long pent-up emotion became too overwhelming for its barriers, I know not; but pride gave way to nature, and a short hysteric scream proceeded from the carriage. Miss Norman was in fits! We contrived to get her seated on the step of the vehicle, where the butchers supported her, fanning her with their hats, whilst I ran off to a little pool near at hand for some cold water. It was the errand only of some four or five minutes; but when I returned, the lady, only half conscious, had been caught up, and there she sat, in the cart, right and tight, between the two butchers, instead of the two Salvages, or Griffins, or whatever they were, her hereditary supporters. They were already on the move. I jumped into my own gig, and put my horse to his speed; but I had lost my start, and when I came up with them, they were already galloping into W——. Unfortunately, her residence was at the further end of the town, and thither I saw her conveyed, struggling in the bright blue, and

somewhat greasy, arms of Sam the Sticker, screaming in concert with the two swine, and answered by the shouts of the whole rabblement of the place, who knew Miss Norman quite as well by sight as "her own carriage"!

"I'M AFRAID I'M IN LOW COMPANY."

NATIONAL TALES.

"I am to speak of universal occurrences, with some misfortunes in part, and partly leaning to matters of love." — PHILOSTRATUS.

PREFACE.

It has been decided, by the learned Malthusians of our century, that there is too great an influx of new books into this reading world. An apology seems therefore to be required of me for increasing my family in this kind; and by twin volumes, instead of the single octavos which have hitherto been my issue. But I concede not to that modern doctrine, which supposes a world on short allowance, or a generation without a ration. There is no mentionable overgrowth likely to happen in life or literature. Wholesome checks are appointed against over-fecundity in any species. Thus the whale thins the myriads of herrings, the teeming rabbit makes Thyestean family dinners on her own offspring, and the hyenas devour themselves. Death is never backward when the human race wants hoeing; nor the Critic to thin the propagation of the press. The surplus children, that would encumber the earth, are thrown back in the grave, — the superfluous works, into the coffins prepared for them by the trunk-maker. Nature provides thus equally against scarcity or repletion. There are a thousand blossoms for the one fruit that ripens, and numberless buds for every prosperous flower. Those for which there is no space or sustenance drop early from the bough; and even so these leaves of mine will pass away, if there be not patronage extant, and to spare, that may endow them with a longer date.

I make, therefore, no excuses for this production, since it is a venture at my own peril. The serious character of the generality of the stories is a deviation from my former attempts, and I have received advice enough, on that account, to make me present them with some misgiving. But because I have jested elsewhere, it does not follow that I am incompetent for gravity, of which any owl is capable; or proof against melancholy, which besets even the ass. Those who can be touched by neither of these moods rank lower, indeed, than both of these creatures. It is from none of the player's ambition, which has led the buffoon by a rash step into the tragic

buskin, that I assume the sadder humor, but because I know from certain passages that such affections are not foreign to my nature. During my short lifetime, I have often been as "sad as night," and not like the young gentlemen of France, merely from wantonness. It is the contrast of such leaden and golden fits that lends a double relish to our days. A life of mere laughter is like music without its bass; or a picture (conceive it) of vague unmitigated light; whereas the occasional melancholy, like those grand, rich glooms of old Rembrandt, produces an incomparable effect and a very grateful relief.

It will flatter me to find that these my Tales can give a hint to the dramatist, — or a few hours' entertainment to any one. I confess I have thought well enough of them to make me compose some others, which I keep at home, like the younger Benjamin, till I know the treatment of their elder brethren, whom I have sent forth (to buy corn for me) into Egypt.

"To be too confident is as unjust
In any work, as too much to distrust;
Who, from the rules of study have not swerv'd
Know begg'd applauses never were deserv'd.
We must submit to censure, so doth he
Whose hours begot this issue; yet, being free,
For his part, if he have not pleased you, then,
In this kind he 'll not trouble you again."

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY.

"Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve." — OLD PLAY.

INSTEAD of speaking of occurrences which accidentally came under my observation, or were related to me by others, I purpose to speak of certain tragical adventures which personally concerned me; and to judge from the agitation and horror which the remembrance, at this distance of time, excites in me, the narrative shall not concede in interest to any creation of fiction and romance. My hair has changed from black to gray since those events occurred, — strange and wild and terrible enough for a dream, I wish I could believe that they had passed only on my pillow; but when I look around me, too many sad tokens are present to convince me that they were real, — for I still behold the ruins of an old calamity!

To commence, I must refer back to my youth, when, having no brothers, it was my happy fortune to meet with one who, by his rare qualities and surpassing affection, made amends to me for that denial of nature. Antonio de Linares was, like myself, an orphan, and that circumstance contributed to endear him to my heart. We were both born, too, on the same day; and it was one of our childish superstitions to believe, that thereby our fates were so intimately blended, that on the same day also, we should each descend to the grave. He was my schoolmate, my playfellow, my partner in all my little possessions; and as we grew up, he became my counsellor, my bosom friend, and adopted brother. I gave to his keeping the very keys of my heart, and with a like sweet confidence he intrusted

me even with his ardent passion for my beautiful and accomplished cousin, Isabelle de ****; and many earnest deliberations we held over the certain opposition to be dreaded from her father, who was one of the proudest as well as poorest nobles of Andalusia. Antonio had embraced the profession of arms, and his whole fortune lay at the point of his sword; yet with that he hoped to clear himself a path to glory, to wealth, and to Isabelle. The ancestors of the Condé himself had been, originally, ennobled and enriched by the gratitude of their sovereign, for their signal services in the field; and when I considered the splended and warlike talents which had been evinced by my friend, I did not think that his aspirations were too lofty or too sanguine. He seemed made for war; his chief delight was to read of the exploits of our old Spanish chivalry against the Moors; and he lamented bitterly that an interval of profound peace allowed him no opportunity of signalizing his prowess and his valor against the infidels and enemies of Spain. All his exercises were martial; the chase and the bull-fight were his amusement, and more than once he engaged as a volunteer in expeditions against the mountain banditti, a race of men dangerous and destructive to our enemies in war, but the scourge and terror of their own country in times of peace. Often his bold and adventurous spirit led him into imminent jeopardy; but the same contempt of danger, united with his generous and humane nature, made him as often the instrument of safety to others. An occasion upon which he rescued me from drowning, confirmed in us both the opinion that our lives were mutually dependent, and at the same time put a stop to the frequent railleries I used to address to him on his wanton and unfair exposures of our joint existences. This service procured him a gracious introduction and reception at my uncle's, and gave him opportunities of enjoying the society of his beloved Isabelle; but the stern disposition of the Condé was too well known on both sides to allow of any more than the secret avowal of their passion for each other. Many tears were secretly shed by my excellent cousin over this cruel consideration, which deterred her from sharing her confidence with her parent; but at length, on his preparing for a journey to Madrid, in those days an undertaking of some peril, she resolved, by the assistance of filial duty, to overcome this fear, and to open her

bosom to her father, before he departed from her, perhaps forever.

I was present at the parting of the Condé with his daughter, which the subsequent event impressed too strongly on my memory to be ever forgotten. It has been much disputed whether persons have those special warnings, by dreams or omens, which some affirm they have experienced before sudden or great calamity; but it is certain that before the departure of my uncle, he was oppressed with the most gloomy forebodings. These depressions he attributed to the difficulties of the momentous lawsuit which called him to Madrid, and which, in fact, involved his title to the whole possessions of his ancestors; but Isabelle's mind interpreted this despondence as the whisper of some guardian spirit or angel; and this belief, united with the difficulty she found in making the confession that lay at her heart, made her earnestly convert these glooms into an argument against his journey.

"Surely," she said, "this melancholy which besets you is some warning from above, which it would be impious to despise; and therefore, sir, let me entreat you to remain here, lest you sin by tempting your own fate, and make me wretched forever."

"Nay, Isabelle," he replied gravely, "I should rather sin by mistrusting the good providence of God, which is with us in all places; with the traveller in the desert, as with the mariner on the wild ocean; notwithstanding, let me embrace you, my dear child, as though we never should meet again;" and he held her for some minutes closely pressed against his bosom.

I saw that Isabelle's heart was vainly swelling with the secret it had to deliver, and would fain have spoken for her; but she had strictly forbidden me or Antonio to utter a word on the subject, from a feeling that such an avowal should only come from her own lips. Twice, as her father prepared to mount his horse, she caught the skirts of his mantle and drew him back to the threshold; but as often as she attempted to speak, the blood overflooded her pale cheeks and bosom, her throat choked, and at last she turned away with a despairing gesture, which was meant to say, that the avowal was impossible. The Condé was not unmoved, but he mistook the cause of her agitation, and referred it to a vague presentiment of evil, by which he was not uninfluenced himself. Twice, after

solemnly blessing his daughter, he turned back; once, indeed, to repeat some trifling direction, but the second time he lingered, abstracted and thoughtful, as if internally taking a last farewell of his house and child. I had before earnestly entreated to be allowed to accompany him, and now renewed my request; but the proposal seemed only to offend him, as an imputation on the courage of an old soldier, and he deigned no other reply than by immediately setting spurs to his horse. I then turned to Isabelle; she was deadly pale, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes was leaning against the pillars of the porch for support. Neither of us spoke; but we kept our eyes earnestly fixed on the lessening figure, that with a slackened pace was now ascending the opposite hill. The road was winding, and sometimes hid and sometimes gave him back to our gaze, till at last he attained a point near the summit, where we knew a sudden turn of the road would soon cover him entirely from our sight. My cousin, I saw, was overwhelmed with fear and self-reproach, and pointing to the figure, now no bigger than a raven, I said I would still overtake him, and if she pleased, induce him to return; but she would not listen to the suggestion. Her avowal, she said, should never come to her father from any lips but her own; but she still hoped, she added, with a faint smile that he would return safely from Madrid; and then, if the lawsuit should be won, he would be in such a mood that she should not be afraid to unlock her heart to him. This answer satisfied me. The Condé was now passing behind the extreme point of the road, and it was destined to be the last glimpse we should ever have of him. The old man never returned.

As soon as a considerable time had elapsed more than was necessary to inform us of his arrival in the capital, we began to grow very anxious, and a letter was despatched to his Advocate with the necessary inquiries. The answer brought affliction and dismay. The Condé had never made his appearance, and the greatest anxiety prevailed amongst the lawyers, engaged on his behalf, for the success of their cause. Isabelle was in despair: all her tears and self-reproaches were renewed with increased bitterness, and the tenderest arguments of Antonio and myself were insufficient to subdue her alarm, or console her for what was now aggravated in her eyes to a most heinous breach of filial piety and affection. She was naturally

of a religious turn, and the reproofs of her confessor not only tended to increase her despondency, but induced her to impose upon herself a voluntary and rash act of penance that caused us the greatest affliction. It had been concerted between Antonio and myself, that we should immediately proceed by different routes in search of my uncle; and at daybreak, after the receipt of the Advocate's letter, we were mounted and armed, and ready to set forth upon our anxious expedition. It only remained for us to take leave of my cousin; and as we were conscious that some considerable degree of peril was attached to our pursuit, it was on mine, and must have been to Antonio's feeling, a parting of anxious interest and importance. But the farewell was forbidden, — the confessor himself informed us of a resolution which he strenuously commended, but which to us, for this once, seemed to rob his words of either reverence or authority. Isabelle, to mark her penitence for her imaginary sin, had abjured the company, and even the sight of her lover, until her father's return and she should have reposed in his bosom that filial confidence, which, she conceived, had been so sinfully omitted. This rash determination was confirmed by a sacred vow; and in a momentary fit of disappointment and disapprobation, which with pain I now confess, I refused to avail myself of the exception that was allowed in my favor, to receive her farewell. Antonio was loud in his murmurings; but the case admitted of no alternative, and we set forward with sad and heavy hearts, which were not at all lightened as we approached the appointed spot, where we were to diverge from each other. I was accompanied by my man-servant Juan; but Antonio had resolutely persisted in his intention of travelling alone; the general rapidity and adventurous course of his proceedings, indeed, would have made a companion an incumbrance; and he insisted that the impenetrability and consequent success of his plans, had been always most insured by his being single in their execution. There was some reason in this argument. Antonio's spirits seemed to rally as he advanced to the threshold of the dangers and difficulties he was going probably to encounter; and after ardently wringing my hand, and half jestingly reminding me of the co-dependence of our lives, he dashed the spurs into his horse, and speedily galloped out of sight.

The road assigned to myself was the least arduous, but the one I thought it most likely my uncle would have taken on account of the neighborhood of some family connections, whither his business would most probably carry him; but only at the first of these mansions could I obtain any intelligence of his arrival. He had called there to obtain some necessary signatures, and had proceeded without any expressed intention of the route in which he was next to travel. It was conjectured, however, that he would proceed to the Chateau of * * * * another branch of the family, and to that point I directed my course. But here all clue was lost; and no alternative was left me, but to return to the line of the high road to Madrid. I must here pass over a part of my progress, which would consist only of tedious repetitions. Traces, imagined to be discovered, but ending in constant disappointment, — hopes and fears, — exertion and fatigue, make up all the history of the second day, till finally a mistaken and unknown road brought us in time to take refuge from a tempestuous night, at a lonely inn on the mountains. I have called it an inn, but the portion thus occupied was only a fraction of an old deserted mansion, one wing of which had been rudely repaired and made habitable, whilst the greater part was left untenanted to its slow and picturesque decay. The contrast was striking: whilst in the windows of one end, the lights moving to and fro, the passing and repassing of shadows, and various intermitting noises and voices, denoted the occupancy; in the centre and the other extreme of the pile, silence and darkness held their desolate and absolute reign. I thought I recognized in this building the description of an ancient residence of my uncle's ancestry, but long since alienated and surrendered to the wardenship of Time. It frowned, methought, with the gloomy pride and defiance which had been recorded as the hereditary characteristics of its founders; and, but for the timely shelter it afforded, I should perhaps have bitterly denounced the appropriation of the innkeeper, which interfered so injuriously with these hallowed associations. At present, when the sky lowered, and large falling raindrops heralded a tempest, I turned without reluctance from the old quaintly-wrought portal to the more humble porch, which held out its invitation of comfort and hospitality.

My knocking brought the host himself to the door, and he

speedily introduced me to an inner room, for the smallness of which he apologized, adding, that I should find, however, that it was the better for being somewhat distant from the noisy carousal of his other guests. This man was a striking example of the strange marriage of inconsistencies with which Nature seems sometimes to amuse herself. My arms were instinctively surrendered to the offer of his care; and, till I looked again on his face, I did not think they had been so imprudently given up. His countenance enveloped — almost hidden — in black shaggy hair, had in it a savage, animal expression, that excited at once my fear and disgust. It was wolf-like; and as I have heard of brutes, that they are unable to endure the steady gaze of man, so his eyes were continually shifting; ever restless, yet ever watchful, though only by short and sidelong glances. They seemed to penetrate and surprise, by startling and hasty snatches, the designs and emotions you might have kept veiled from a more steadfast and determined inquisition. I am certain I would rather have met the most fixed and unremitting gaze than his. His frame was appropriately large, yet proportioned and muscular; it seemed adapted at once for strength and activity, — to spring, to wind, to crouch, or, at need, to stiffen itself into an attitude of staunch and inflexible resistance. How came such a figure to be the habitation of such a voice? This was low, mellow, full of soft and musical inflections, which insinuated his courtesies with a charm it was impossible to repel. If the utterance be tuned by the heart, as some have affirmed, and the characteristics of passion denote themselves in the lines of the countenance, what an irreconcileable contradiction was involved in this man! His face was infernal, demoniac, — his utterance divine!

I know not if he observed the eager scrutiny with which I dwelt on these peculiarities; he hastily left me just as I had commenced those inquiries concerning my uncle, which my curiosity had in the first instance delayed. Perhaps he could not, or would not, reply to my questions; but they seemed to precipitate his retreat. Was it possible that he possessed any secret knowledge of the fate of the Condé? His absence had been succeeded by a momentary silence amongst the revellers without, as if he were relating to them the particulars of my inquiries. A slight glance at that boisterous company during

my hasty passage through their banquet-room, had given me no very favorable opinion of their habits or character; and it was possible that the warlike defences and fastenings which I observed everywhere about me, might be as much intended for the home security of a banditti, as for a precaution against their probable vicinity. It was now too late for me to retrace my steps. Flight was impracticable, — the same precautions which were used against any hostile entrance were equally opposed to my egress; unless, indeed, I had recourse to the way by which I had entered, and which led through the common room immediately occupied by the objects of my suspicion: this would have been to draw upon myself the very consequence I dreaded. My safety for the present seemed to be most assured by a careful suppression of all tokens of distrust, till these suspicions should be more explicitly confirmed; and I should not readily forgive myself if, after incurring all the dangers of darkness and tempest, and an unknown country, it should prove that my apprehensions had been acted upon without any just foundation.

These thoughts, however, were soon diverted by a new object. The innkeeper's daughter entered with refreshments, — bread merely, with a few olives; and I could not restrain Juan from addressing to her some familiarities, which were so strangely and incoherently answered, as quickly to bespeak my whole attention. It was then impossible to look away from her. From her features she had evidently been very handsome, with a good figure; but now she stooped in her shoulders, and had that peculiar crouching and humble demeanor which I have often observed in the insane. Indeed, she had altogether the manner and appearance of one under the influence of melancholy derangement. She looked, moved, spoke, like a being but half recovered from death and the grave; as if the body, indeed, was released from its cerements, but the mind had not yet escaped from its mortal thraldom. I never saw an eye so dark and so dull in woman! — it had not the least lustre or intelligence, but seemed glazed, and moved with a heaviness and languor just short of death! Her cheeks were as pale as marble, but of a cold, unhealthy, ashen white; and my heart ached to think that they had been bleached, most probably, by bitter and continual tears. On her neck she wore a small black crucifix, which she sometimes

kissed, as if mechanically, and with a very faint semblance of devotion; and her hands were adorned with several most costly and beautiful rings, — far foreign, indeed, to her station, but borne, it seemed, without any feeling of personal vanity, or even of consciousness. The world seemed to contain for her no stirring interest; her mind had stagnated like a dark pool, or had rather frozen, till it took no impression from any external object. Where she acted, it was only from the influence of habit; and when the task was done, she relapsed again into the same cold and calm indifference. Judge, then, of my astonishment — I might say terror — when this mysterious being, so insensible, so apparently abstracted from all earthly contemplations, began to rivet her black eyes upon mine, and to lose her accustomed apathy in an expression of some wild and inconceivable interest! What was there in me to arouse her from that mental trance in which she had been absorbed? I wished, with the most intense anxiety, to gain some information from her looks; and yet, at the same time, I could not confront her gaze even for an instant. Her father, who had entered, surprised at so extraordinary an emotion, hastened abruptly out; and the immediate entrance of the mother, evidently upon some feigned pretext of business, only tended to increase my inquietude.

How had I become an object of interest to these people, whom till that hour I had never seen; and with whose affairs, by any possibility, I could not have the most remote connection, unless by their implication in the fate of my uncle? This conjecture filled me with an alarm and agitation I could ill have concealed, if my remorseless observer had not been too much absorbed in her own undivined emotions, to take any notice of mine. A sensation of shame flushed over me, at being thus quelled and daunted by the mere gaze of a woman; but then it was such a look and from such a being as I can never behold again! It seemed to realize all that I had read of Circean enchantment, or of the snake-like gaze, neither to be endured nor shunned; and under this dismal spell I remained till the timely entrance of Juan. The charm, whatever it might be, was then broken; with a long, shuddering sigh she turned away her eyes from me, and then left the room. What a load, at that moment, seemed removed from my heart! Her presence had oppressed me like that of one

of the mortal Fates; but now, at her going, my ebbing breath returned again, and the blood thrilled joyfully through my veins.

Juan crossed himself in amaze! he had noticed me shrinking and shuddering beneath her glance, and doubtless framed the most horrible notions of an influence which could work upon me so potently. He, too, had met with his own terrors, in a whispering dialogue he had partially overheard during his employment in the stable, and which served to unravel the fearful mystery that hung like a cloud over all the seeming and doings of that bewildered creature. She had loved; and it was but too plain, from the allusions of the dialogue, that the object of her affection had been a robber! He had suffered for his crimes a cruel and lingering death, of which she had been a constrained spectator, and she had maddened over the remembrance of his agonies.

It required but little conjecture to fill up the blanks of the narrative; her manners, her apathy, the possession of those costly ornaments, were easily accounted for; and it only remained to find a solution for the wild and intense interest with which she had regarded me. This would have a natural explanation by supposing in myself some accidental resemblance to the features of her lover; and the after-course of events proved that this conjecture was well founded. There were sufficient grounds in these particulars for inquietude and alarm. From the nature of her attachment, the avocations and connections of the family must be of a very dubious character. What if my host himself should be secretly associated with some neighboring horde of banditti, and under his ostensible occupation of Innkeeper, abetted their savage and bloodthirsty designs upon the unwary traveler! Might not his very house be their lurking-place or rendezvous? nay, might it not be provided with cellars and traps, and secret vaults, and all those atrocious contrivances which we have heard of as expressly prepared for the perpetration of outrage and murder? There was a marked wariness and reserve about the master, a mixture of fox-like caution, with the ferocity of the wolf, that confirmed, rather than allayed such suspicions; and why had my arms been so officiously conveyed away, under a pretence of care and attention, but in reality to deprive me of even the chances of defence? All these considerations shaped

themselves so reasonably, and agreed together so naturally, as to induce conviction; and looking upon myself as a victim already marked for destruction, it only remained for me to exercise all my sagacity and mental energy to extricate myself from the toils. Flight, I had resolved, was impracticable, —and if I should demand my arms, the result of such an application was obviously certain; I dared not even hint a suspicion: but why do I speak of suspicions; they were immediately to be ripened into an appalling certainty.

I had not communicated my thoughts to Juan, knowing too well his impetuous and indiscreet character; but in the meantime, his own fears had been busy with him, and his depression was aggravated by the circumstance that he had not been able to procure any wine from the Innkeeper, who swore that he had not so much as a flask left in his house. It would have been difficult to believe that one of his profession should be so indifferently provided; but this assertion, made in the face of all the flasks and flagons of his revellers, convinced me that he felt his own mastery over us, and was resolved to let us cost him as little as possible.

Juan was in despair; his courage was always proportioned to the wine he had taken, and feeling at this moment an urgent necessity for its assistance, he resolved to supply himself by a stolen visit to the cellar. He had shrewdly taken note of its situation during a temporary assistance rendered to the Innkeeper, and made sure that by watching his opportunity, he could reach it unperceived. It seemed to require no small degree of courage to venture in the dark upon such a course; but the excitement was stronger than fear could overbalance; and plucking off his boots, to prevent any noise, he set forth on his expedition. No sooner was he gone, than I began to perceive the danger to which such an imprudent step might subject us; but it was too late to be recalled, and I was obliged to wait in no very enviable anxiety for his return.

The interval was tediously long, or seemed so, before he made his appearance. He bore a small can; and, from his looks, had met with no serious obstacle; but whether the theft had been observed, or it happened simply by chance, the Innkeeper entered close upon his heels. There is sometimes an instinctive presence of mind inspired by the aspect of danger; and guided by this impulse, in an instant I extinguished the

light as if by accident. For a time, at least, we were sheltered from discovery. The Innkeeper turned back, — it was a critical moment for us, — but even in that moment the unruly spirit of drink prompted my unlucky servant to take a draught of his stolen beverage, and immediately afterwards I heard him spitting it forth again, in evident disgust with its flavor. In a few moments the Innkeeper returned with a lamp, and as soon as he was gone the liquor was eagerly inspected, and to our unspeakable horror, it had every appearance of blood! It was impossible to suppress the effect of the natural disgust which affected Juan at this loathsome discovery — he groaned aloud, he vomited violently, the Innkeeper again came in upon us, and though I attributed the illness of my servant to an internal rupture, which occasioned him at times to spit up blood, it was evident that he gave no credit to the explanation. He seemed to comprehend the whole scene at a glance. In fact, the vessel, with its horrid contents, stood there to confront me, and I gave up my vain attempt in silent and absolute despair.

If we were not before devoted to death, this deadly circumstance had decided our fate. His own safety, indeed, would enforce upon the Innkeeper the necessity of our being sacrificed. The fellow, meanwhile, departed without uttering a syllable; but I saw in his look that his determination was sealed, and that my own must be as promptly resolved. I had before thought of one measure as a last desperate resource. This was to avail myself of the favorable interest I had excited in the daughter, — to appeal to her pity, — to awaken her, if possible, to a sympathy with my danger, and invoke her interference to assist my escape. Yet how could I obtain even an interview for my purpose? Strange that I should now wish so ardently for that very being whose presence had so lately seemed to me a curse. Now I listened for her voice, her step, with an impatience never equalled, perhaps, but by him for whom she had crazed. My whole hope rested on that resemblance which might attract her again to gaze on a shadow, as it were, of his image, and I was not deceived. She came again, and quietly seating herself before me, began to watch me with the same earnestness.

Poor wretch! now that I knew her history, I regarded her with nothing but tenderness and pity. Her love might have

burned as bright and pure as ever was kindled in a maiden's bosom; and was she necessarily aware of the unhallowed profession of its object? He might have been brave, generous, — in love, at least, — honored and honorable, and compared with the wretches with whom her home associated her, even as an angel of light. Would his fate else have crushed her with that eternal sorrow? Such were my reflections on the melancholy ruin of woman before me; and if my pity could obtain its recompense in hers, I was saved!

Hope catches at straws. I saw or fancied in her looks an affectionate expression of sympathy and anxiety, that I eagerly interpreted in my own behalf; but the result belied this anticipation. It was evident that my most impassioned words produced no corresponding impression on her mind. My voice even seemed to dispel the illusion that was raised by my features, and rising up, she was going to withdraw, but that I detained her by seizing her hand.

"No, no!" she said, and made a slight effort to free herself; "you are not Andreas."

"No, my poor maiden," I said, "I am not Andreas; but am I not his image? Do I not remind you of his look, of his features?"

"Yes, yes," she replied quickly; "you *are* like my Andreas — you are like him here," and she stroked back the hair from my forehead; "but *his* hair was darker than this;" and the mournful remembrance for the first time filled her dull eyes with tears.

This was an auspicious omen. Whilst I saw only her hot glazed eyes, as if the fever within had parched up every tear, I despaired of exciting her sympathy with an external interest; but now that her grief and her malady even seemed to relent in this effusion, it was a favorable moment for renewing my appeal. I addressed her in the most touching voice I could assume.

"You loved Andreas, and you say I resemble him; for his sake, will you not save me from perishing?"

Her only answer was an unconscious and wondering look.

"I know too well," I continued, "that I am to perish, and you know it likewise. Am I not to be murdered this very night?"

She made no reply; but it seemed as if she had compre-

hended my words. Could it be, that with that strange cunning not uncommon to insanity, she thus dissembled, in order to cover her own knowledge of the murderous designs of her father? I resolved, at least, to proceed on this supposition, and repeated my words in a tone of certainty. This decision had its effect; or else her reason had before been incompetent to my question.

"Yes! yes! yes!" she said, in a low, hurried tone, and with a suspicious glance at the door, "it is so; he will come to you about midnight. You are the son of the old man we strangled."

Conceive how I started at these words! They literally stung my ears. It was not merely that my worst fears were verified, as regarded the fate of my uncle; for, doubtless, he was the victim, — or that I was looked upon and devoted to a bloody death as his avenger. For these announcements I was already prepared; but there was yet another and a deeper cause of horror: — "The old man that *we* strangled!" Had that wild maniac then lent her own hands to the horrid deed, — had she, perhaps, helped to bind, — to pluck down and hold the struggling victim, — to stifle his feeble cries, — nay, joined her strength even to tighten the fatal cord; or was it that she only implicated herself in the act, by the use of an equivocal expression? It might merely signify, that it was the act of some of those of the house, with whom, by habit, she included herself as a part. At the same time, I could not but remember, that even the female heart has been known to become so hardened by desperation and habitudes of crime, as to be capable of the most ferocious and remorseless cruelties. She had, too, those same black eyes and locks, which I have always been accustomed to think of in connection with Jael and Judith, and all those stern-hearted women who dipped their unfaltering hands in blood. Her brain was dizzy, her bosom was chilled, her sympathies were dead and torpid, and she might gaze on murder and all its horrors with her wonted apathy and indifference. To what a being then was I going to commit my safety! To one, who from the cradle had been nursed amidst scenes of bloodshed and violence; whose associates had ever been the fierce and the lawless; whose lover even had been a leader of banditti; and, by his influence and example, might make even murder and cruelty lose some portion of their natural blackness and horror.

It might happen that in these thoughts I wronged that unhappy creature; but my dismal situation predisposed me to regard everything in the most unfavorable light. I had cause for apprehension in every sound that was raised, — in every foot that stirred, — in whatever face I met, — that belonged to that horrible place. Still, my present experiment was the last, short of mere force, which I could hope would avail me; and I resumed the attempt. It seemed prudent, in order to quiet the suspicion I had excited, that I should first disclaim all connection or interest in the unfortunate victim; and I thought it not criminal, in such an extremity, to have recourse to a falsehood.

"What you say," I replied to her, "of an old man being murdered, is to me a mystery. If such an occurrence has happened, it is no doubt lamentable to some one; but as for my father, I trust that for these many years he has been with the blessed in the presence of God. For myself, I am a traveller, and the purposes of my journey are purely mercantile. My birthplace is England, — but, alas! I shall never see it again! You tell me I am to die to-night, — that I am to perish by violence; — and have you the heart to resign me to such a horrible fate? You have power or interest to save me; let me not perish by I know not what cruelties. I have a home far away, — let it not be made desolate. Let me return to my wife, and to my young children, and they shall daily bless thee at the foot of our altars!"

I believe the necessity of the occasion inspired me with a suitable eloquence of voice and manner; for these words, untrue as they were, made a visible impression on the wild being to whom they were addressed. As I spoke of violence and cruelty, she shuddered, as if moved by her own terrible associations with those words; but when I came to the mention of my wife and children, it evidently awakened her compassion; and all at once her womanly nature burst through the sullen clouds that had held it in eclipse.

"Oh, no — no — no!" she replied, hurriedly; "you must not die, — your babes will weep else, and your wife will craze. Andreas would have said thus too; but he met with no pity for all the eyes that wept for him."

She clasped her forehead for a moment with her hands, and continued: "But I must find a way to save you. I thought,

when *he* died, I could never pity any one again; but he will be glad in heaven that I have spared one for his sake."

A momentary pang shot through me at these touching words, when I remembered how much I had wronged her by my injurious suspicions; but the consideration of my personal safety quickly engrossed my thoughts, and I demanded eagerly to know by what means she proposed to effect my escape. She soon satisfied me that it would be a trial of my utmost fortitude. There was a secret door in the paneling of my allotted bedchamber, which communicated with her own, and by this, an hour before midnight, she would guide me and provide for my egress from the house; but she could neither promise to procure me my horse, nor to provide for the safety of the unlucky Juan, who was destined to be lodged in a loft far distant from my apartment. It may be imagined that I listened with a very unwilling ear to this arrangement, by which, alone, unarmed, I was to await the uncertain coming of my preserver. What if by any accident it should be preceded by that of the assassin? — but it was idle to indulge in these doubts. There was but one chance of escape open to me, and it was for me to embrace it upon whatever terms it was offered. Accordingly, I promised to conform explicitly to the maiden's instructions, — to offer no opposition to any arrangements which should be made, — to stifle carefully the slightest indications of mistrust, — to seal up my lips forever in silence on these events, and, above all, to avoid any expression or movement which might give umbrage to her father; with these cautions, and kissing her crucifix in token of her sincerity, she left me.

I was alone; Juan on some occasion had withdrawn, and I was left to the companionship of reflections, which in such a feverish interval could not be anything but disgusting. At one time I calculated the many chances there were against the continuance of this rational interval in the mind of a maniac; then I doubted her power of saving me, and whether the means she had proposed as existing in reality, might not be her own delusion, as well as mine. I even debated with myself, whether it was not an act of moral turpitude that I should accept of deliverance without stipulating for the safety of my poor servant.

These thoughts utterly unnerved me. The ticking of the

clock grew into a sensation of real and exquisite pain, as indicating the continual advances of time towards a certain crisis, with its yet uncertain catastrophe. The hour-hand was already within a few digits of ten, and kept travelling onward with my thoughts, to a point that might verge with me on eternity. The lamp was every moment consuming its little remainder of oil, to supply me, it might be, with my last of light. My days were perhaps numbered; and the blood taking its last course through my veins!

One of these subjects of my anxiety I might have spared myself. The Innkeeper abruptly entered, and with a look and tone of seeming dissatisfaction, informed me that Juan had decamped, taking with him my arms, and whatever of my portable property he had been able to lay his hands upon. So far, then, if the tale was true, he was safe; but it seemed wonderful by what means he could have eluded a vigilance which, doubtless, included him in its keeping; and still more, that at such a moment he should have chosen to rob me. A minute ago I would have staked my fortune on his honesty, and my life on his fidelity. The story was too improbable; but on the other hand it was but too likely that he had either been actually despatched, or else in some way removed from me, that I might not claim his company or assistance in my chamber.

There was only one person who was likely to solve these doubts, and she was absent; and I began to consider that in order to give time and scope for her promised assistance, it was necessary that I should retire. To ask in a few words to be shown to my room seemed an easy task; but when I glanced on the dark scowling features of my chamberlain, harshly and vividly marked by the strong light and shade, as he bent over the lamp, even those few words were beyond my utterance. To meet such a visage, in the dead of night, thrusting apart one's curtains, would be a sufficient warning for death! The ruffian seemed to understand and anticipate my unexpressed desire, and taking up the lamp, proposed to conduct me to my chamber. I nodded assent, and he began to lead the way in the same deep silence. A mutual and conscious antipathy seemed to keep us from speaking.

Our way led through several dark, narrow passages, and through one or two small rooms, which I lost no time in reconnoitring. The accumulated cobwebs which hung from all

the angles of the ceilings, the old dingy furnitures, and the visible neglect of cleanliness, gave them an aspect of dreariness that chilled me to the very soul. As I passed through them, I fancied that on the dusty floors I could trace the stains of blood; the walls seemed spotted and splashed with the same hue; the rude hands of my host-guide even seemed tinged with it. As though I had gazed on the sun, a crimson blot hovered before me wherever I looked, and imbued all objects with this horrible color. Every moving shadow, projected by the lamp on the walls seemed to be the passing spectre of some one who had here been murdered, sometimes confronting me at a door, sometimes looking down upon me from the ceiling, or echoing me, step by step, up the old, crazy stairs; still following me, indeed, whithersoever I went, as if conscious of our approaching fellowship!

At last I was informed that I stood in my allotted chamber. I instantly and mechanically cast my eyes toward the window, and a moment's glance sufficed to show me that it was strongly grated. This movement did not escape the vigilant eye of my companion.

"Well, Señor," he said, "what dost dost think, have I not bravely barricaded my chateau?"

I could make no answer. There was a look and tone of triumph and malicious irony accompanying the question, that would not have suffered me to speak calmly. The ruffian had secured his victim, and looked upon me, no doubt, as a spider does upon its prey, which it has immeshed, and leaves to be destroyed at its leisure. Fortunately, I recollected his daughter's caution, and subdued my emotion in his presence; but my heart sank within me at his exit, as I heard the door locked behind him, and felt myself his prisoner. All the horrible narratives I had read or heard related of midnight assassinations, of travellers murdered in such very abodes as this, thronged into my memory with a vivid and hideous fidelity to their wild and horrible details. A fearful curiosity led me towards the bed, — a presentiment that it would afford me some unequivocal confirmation of these fears; and I turned over the pillow, with a shuddering conviction that on the under side I should be startled with stains of blood. It was, however, fair, snow-white indeed; and the sheets and coverlet were of the same innocent color.

I then recollected the secret panel. It was natural that I should be eager to verify its existence, but with the strictest inspection I could make, I was unable to discover any trace of it. Panels, indeed, opened upon me from every side; but it was only to usher forth hideous phantoms of armed ruffians, with brandished daggers, that vanished again on a moment's scrutiny: and as these panels were only creations of my imagination, so that one for which I sought had no existence, I doubted not, but in the bewildered brain of a maniac.

Thus then, my last avenue to escape was utterly annihilated, and I had no hope left but in such a despairing resistance as I might make by help of the mere bones and sinews with which God had provided me. The whole furniture of the chamber would not afford me an effective weapon, and a thousand times I cursed myself that I had not sooner adopted this desperate resolution, while such rude arms as a fire-place could supply me with were within my reach. There was now nothing left for me but to die; and Antonio would have another victim to avenge. Alas! would he ever know how or where I had perished; or that I had even passed the boundaries of death! I should fall unheard, unseen, unwept, and my unsoothed spirit would walk unavenged, with those shadows I had fancied wandering. The reflection maddened me. My brain whirled dizzily round; my brow seemed parched by the fever of my thoughts, and hastening to the window, I threw open a little wicket for air: a grateful gush of wind immediately entered; but the lamp with which I had been making my fruitless search, was still in my hand, and that gust extinguished it.

Darkness was now added to all my other evils. There was no moon nor a single star; the night was intensely obscure, and groping my way back to the bed, I cast myself upon it in an agony of despair. I cannot describe the dreadful storm of passions that shook me: fear, anguish, horror, self-reproach, made up the terrible chaos; and then came rage, and I vowed, if ever I survived, to visit my tormentors with a bloody and fierce retribution. I have said that the room was utterly dark, but imagination peopled it with terrific images; and kept my eyes straining upon the gloom, with an attention painfully intense. Shadows blacker even than the night, seemed to pass and repass before me; the curtains were grasped and with-

drawn; visionary arms, furnished with glancing steel, were uplifted, and descended again into obscurity. Every sense was assailed; the silence was interrupted by audible breathings, — slow, cautious footsteps stirred across the floor, — imagined hands travelled stealthily over the bed-clothes, as if in feeling for my face. Then I heard distant shrieks, and recognized the voice of Juan in piteous and gradually stifled intercession; sometimes the bed seemed descending under me, as if into some yawning vault or cellar, and at others, faint fumes of sulphur would seem to issue from the floor, as if designed to suffocate me, without affording me even the poor chance of resistance.

At length a sound came, which my ear readily distinguished, by its distinctness, from the mere suggestions of fear: it was the cautious unlocking and opening of the door. My eyes turning instantly in that direction, were eagerly distended, but there was not a glimmer of light even accompanied the entrance of my unknown visitor: but it was a man's foot. A boiling noise rushed through my ears, and my tongue and throat were parched with a sudden and stifling thirst. The power of utterance and of motion seemed at once to desert me; my heart panted as though it were grown too large for my body, and the weight of twenty mountains lay piled upon my breast. To lie still, however, was to be lost. By a violent exertion of the will, I flung myself out of the bed, furthest from the door; and scarcely had I set foot upon the ground, when I heard something strike against the opposite side. Immediately afterwards a heavy blow was given, — a second, — a third; the stabs themselves, as well as the sound, seemed to fall upon my very heart. A cold sweat rushed out upon my forehead. I felt sick, my limbs bowed, and I could barely keep myself from falling. It was certain that my absence would be promptly discovered: that a search would instantly commence, and my only chance was, by listening intensely for his footsteps, to discern the course and elude the approaches of my foe.

I could hear him grasp the pillows, and the rustling of the bed-clothes as he turned them over in his search. For a minute all was then deeply, painfully silent. I could fancy him stealing towards me, and almost supposed the warmth of his breath against my face. I expected every instant to feel

myself seized, I knew not where, in his grasp, and my flesh was ready to shrink all over from his touch. Such an interval had now elapsed as I judged would suffice for him to traverse the bed; and in fact the next moment his foot struck against the wainscot close beside me, followed by a long, hasty sweep of his arm along the wall — it seemed to pass over my head. Then all was still again, as if he paused to listen; meanwhile I strode away, silently as death, in the direction of the opposite side of the chamber. Then I paused: but I had suppressed my breath so long, that involuntarily it escaped from me in a long, deep sigh, and I was forced again to change my station. There was not a particle of light; but in shifting cautiously round, I espied a bright spot or crevice in the wall: upon this spot I resolved to keep my eyes steadily fixed, judging that by this means I should be warned of the approach of any opaque body, by its intercepting the light. On a sudden, it was obscured: but I have reason to believe it was by some unconscious movement of my own, for just as I retired backwards, from the approach, as I conceived, of my enemy, I was suddenly seized from behind. The crisis was come, and all my fears were consummated: I was in the arms of the assassin!

A fierce and desperate struggle instantly commenced, which, from its nature, could be but of short duration. I was defenceless, but my adversary was armed; and, wherever he might aim his dagger, I was disabled, by the utter darkness, from warding off the blow. The salvation of my life depended only on the strength and presence of mind I might bring to the conflict. A momentary relaxation of his hold indicated that my foe was about to make use of his weapon; and my immediate impulse was to grasp him so closely round the body, as to deprive him of the advantage. My antagonist was fearfully powerful, and struggled violently to free himself from my arms; but an acquaintance with wrestling and athletic sports, acquired in my youth, and still more the strong love of life, enabled me to grapple with him and maintain my hold. I was safe, indeed, only so long as I could restrain him from the use of his steel. Our arms were firmly locked in each other, our chests closely pressed together, and it seemed that strength at least was fairly matched with strength.

From a dogged shame, perhaps, or whatever cause, the

ruffian did not deign to summon any other to his aid, but endeavored, singly and silently, to accomplish his bloody task. Not a word, in fact, was uttered on either part — not a breathing space even was allowed by our brief and desperate struggle. Many violent efforts were made by the wretch to disengage himself, in the course of which we were often forced against the wall, or hung balanced on straining sinews, ready to fall headlong on the floor. At last, by one of these furious exertions, we were dashed against the wall, and the panelling giving way to our weight, we were precipitated with a fearful crash, but still clinging to each other, down a considerable descent. On touching the ground, however, the violence of the shock separated us. The ruffian, fortunately, had fallen undermost, which stunned him, and gave me time to spring upon my feet.

A moment's glance round told me that we had fallen through the secret panel, spoken of by the maniac, into her own chamber; but my eyes were too soon riveted by one object, to take any further note of the place. It was her, — that wild, strange being herself, just risen from her chair at this thundering intrusion, drowsy and bewildered, as if from a calm and profound sleep. She that was to watch, to snatch me from the dagger itself, had forgotten, and slept over the appointment that involved my very existence!

But this was no time for wonder or reproach. My late assailant was lying prostrate before me, and his masterless weapon was readily to be seized and appropriated to my own defence. I might have killed him; but a moment's reflection showed me that his single death, whilst it might exasperate his fellows, could tend but little to my safety. This was yet but a present and temporary security; a respite, not a reprieve, from the fate that impended over me. It was important, therefore, to learn, if possible, from that bewildered creature, the means which should have led to my escape from the house, and if she was still willing and competent to become my guide. The first step had been accidentally accomplished; but here it seemed that my progress was to find its termination. All the past, except that horrible and distant part of it over which she brooded, had utterly lapsed again from her memory, like words traced upon water. The examination only lasted for a moment, but it sufficed to convince me of this unwelcome

result. What then, indeed, could have been expected from the uncertain and intermitting intelligences of a maniac? I wondered how I could have built up a single hope on so slippery a foundation.

It was now too late to arraign my folly or bewail its consequences; a few minutes would recall the robber to consciousness, and those were all that would allow me to seek, or avail myself of any passage for retreat. Although no other entrance was immediately apparent, it was obvious that this chamber must have some other one, than the panel by which I had so unexpectedly arrived; and this conclusion proved to be correct.

There was a trap-door in one corner, for communication with beneath. To espy it, — to grasp the ring, — to raise it up, — were the transactions of an instant; but no sooner was it thrown open, than my ears were assailed by a sudden uproar of sounds from below. The noise seemed at first to be the mere Bacchanalian riot of a drunken banditti; but a continued attention made me interpret differently of the tumult, which now seemed to partake less of the mirth of carousal, than of the violence and voices of some serious affray. The distance of the sounds, which came from the further part of the house, precluded an accurate judgment of their nature. Had the banditti quarrelled amongst themselves, and proceeded to blows? The disorder and distraction incident to such a tumult could not but be highly favorable to my purpose; and I was just on the point of stepping through the aperture, when the ruffian behind me, as if aroused by the uproar, sprang up on his feet, rushed past me with a speed that seemed to be urged by alarm, and bounded through the trap-door. The room beneath was in darkness, so that I was unable to distinguish his course, which his intimate knowledge of the place, nevertheless, enabled him to pursue with ease and certainty.

As soon as his footsteps were unheard, I followed, with less speed and celerity. I might, indeed, have possessed myself of the lamp which stood upon the table, but a light would infallibly have betrayed me, and I continued to grope my way in darkness and ignorance to the lower chamber. An influx of sound to the left denoted an open door, and directing my course to that quarter, I found that it led into a narrow pas-

sage. As yet I had seen no light; but now a cool gush of air seemed to promise that a few steps onward I should meet with a window. It proved to be only a loop-hole. The noise as I advanced had meanwhile become more and more violent, and was now even accompanied by irregular discharges of pistols. My vicinity to the scene of contest made me hesitate. I could even distinguish voices, and partially understood the blasphemies and imprecations that were most loudly uttered. I had before attributed this tumult to a brawling contention amongst the inmates themselves, but now the indications seemed to be those of a more serious strife. The discharges of firearms were almost incessant, and the shouts and cries were like the cheers of onset and battle, of fury and anguish. The banditti had doubtless been tracked and assaulted in their den; and it became necessary to consider what course in such a case it was the most prudent for me to adopt. Should I seek for some place of concealment, and there await the issue of a contest which would most probably terminate in favor of justice? — or ought I not rather to hasten and lend all my energies to the cause? I still held in my hand the dagger, of which I had possessed myself; but could it be hoped that thus imperfectly armed, if armed it might be called, my feeble aid could essentially contribute to such a victory?

The decision was as suddenly as unexpectedly resolved. A familiar voice, which I could not mistake, though loud and raving far above its natural pitch, amidst a clamor of fifty others, struck on my ear; and no other call was necessary to precipitate my steps towards the scene of action. I had yet to traverse some passages, which the increase of light enabled me to do more readily. The smoke, the din, the flashing reflections along the walls, now told me that I was close upon the strife; and in a few moments, on turning an abrupt angle, I had it in all its confusion before me.

The first and nearest object that struck me was the figure of the Innkeeper himself, apparently in the act of reloading his piece. His back was towards me, but I could not mistake his tall and muscular frame. On hearing a step behind him he turned hastily round, discharged a pistol at my head, and then disappeared in the thickest of the tumult. The ball, however, only whizzed past my ear; but not harmless, for immediately afterwards I felt some one reel against me from

behind, clasp me for an instant by the shoulders, and then roll downwards to the floor. The noise and the exciting interest which hurried me hither had hindered me from perceiving that I was followed, and I turned eagerly round to ascertain who had become the victim of the misdirected shot. It was the ruffian's own daughter, — the unhappy maniac herself, whose shattered brain had thus received from his hand the last pang it was destined to endure. A single groan was all that the poor wretch had uttered. I felt an inexpressible shock at this horrid catastrophe. I was stained with her blood, — particles of her brain even adhered to my clothes, and I was glad to escape from the horror excited by the harrowing spectacle, by plunging into the chaos before me. Further than of a few moments, — during which, however, I had exchanged and parried a number of blows and thrusts, — I have no recollection. A spent ball on the rebound struck me directly on the forehead, and laid me insensible, under foot, amidst the dying and the dead.

When I recovered I found myself lying on a bed, — the same, by a strange coincidence, that I had already occupied; but the faces around me, though warlike, were friendly. My first eager inquiries, as soon as I could speak, were for my friend Antonio, for it was indeed his voice that I had recognized amidst the conflict, but I could obtain no direct answer. Sad and silent looks, sighs, and tears, only, made up the terrible response. He was then slain! Nothing but death indeed would have kept him at such a moment from my pillow. It availed nothing to me that the victory had been won, that their wretched adversaries were all prisoners or destroyed; at such a price, a thousand of such victories would have been dearly purchased. If I could have felt any consolation in his death, it would have been to learn that his arm had first amply avenged in blood the murder of the Condé, — that the Innkeeper had been cleft by him to the heart, — that numbers of the robbers had perished by his heroic hand: but I only replied to the tidings with tears for my friend, and regrets that I had not died with him. How cruelly, by his going before me, had the sweet belief of our youth been falsified! Was it possible that I had survived? perhaps to see the grass grow over his head, and to walk alone upon the earth when he should be nothing but a little dust? Why had I been

spared? others could convey to Isabelle the afflicting intelligence that she had no longer a father or a lover; and in such an overwhelming dispensation, she could well forego the poor and unavailing consolations of a friend.

Such were my natural and desponding feelings on contemplating the loss of my beloved friend; but new and indispensable duties recalled the energies of my mind, and diverted me from a grief which would else have consumed me. The last sacred rites remained to be performed for the dead; and although the fate of the Condé might readily be divined, it was necessary to establish its certainty by the discovery of his remains. The prisoners who were questioned on this point maintained an obstinate silence; and the researches of the military had hitherto been unavailing, except to one poor wretch, whom they rescued from extreme suffering and probable death.

I have related the disappearance of my servant Juan, and my suspicions as to the cause of his absence were found to have verged nearly on the truth. He had saved himself, it appeared, from immediate danger, by a feigned compliance with the invitations of the banditti to enroll himself in their numbers; but, as a precaution or a probation, he had been bound hand and foot, and consigned to a garret till I should have been first disposed of. The poor fellow was dreadfully cramped in his limbs by the tightness of the ligatures, and was nearly half dead with cold and affright, when he was thus opportunely discovered; but no sooner had he revived, and comprehended the object of our search, than his memory supplied us with a clue, — the wine-barrels! The house had been narrowly investigated; but these cellars, by some hasty omission, had been overlooked.

I resolved to lead this new inquisition myself. Juan's sickening and disgustful recollections, which now pointed his suspicions, would not let him be present at the examination; but he directed us by such minute particulars, that we had no difficulty in finding our way to the spot. There were other traces had they been necessary for our guidance: stains of blood were seen on descending the stairs and across the floor, till they terminated at a large barrel or tun, which stood first of a range of several others, on the opposite side of the cellar. Here then stood the vessel that contained the object of our

search. My firm conviction that it was so, made me see, as through the wood itself, the mutilated appearance which I had conceived of my ill-fated uncle. The horrible picture overcame me; — and whilst I involuntarily turned aside, the mangled quarters of a human body, and finally the dissevered head, were drawn forth from the infernal receptacle! As soon as I dared turn my eyes, they fell upon the fearful spectacle; but I looked in vain for the lineaments I had expected to meet. The remains were those of a middle-aged man; the features were quite unknown to me; but a profusion of long, black hair told me at a glance that this was not the head of the aged Condé. Neither could this belong to the old man who had been alluded to by the maniac as having been strangled. Our search must, therefore, be extended.

The neighboring barrel from its sound was empty, and the next likewise; but the third and last one, on being struck, gave indications of being occupied; perhaps, by contents as horrible as those of the first. It was, however, only half filled with water. There was still a smaller cellar, communicating with the outer one, by a narrow arched passage; but on examination, it proved to have been applied to its original and legitimate purpose, for it contained a considerable quantity of wine. Every recess, every nook, was carefully inspected; the floors in particular were minutely examined, but they supplied no appearance of having been recently disturbed.

This unsuccessful result almost begot a doubt in me, whether, indeed, this place had been the theatre of the imputed tragedy; my strongest belief had been founded on the words of the maniac, in allusion to the old man who had been strangled; but her story pointed to no determinate period of time, and might refer to an occurrence of many years back. Surely the police and the military, Antonio certainly, had been led hither by some more perfect information. I had neglected, hitherto, to possess myself of the particulars which led to their attack on the house; but the answers to my inquiries tended in no way to throw any light upon the fate of the Condé. Antonio, in his progress through the mountains, had fallen in with a party of the provincial militia, who were scouring the country in pursuit of the predatory bands that infested it; and the capture of a wounded robber had furnished them with the particulars which led to their attack upon the inn. The dying wretch

had been eagerly interrogated by Antonio, as to his knowledge of the transactions of his fellows; but though he could obtain no intelligence of the Condé, his impetuous spirit made him readily unite himself with an expedition against a class of men, to whom he confidently attributed the old nobleman's mysterious disappearance. The mournful sequel I have related. His vengeance was amply but dearly sated on the Innkeeper and his bloodthirsty associates; — but the fate of my uncle remained as doubtful as ever.

The discovery was reserved for chance. One of the troopers, in shifting some litter in the stables, remarked that the earth and stones beneath appeared to have been recently turned up: the fact was immediately communicated to his officer, and I was summoned to be present at this new investigation. The men had already begun to dig when I arrived, and some soiled fragments of clothes which they turned up, already assured them of the nature and the nearness of the deposit, A few moments more labor sufficed to lay it bare; and then, by the torchlight, I instantly recognized the gray hairs and the features of him of whom we were in search. All that remained of my uncle lay before me! The starting and blood-distended eyes, the gaping mouth, the blackness of the face, and a livid mark round the neck, confirmed the tale of the maniac as to the cruel mode of his death. May I never gaze on such an object again!

Hitherto, the excitement, the labor, the uncertainty of the search had sustained me; but now a violent reaction took place, a reflux of all the horrors I had witnessed and endured rushed over me like a flood; and for some time I raved in a state of high delirium. I was again laid in bed, and in the interval of my repose, preparations were made for our departure. The bodies of the slain robbers and militia-men were promptly interred, and after securing all the portable effects of any value, which the soldiers were allowed to appropriate as a spoil, the house was ordered to be fired, as affording too eligible a refuge and rendezvous for such desperate associations. At my earnest request, a separate grave had been provided for the remains of the unfortunate maniac, which were committed to the earth with all the decencies that our limited time and means could afford. The spot had been chosen at the foot of a tall pine, in the rear of the house, and a small cross carved

in the bark of the tree was the only memorial of this ill-starred girl.

These cares, speedily executed, occcupied till daybreak, and just at sunrise we commenced our march. A horse, left masterless by the death of one of the troopers, was assigned to me; two others were more mournfully occupied by the bodies of Antonio and the Condé, each covered with a coarse sheet; and the captive robbers followed, bound, with their faces backward, upon the Innkeeper's mules. The Innkeeper's wife was amongst the prisoners, and her loud lamentations, breaking out afresh at every few paces, prevailed even over the boisterous merriment of the troopers, and the low-muttered imprecations of the banditti. When, from the rear, I looked upon this wild procession, in the cold, gray light of the morning winding down the mountains, that warlike escort, those two horses, with their funereal burdens, the fierce, scowling faces of the prisoners, confronting me; and then turned back, and distinguished the tall pine-tree, and saw the dense column of smoke soaring upward from those ancient ruins, as from some altar dedicated to Vengeance, the whole past appeared to me like a dream! My mind, stunned by the magnitude and number of events which had been crowded into a single night's space, refused to believe that so bounded a period had sufficed for such disproportionate effects; but recalled again and again every scene and every fact — as if to be convinced by the vividness of the repetitions, and the fidelity of the details — of a foregone reality. I could not banish or divert these thoughts: all the former horrors were freshly dramatized before me; the images of the Innkeeper, of the maniac, of Juan, of Antonio, were successively conjured up, and acted their parts anew, till all was finally wound up in the consummation that riveted my eyes on those two melancholy burdens before me.

But I will not dwell here on those objects as I did then. An hour or two after sunrise we entered a town, where we delivered up to justice those miserable wretches, who were afterwards to be seen impaled and blackening in the sun throughout the province. And here also my own progress, for three long months, was destined to be impeded. Other lips than mine conveyed to Isabelle the dismal tidings with which I was charged; other hands than mine assisted in pay-

ing to the dead their last pious dues. Excessive fatigue, grief, horror, and a neglected wound, generated a raging fever, from which, with difficulty, and by slow degrees, I recovered — alas! only to find myself an alien on the earth, without one tie to attach me to the life I had so unwillingly regained!

* * * * * *

I have only to speak of the fate of one more person connected with this history. In the Convent of St. ***, at Madrid, there is one, who, by the peculiar sweetness of her disposition, and the superior sanctity of her life, has obtained the love and veneration of all her pure sisterhood. She is called sister Isabelle. The lines of an early and acute sorrow are deeply engraven on her brow, but her life is placid and serene, as it is holy and saint-like; and her eyes will neither weep, nor her bosom heave a sigh, but when she recurs to the memorials of this melancholy story. She is now nearly ripe for heaven; and may her bliss there be as endless and perfect as here it was troubled and fearfully hurried to its close!

THE MIRACLE OF THE HOLY HERMIT.

"There 's cold meat in the cave." — CYMBELINE.

IN my younger days, there was much talk of an old Hermit of great sanctity, who lived in a rocky cave near Naples. He had a very reverend gray beard, which reached down to his middle, where his body, looking like a pismire's, was almost cut in two by the tightness of a stout leathern girdle, which he wore probably to restrain his hunger during his long and frequent abstinences. His nails, besides, had grown long and crooked, like the talons of a bird; his arms and legs were bare, and his brown garments very coarse and ragged. He never tasted flesh, but fed upon herbs aud roots, and drank nothing but water; nor ever lodged anywhere, winter or summer, but in his bleak rocky cavern; above all, it was his painful custom to stand for hours together with his arms extended, in imitation of the holy cross, by way of penance and mortification for the sins of his body.

After many years spent in these austerities, he fell ill, towards the autumn, of a mortal disease, whereupon he was constantly visited by certain Benedictines and Cordeliers, who had convents in the neighborhood; not so much as a work of charity and mercy, as that they were anxious to obtain his body; for they made sure that many notable miracles might be wrought at his tomb. Accordingly, they hovered about his death-bed of leaves, like so many ravens when they scent a prey, but more jealous of each other, till the pious Hermit's last breath at length took flight towards the skies.

As soon as he was dead, the two friars who were watching him ran each to their several convents to report the event.

The Cordelier, being swiftest of foot, was the first to arrive with his tidings, when he found his brethren just sitting down to their noontide meal; whereas, when the Benedictines heard the news, they were at prayers, which gave them the advantage. Cutting the service short, therefore, with an abrupt amen, they ran instantly in a body to the cave; but before they could well fetch their breath again, the Cordeliers also came up, finishing their dinner as they ran, and both parties ranged themselves about the dead Hermit. Father Gometa, a Cordelier, and a very portly man, then stepping in front of his fraternity, addressed them as follows:

"My dear brethren, we are too late, as you see, to receive the passing breath of the holy man; he is quite dead and cold. Put your victuals out of your hands, therefore, and with all due reverence assist me to carry these saintly relics to our convent, that they may repose amongst his fellow-Cordeliers."

The Benedictines murmuring at this expression, "Yea," added he, "I may truly call him a Cordelier, and a rigid one; witness his leathern girdle, which, for want of a rope, he hath belted round his middle, almost to the cutting asunder of his holy body. Take up, I say, these precious relics;" whereupon his followers, obeying his commands, and the Benedictines resisting them, there arose a lively struggle, as if between so many Greeks and Trojans, over the dead body. The two fraternities, however, being equally matched in strength, they seemed more likely to dismember the Hermit than to carry him off on either side, wherefore, Father Gometa, by dint of entreaties and struggling, procured a truce. "It was a shameful thing," he told them, "for servants of the Prince of Peace, as they were, to mingle in such an affray; and besides, that the country people being likely to witness it, the scandal of such a broil would do more harm to them, jointly, than the possession of the body could be a benefit to either of their orders. The religious men, of both sides, concurring in the prudence of this advice, they left a friar, on either part, to take charge of the dead body, and then adjourned, by common consent, to the house of the Benedictines.

The chapel being very large and convenient for the purpose, they went thither to carry on the debate; and surely, such a strange kind of service had never been performed before within its walls. Father Gometa, standing beside a painted

window, which made his face of all manner of hues, began in a pompous discourse to assert the claims of his convent; but Friar John quickly interrupted him; and another brother contradicting Friar John, all the monks, Benedictines as well as Cordeliers, were soon talking furiously together, at the same moment. Their Babel-arguments, therefore, were balanced against each other. At last, brother Geronimo, who had a shrill voice like a parrot's, leaped upon a bench, and called out for a hearing; and, moreover, clapping two large missals together, in the manner of a pair of castinets, he dinned the other noise-mongers into a temporary silence. As soon as they were quiet, "This squabble," said he, "may easily be adjusted. As for the hermit's body, let those have it, of whatever order, who have ministered to the good man's soul, and given him the extreme unction."

At this proposal there was a general silence throughout the chapel, till Father Gometa, feeling what a scandal it would be if such a man had died without the last sacrament, affirmed that he had given to him the wafer; and Father Philippo, on behalf of the Benedictines, declared that he had performed the same office. Thus, that seemed to have been superfluously repeated, which, in truth, had been altogether omitted. Wherefore Geronimo, at his wit's end, proposed that the superiors should draw lots, and had actually cut a slip or two out of the margin of his psalter for the purpose; but Father Gometa relied too much on his own subtlety to refer the issue to mere chance. In this extremity, a certain Capuchin happening to be present, they besought him, as a neutral man and impartial, to lead them to some decision; and, after a little thinking, he was so fortunate as to bring them to an acceptable method of arbitration.

The matter being thus arranged, the Cordeliers returned to their own convent, where, as soon as they arrived, Father Gometa assembled them all in the refectory, and spoke to them in these words: —

"You have heard it settled, my brethren, that the claims of our several convents are to be determined by propinquity to the cave. Now I know that our crafty rivals will omit no artifice that may show their house to be the nearest; wherefore, not to be wilfully duped, I am resolved to make a proper subtraction from our own measurements. I foresee, notwith-

standing, that this measuring bout will lead to no accommodation; for the reckonings on both sides being false, will certainly beget a fresh cavil. Go, therefore, some of you, very warily, and bring hither the blessed body of the hermit, which, by God's grace, will save a great deal of indecent dissension, and then the Benedictines may measure as unfairly as they please."

The brethren, approving of this design, chose out four of the stoutest, amongst whom was Friar Francis, to proceed on this expedition; and in the meantime the event fell out as the superior had predicted. The adverse measurers, encountering on their task, began to wrangle; and after belaboring each other with their rods, returned with complaints to their separate convents; but Friar Francis, with his comrades, proceeded prosperously to the cave, where they found the dead body of the hermit, but neither of the truant friars who had been appointed to keep watch.

Taking the carcass, therefore, without any obstruction, on their shoulders, they began to wend homewards very merrily, till, coming to a by-place in the middle of a wood, they agreed to set down their burden awhile, and refresh themselves after their labors. One of the friars, however, of weaker nerves than the rest, objected to the companionship of the dead hermit, who, with his long white beard and his ragged garments, which stirred now and then in the wind, was in truth a very awful object. Dragging him aside, therefore, into a dark solitary thicket, they returned to sit down on the grass; and pulling out their flasks, which contained some very passable wine, they began to enjoy themselves without stint or hindrance.

The last level rays of the setting sun were beginning to shoot through the horizontal boughs, tinging the trunks, which at noon are all shady and obscure, with a flaming gold; but the merry friars thought it prudent to wait till nightfall, before they ventured with their charge beyond the friendly shelter of the wood. As soon, therefore, as it was so safely dark that they could barely distinguish each other, they returned to the thicket for the body; but to their horrible dismay the dead hermit had vanished, nobody knew whither, leaving them only a handful of his gray beard as a legacy, with a remnant or two of his tattered garments. At this discovery the friars were in

despair, and some of them began to weep, dreading to go back to the convent; but Friar Francis, being in a jolly mood, put them in better heart.

"Why, what a whimpering is this," said he, "about a dead body? The good father, as you know, was no fop, and did not smell over purely; for which reason, doubtless, some hungry devil of a wolf has relieved us from the labor of bearing him any further. There is no such heretic as your wolf is, who would not be likely to boggle at his great piety, though I marvel he did not object to his meagreness. I tell you take courage, then, and trust to me to clear you, who have brought you out of fifty such scrapes."

The friars, knowing that he spoke reasonably, soon comforted thēmselves; and running back to the convent, they repaired, all trembling, into the presence of the superior.

Father Gometa inquiring eagerly if they had brought the body, Friar Francis answered boldly that they had not. "But here," said he, "is a part of his most reverend beard, and also his mantle, which, like Elisha, he dropped upon us as he ascended into heaven; for as the pious Elisha was translated into the skies, even so was the holy hermit, excepting these precious relics, — being torn out of our arms, as it were, by a whirlwind." Anon appealing to his comrades to confirm his fabrication, they declared that it happened with them even as he related; and moreover, that a bright and glorious light shining upon them, as it did upon Saul and his company when they journeyed to Damascus, had so bewildered them that they had not yet recovered their perfect senses.

In this plausible manner the friars got themselves dismissed without any penance; but Father Gometa discredited the story at the bottom of his heart, and went to bed in great trouble of mind, not doubting that they had lost the body by some negligence, and that on the morrow it would be found in the possession of his rivals, the Benedictines. The latter, however, proving as disconcerted as he was, he took comfort; and causing the story to be set down at large in the records of the convent, and subscribed with the names of the four friars, he had it read publicly on the next Sunday from the pulpit, with an exhibition of the beard and the mantle, which procured a great deal of wonder and reverence amongst the congregation.

The Benedictines at first were vexed at the credit which was thus lost to their own convent; but being afterwards pacified with a portion of the gray hairs and a shred or two of the brown cloth, they joined in the propagation of the story; and the country people believe to this day in the miracle of the holy hermit.

THE WIDOW OF GALICIA.

"Sirs, behold in me
A wretched fraction of divided love,
A widow much deject;
Whose life is but a sorry ell of crape,
Ev'n cut it when you list."

OLD PLAY.

THERE lived in the Province of Galicia a lady so perfectly beautiful, that she was called by travellers, and by all indeed who beheld her, the Flower of Spain. It too frequently happens that such handsome women are but as beautiful weeds, useless, or even noxious; whereas, with her excelling charms, she possessed all those virtues which should properly inhabit in so lovely a person. She had therefore many wooers, but especially a certain old Knight of Castile (bulky in person, and with hideously coarse features), who, as he was exceedingly wealthy, made the most tempting offers to induce her to become his mistress, and failing in that object, by reason of her strict virtue, he proposed to espouse her. But she, despising him as a bad and brutal man, which was his character, let fall the blessing of her affection on a young gentleman of small estate, but good reputation, in the province, and being speedily married, they lived together for three years very happily. Notwithstanding this, the abominable Knight did not cease to persecute her, till, being rudely checked by her husband, and threatened with his vengeance, he desisted for a season.

It happened at the end of the third year of their marriage, that her husband being unhappily murdered on his return from Madrid, whither he had been called by a lawsuit, she was left without protection, and from the failure of the cause much straitened, besides, in her means of living. This time, there-

fore, the Knight thought favorable to renew his importunities, and neither respecting the sacredness of her grief, nor her forlorn state, he molested her so continually, that if it had not been for the love of her fatherless child, she would have been content to die. For if the Knight was odious before, he was now thrice hateful from his undisguised brutality, and above all, execrable in her eyes, from a suspicion that he had procured the assassination of her dear husband. She was obliged, however, to confine this belief to her own bosom, for her persecutor was rich and powerful, and wanted not the means, and scarcely the will, to crush her. Many families had thus suffered by his malignity, and therefore she only awaited the arrangement of certain private affairs, to withdraw secretly, with her scanty maintenance, into some remote village. There she hoped to be free from her inhuman suitor; but she was delivered from this trouble, in the meantime, by his death; yet in so terrible a manner as made it more grevious to her than his life had ever been.

It wanted, at this event, but a few days of the time when the lady proposed to remove to her country lodging, taking with her a maid who was called Maria; for since the reduction of her fortune, she had retained but this one servant. Now it happened that this woman going one day to her lady's closet, which was in her bed-chamber, — so soon as she had opened the door, there tumbled forward the dead body of a man; and the police being summoned by her shrieks, they soon recognized the corpse to be that of the old Castilian Knight, though the countenance was so blackened and disfigured as to seem scarcely human. It was sufficiently evident that he had perished by poison; whereupon the unhappy lady, being interrogated, was unable to give any account of the matter; and in spite of her fair reputation, and although she appealed to God in behalf of her innocence, she was thrown into the common jail along with other reputed murderers.

The criminal addresses of the deceased Knight being generally known, many persons who believed in her guilt still pitied her, and excused the cruelty of the deed on account of the persecution she had suffered from that wicked man; — but these were the most charitable of her judges, The violent death of her husband, which before had been only attributed to robbers, was now assigned by scandalous persons to her

own act; and the whole province was shocked that a lady of her fair seeming, and of such unblemished character, should have brought so heavy a disgrace upon her sex and upon human nature.

At her trial, therefore, the court was crowded to excess; and some few generous persons were not without a hope of her aquittal; but the same facts, as before, being proved upon oath, and the lady still producing no justification, but only asserting her innocence, there remained no reasonable cause for doubting of her guilt. The Public Advocate then began to plead, as his painful duty commanded him, for her condemnation; — he urged the facts of her acquaintance and bad terms with the murdered knight; and moreover, certain expressions of hatred which she had been heard to utter against him. The very scene and manner of his destruction, he said, spoke to her undoubted prejudice, — the first a private closet in her own bed-chamber, and the last by poison, which was likely to be employed by a woman, rather than any weapon of violence. Afterwards, he interpreted to the same conclusion the abrupt flight of the waiting-maid, who, like a guilty and fearful accomplice, had disappeared whenever her mistress was arrested; and, finally, he recalled the still mysterious fate of her late husband; so that all who heard him began to bend their brows solemnly, and some reproachfully, on the unhappy object of his discourse. Still she upheld herself, firmly and calmly, only from time to time lifting her eyes towards Heaven; but when she heard the death of her dear husband touched upon, and in a manner that laid his blood to her charge, she stood forward, and placing her right hand on the head of her son, cried: —

"So witness God, if ever I shed his father's blood, so may this, his dear child, shed mine in vengeance."

Then sinking down from exhaustion, and the child weeping bitterly over her, the beholders were again touched with compassion, almost to the doubting of her guilt; but the evidence being so strong against her, she was immediately condemned by the Court.

It was the custom in those days for a woman who had committed murder to be first strangled by the hangman, and then burnt to ashes in the midst of the market-place; but before this horrible sentence could be pronounced on the lady, a

fresh witness was moved by the grace of God to come forward in her behalf. This was the waiting-woman, Maria, who hitherto had remained disguised in the body of the court; but now being touched with remorse at her lady's unmerited distresses, she stood up on one of the benches, and called out earnestly to be allowed to make her confession. She then related that she herself had been prevailed upon, by several great sums of money, and still more by the artful and seducing promises of the dead Knight, to secrete him in a closet in her lady's chamber; but that of the cause of his death she knew nothing, except that upon a shelf she had placed some sweet cakes, mixed with arsenic, to poison the rats, and that the Knight, being rather gluttonous, might have eaten of them in the dark, and so died.

At this probable explanation, the people all shouted one shout, and the lady's innocence being acknowledged, the sentence was ordered to be reversed; but she, reviving a little at the noise, and being told of this providence, only clasped her hands; and then, in a few words, commending her son to the guardianship of good men, and saying that she could never survive the shame of her unworthy reproach, she ended with a deep sigh, and expired upon the spot.

THE GOLDEN CUP AND THE DISH OF SILVER.

"*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us?
"*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the Devil into." — MERCHANT OF VENICE.

EVERY one knows what a dog's life the miserable Jews lead all over the world, but especially amongst the Turks, who plunder them of their riches, and slay them on the most frivolous pretences. Thus, if they acquire any wealth, they are obliged to hide it in holes and corners, and to snatch their scanty enjoyments by stealth, in recompense of the buffets and contumely of their turbaned oppressors.

In this manner lived Yussuf, a Hebrew of great wealth and wisdom, but outwardly a poor, beggarly druggist, inhabiting, with his wife Anna, one of the meanest houses in Constantinople. The curse of his nation had often fallen bitterly upon his head; his great skill in medicine procuring him some uncertain favor from the Turks, but on the failure of his remedies, a tenfold proportion of ill-usage and contempt. In such cases, a hundred blows on the soles of his feet were his common payment; whereas on the happiest cures, he was often dismissed with empty hands and some epithet of disgrace.

As he was sitting one day at his humble door, thinking over these miseries, a Janizary came up to him, and commanded Yussuf to go with him to his Aga or captain, whose palace was close at hand. Yussuf's gold immediately weighed heavy at his heart, as the cause of this summons; however, he arose obediently, and followed the soldier to the Aga, who was sitting cross-legged on a handsome carpet, with his long pipe in his mouth. The Jew, casting himself on his knees, with his face to the floor, began, like his brethren, to plead poverty in

excuse for the shabbiness of his appearance; but the Aga interrupting him, proceeded to compliment him in a flattering strain on his reputation for wisdom, which he said had made him desirous of his conversation. He then ordered the banquet to be brought in; whereupon the slaves put down before them some wine in a golden cup, and some pork in a dish of silver; both of which were forbidden things, and therefore made the Jew wonder very much at such an entertainment. The Aga then pointing to the refreshments addressed him as follows: —

"Yussuf, they say you are a very wise and learned man, and have studied deeper than any one the mysteries of nature. I have sent for you, therefore, to resolve me on certain doubts concerning this flesh, and this liquor before us; the pork being as abominable to your religion, as the wine is unto ours. But I am especially curious to know the reasons why your prophet should have forbidden a meat, which by report of the Christians is both savory and wholesome; wherefore I will have you to proceed first with that argument; and, in order that you may not discuss it negligently, I am resolved in case you fail to justify the prohibition, that you shall empty the silver dish before you stir from the place. Nevertheless, to show you that I am equally candid, I promise, if you shall thereafter prove to me the unreasonableness of the injunction against wine, I will drink off this golden goblet as frankly before we part."

The terrified Jew understood very readily the purpose of this trial; however, after a secret prayer to Moses, he began in the best way he could to plead against the abominable dish that was steaming under his nostrils. He failed, notwithstanding, to convince the sceptical Aga, who therefore commanded him to eat up the pork, and then begin his discourse in favor of the wine.

The sad Jew, at this order, endeavored to move the obdurate Turk by his tears; but the Aga was resolute, and drawing his crooked cimetar, declared, "that if Yussuf did not instantly fall to, he would smite his head from his shoulders."

It was time, at this threat, for Yussuf to commend his soul unto heaven, for in Turkey the Jews wear their heads very loosely; however, by dint of fresh tears and supplications he obtained a respite of three days, to consider if he could not bring forward any further arguments.

As soon as the audience was over, Yussuf returned disconsolately to his house, and informed his wife Anna of what had passed between him and the Aga. The poor woman foresaw clearly how the matter would end; for it was aimed only at the confiscation of their riches. She advised Yussuf, therefore, instead of racking his wits for fresh arguments, to carry a bag of gold to the Aga, who condescended to receive his reasons; and after another brief discourse, to grant him a respite of three days longer. In the same manner, Yussuf procured a further interval, but somewhat dearer; so that in despair at losing his money at this rate, he returned for the fourth time to the palace.

The Aga and Yussuf being seated as before, with the mess of pork and the wine between them, the Turk asked, if he had brought any fresh arguments. The doctor replied. "Alas! he had already discussed the subject so often, that his reasons were quite exhausted;" whereupon the flashing cimetar leaping quickly out of its scabbard, the trembling Hebrew plucked the loathsome dish towards him, and with many struggles began to eat.

It cost him a thousand wry faces to swallow the first morsel; and from the laughter that came from behind a silken screen, they were observed by more mockers besides the Aga, who took such a cruel pleasure in the amusement of his women, that Yussuf was compelled to proceed even to the licking of the dish. He was then suffered to depart, without wasting any logic upon the cup of wine, which after his loathsome meal he would have been quite happy to discuss.

I guess not how the Jew consoled himself besides for his involuntary sin, but he bitterly cursed the cruel Aga and all his wives, who could not amuse their indolent lives with their dancing-girls and tale-tellers, but made merry at the expense of his soul. His wife joined heartily in his imprecations; and both putting ashes on their heads, they mourned and cursed together till the sunset. There came no Janizary, however, on the morrow, as they expected; but on the eighth day, Yussuf was summoned again to the Aga.

The Jew at this message began to weep, making sure, in his mind, that a fresh dish of pork was prepared for him; however, he repaired obediently to the palace, where he was told, that the favorite lady of the harem was indisposed, and the Aga commanded him to prescribe for her. Now, the Turks

are very jealous of their mistresses, and disdain, especially, to expose them to the eyes of infidels, of whom the Jews are held the most vile; — wherefore, when Yussuf begged to see his patient, she was allowed to be brought forth only in a long, white veil that reached down to her feet. The Aga, notwithstanding the folly of such a proceeding, forbade her veil to be lifted; neither would he permit the Jew to converse with her, but commanded him on pain of death to return home and prepare his medicines.

The wretched doctor, groaning all the way, went back to his house, without wasting a thought on what drugs he should administer on so hopeless a case; but considering, instead, the surgical practice of the Aga, which separated so many necks. However, he told his wife of the new jeopardy he was placed in for the Moorish Jezebel.

"A curse take her!" said Anna; "give her a dose of poison, and let her perish before his eyes."

"Nay," answered the Jew, "that will be to pluck the sword down upon our own heads; nevertheless, I will cheat the infidel's concubine with some wine, which is equally damnable to their souls; and may God visit upon their conscience the misery they have enforced upon mine!"

In this bitter mood, going to a filthy hole in the floor, he drew out a flask of schiraz; and bestowing as many Hebrew curses on the liquor, as the Mussulmen are wont to utter of blessings over their medicines, he filled up some physic bottles, and repaired with them to the palace.

And now let the generous virtues of good wine be duly lauded for the happy sequel!

The illness of the favorite, being merely a languor and melancholy, proceeding from the voluptuous indolence of her life, the draughts of Yussuf soon dissipated her chagrin, in such a miraculous manner, that she sang and danced more gaily than any of her slaves. The Aga, therefore, instead of beheading Yussuf, returned to him all the purses of gold he had taken; to which the grateful lady, besides, added a valuable ruby; and, thenceforward, when she was ill, would have none but the Jewish physician.

Thus, Yussuf saved both his head and his money; and, besides, convinced the Aga of the virtues of good wine; so that the golden cup was finally emptied, as well as the dish of silver.

THE TRAGEDY OF SEVILLE.

"When I awoke
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask
For bread." — CARY'S DANTE.

EVERY one in Seville has heard of the famous robber Bazardo; but, as some may be ignorant of one of the most interesting incidents of his career, I propose to relate a part of his history as it is attested in the criminal records of that city.

This wicked man was born in the fair city of Cadiz, and of very obscure parentage; but the time of which I mean to speak of is, when he returned to Seville, after being some years absent in the Western Indies, and with a fortune which, whether justly or unjustly acquired, sufficed to afford him the rank and apparel of a gentleman.

It was then, as he strolled up one of the by-streets, a few days after his arrival, that he was attracted by a very poor woman, gazing most anxiously and eagerly at a shop-window. She was lean and famished, and clad in very rags, and made altogether so miserable an appearance that even a robber, with the least grace of charity in his heart, would have instantly relieved her with an alms. The robber, however, contented himself with observing her motions at a distance, till at last, casting a fearful glance behind her, the poor famished wretch suddenly dashed her withered arm through a pane of the window, and made off with a small coarse loaf. But whether from the feebleness of hunger or affright, she ran so slowly, it cost Bazardo but a moment's pursuit to overtake her, and seizing her by the arm, he began, thief as he was, to upbraid her for making so free with another's property.

The poor woman made no reply, but uttered a short shrill scream, and threw the loaf, unperceived, through a little casement; and then, turning a face full of hunger and fear, besought Bazardo, for charity's sake and the love of God, to let her go free. She was no daily pilferer, she told him, but a distressed woman, who could relate to him a story which, if it did not break her own heart in the utterance, must needs command his pity. But he was no way moved by her appeal; and the baker coming up and insisting on the restoration of the loaf, to which she made no answer but by her tears, they began to drag her away between them, and with as much violence as if she had been no such skeleton as she appeared.

By this time a crowd had assembled, and beholding this inhumanity, and learning besides the trifling amount of the theft, they bestowed a thousand curses, and some blows too, on Bazardo and the baker. These hard-hearted men, however, maintained their hold; and the office of police being close by, the poor, wretched creature was delivered to the guard, and as the magistrates were then sitting, the cause was presently examined.

During the accusation of Bazardo the poor woman stood utterly silent, till coming to speak of her abusive speech, and of the resistance which she had made to her capture, she suddenly interrupted him, and lifting up her shrivelled hands and arms towards heaven, inquired if those poor bones, which had not strength enough to work for her livelihood, were likely weapons for the injury of any human creature.

At this pathetic appeal there was a general murmur of indignation against the accuser, and the charge being ended, she was advised that as only one witness had deposed against her, she could not be convicted except upon her own confession. But she scorning to shame the truth, or to wrong even her accuser, — for the people were ready to believe that he had impeached her falsely, — freely admitted the theft, adding, that under the like necessity she must needs sin again; and with that, hiding her face in her hands, she sobbed out, "My children! Alas! for my poor children!"

At this exclamation the judge even could not contain his tears, but told her with a broken voice that he would hear nothing further to her own prejudice; expressing, moreover, his regret that the world possessed so little charity as not to

have prevented the mournful crime which she had committed. Then, desiring to know more particulars of her condition, she gratefully thanked him, and, imploring the blessing of God upon all those who had shown so much sweet charity on her behalf, she began to relate her melancholy history.

"She was the daughter," she said, "of a wealthy merchant at Cadiz, and had been instructed in all accomplishments that belong to a lady. That having listened unhappily to the flatteries of an officer in the King's Guard, she had married him, and bestowed upon him all her fortune; but that instead of being grateful for these benefits, he had expended her property in riotous living, and finally deserted her, with her two children, to the care of him that feedeth the ravens." Here, her voice becoming more tremulous, and almost inaudible, she excused herself, saying that for two whole days she had not tasted of any food, and must needs have perished, but that by God's good grace she had then caught a rat, which served her, loathsome as it was, for a meal.

Hereupon the Judge was exceedingly shocked, and immediately gave orders for some refreshments; but she declined to touch them, saying, that whilst her children were in want she could not eat, — but, with his gracious permission, would only rest her head upon her hands. And so she sat down in silence, whilst all the people contemplated her with pity, still beautiful in her misery, and reduced from a luxurious condition to so dreadful an extremity.

In the meantime the officers were despatched, by the Judge's direction, to bring hither the children; and after resting for a little while, the unfortunate lady resumed her story. "For two years," she said, "she had maintained herself and her little ones by her skill in embroidery and other works of art; but afterwards, falling ill from her over-exertion and concealed sorrows, her strength had deserted her; and latterly, having no other resource, she had been obliged to sell her raiment. At last she had nothing left but the poor rags she at present wore, besides her wedding ring, and that she would sooner die than part with. For I still live," she added, "in the hope of my husband's return to me, — and then may God forgive thee, Bazardo, as I will forgive thee, for all this cruel misery!"

At the mention of this name her accuser turned instantly to

the complexion of marble, and he would fain have made his escape from the court; but the crowd pressing upon him, as if willing that he should hear the utmost of a misery for which he had shown so little compassion, he was compelled to remain in his place. He flattered himself, notwithstanding, that by reason of the alteration of his features, from his living in the Indies, he should still be unrecognized by the object of his cruelty; whereas, the captain of the vessel which had brought him over was at that moment present, and wondering that his ship had come safely with so wicked a wretch on board, he instantly denounced Bazardo by name, and pointed him out to the indignation of the people.

At this discovery there was a sudden movement amongst the crowd; and in spite of the presence of the Judge, and of the entreaties of the wretched lady herself, the robber would have been torn into as many pieces as there were persons in the court, except for the timely interposition of the guard.

In the mean time the officers who had been sent for the children had entered by the opposite side of the hall, and making way towards the Judge, and depositing somewhat upon the table, before it could be perceived what it was, they covered it over with a coarse linen cloth. Afterwards, being interrogated, they declared that, having proceeded whither they had been directed, they heard sounds of moaning, and sobbing, and lamentations, in a child's voice. That entering upon this, and beholding one child bending over another and weeping bitterly, they supposed the latter to have died of hunger; but on going nearer they discovered that it had a large wound on the left side, and that it was then warm and breathing, but was since dead. They pointed, as they said this, to the body on the table, where the blood was now beginning to ooze visibly through the linen cloth. As for the manner of its being wounded, or the author, they could give no evidence; not only because the house was otherwise uninhabited, but that the remaining child was so affrighted, or so stricken with grief, that it could give no account of the occurrence. His cries, indeed, at this moment resounded from the adjoining corridor; and the mother, staring wildly around her, and beholding that which lay upon the table, suddenly snatched away the cloth, and so exposed the body of the dead child. It was very lean and famished, with a gaping wound on its left

bosom, from which the blood trickled even to the clerk's desk, so that the paper which contained the record of the lady's sorrows, was stained with this new, sad evidence of her misfortunes.

The people at this dreadful sight uttered a general moan of horror, and the mother made the whole court re-echo with her shrieks; insomuch that some from mere anguish ran out of the hall, whilst others stopped their ears with their hands, her cries were so long and piercing. At last, when she could scream no longer, but lay as one dead, the judge rose up, and commanding the other child to be brought in, and the dead body to be removed out of sight, he endeavored, partly by soothing and partly by threats, to draw forth the truth of what had been hitherto an incomprehensible mystery.

For a long time the poor child, being famished and spiritless, made no answer, but only sobbed and trembled, as if his little joints would fall asunder; till at last, being reassured by the judge, and having partaken of some wine, he began to relate what had happened. His mother, early in the morning, had promised them some bread; but being a long time absent, and he and his little brother growing more and more hungry, they lay down upon the floor and wept. That whilst they cried, a small loaf — very small indeed — was thrown in at the window; and both being almost famished, and both struggling together to obtain it, he had unwarily stabbed his little brother with a knife which he held in his hand. And with that, bursting afresh into tears, he besought the judge not to hang him.

All this time, the cruel Bazardo remained unmoved; and the judge, reproaching him in the sternest language, ordered him to be imprisoned. He then lamented afresh, that the dearth of Christian charity and benevolence was accountable for such horrors as they had witnessed; and immediately, the people, as if by consent, began to offer money, and some their purses, to the unfortunate lady. But she, heedless of them all, and exclaiming that she would sell her dead child for no money, rushed out into the street; and there repeating the same words, and at last sitting down, she expired, a martyr to hunger and grief, on the steps of her own dwelling.

THE LADY IN LOVE WITH ROMANCE.

"Go, go thy ways, as changeable a baggage
As ever cozen'd Knight." — WITCH OF EDMONTON.

MANY persons in Castile remember the old Knight Pedro de Peubla — surnamed The Gross. In his person, he was eminently large and vulgar, with a most brutal countenance; and in his disposition so coarse and gluttonous, and withal so great a drunkard, that if one could believe in a transmigration of beasts, the spirit of a swine had passed into this man's body, for the discredit of human nature.

Now, truly, this was a proper suitor for the Lady Blanche, who, besides the comeliness of her person, was adorned with all those accomplishments which become a gentlewoman. She was moreover gifted with a most excellent wit; so that she not only played on the guitar and various musical instruments to admiration, but also she enriched the melody with most beautiful verses of her own composition. Her father, a great man, and very proud, besides, of the nobility of his blood, was not insensible of these her rare merits, but declaring that so precious a jewel deserved to be richly set in gold, and that rather than marry her below her estate, he would devote her to a life of perpetual celibacy, he watched her with the vigilance of an Argus. To do them justice, the young gentlemen of the province omitted no stratagem to gain access to her presence; but all their attempts were as vain as the grasping at water; and at length, her parent becoming more and more jealous of her admirers, she was confined to the solitude of her own chamber.

It was in this irksome seclusion that, reading constantly in novels and such works which refer to the ages of chivalry, she

became suddenly smitten with such a new passion for the romantic, talking continually of knights and squires, and stratagems of love and war, that her father, doubting whither such a madness might tend, gave orders that all books should be removed from her chamber.

It was a grievous thing to think of that young lady, cheerful and beautiful as the day, confined thus, like a wild bird to an unnatural cage, and deprived of the common delights of liberty and nature. At length, that old Knight of Castile, coming, not with rope-ladders, nor disguised in woman's apparel, like some adventurers, but with a costly equipage, and a most golden reputation, he was permitted to lay his large person at her feet, and, contrary to all expectation, was regarded with an eye of favor.

At the first report of his reception, no one could sufficiently marvel how, in a man of such a countenance, she could behold any similarity with those brave and comely young cavaliers, who, it was thought, must have risen out of their graves in Palestine to behold such a wooer; but when they called to mind her grevious captivity, and how hopeless it was that she could be freed by any artifice from the vigilance of her father, they almost forgave her that she was ready to obtain her freedom by bestowing her hand on a first cousin to the Devil. A certain gallant gentleman, however, who was named Castello, was so offended by the news, that he would have slain the Knight, without any concern for the consequences to himself; but the Lady Blanche, hearing of his design, made shift to send him a message, that by the same blow he would wound her quiet forever.

In the meantime, her father was overjoyed at the prospect of so rich a son-in-law as the Knight; for he was one of those parents that would bestow their children upon Midas himself, notwithstanding that they should be turned into sordid gold at the first embrace. In a transport of joy, therefore, he made an unusual present of valuable jewels to his daughter, and told her withal, that in any reasonable request he would instantly indulge her. This liberal promise astonished Blanche not a little; but after a moment's musing, she made answer.

"You know, Sir," she said, "my passion for romance, and how heartily I despise the fashion of these degenerate days, when everything is performed in a dull, formal manner, and

the occurrence of to-day is but a pattern for the morrow. There is nothing done now so romantically as in those delightful times, when you could not divine in one hour the fate that should befall you in the next, as you may read of in those delicious works of which you have so cruelly deprived me. I beg, therefore, as I have so dutifully consulted your satisfaction in the choice of a husband, that you will so far indulge me, as to leave the manner of our marriage to my own discretion, which is, that it may be on the model of that in the history of Donna Eleanora, in which novel, if you remember, the lady being confined by her father, as I am, contrives to conceal a lover in her closet, and, making their escape together by a rope-ladder, they are happily united in marriage."

"Now, by the Holy Virgin!" replied her father, "this thing shall never be;" and foreseeing a thousand difficulties, and above all, that the Knight would be exceeding adverse to his part in the drama, he repented a thousand times over of the books which had filled her with such preposterous fancies. The lady, notwithstanding, was resolute; and declaring that otherwise she would kill herself rather than be crossed in her will, the old miser reluctantly acceded to her scheme. Accordingly, it was concerted that the next evening, at dusk, the Knight should come and play his serenade under her lattice, whereupon, hearing his most ravishing music, she was to let fall a ladder of ropes, and so admit him to her chamber; her father, moreover, making his nightly rounds, she was to conceal her lover in her closet, and then, both descending by the ladder together, they were to take flight on a pair of fleet horses, which should be ready at the garden gate.

"And now," said she, "if you fail me in the smallest of these particulars, the Knight shall never have of me so much as a ring may embrace," and with this injunction they severally awaited the completion of their drama.

The next night the Lady Blanche watched at her window, and in due season the Knight came with his twangling guitar; but, as if to make her sport of him for the last time, she affected to mistake his music.

"Ah!" she cried, "here is a goodly serenade to sing one awake with; I prythee go away a mile hence, with thy execrable voice, or I will have thee answered with an arquebuss."

All this time the Knight fretted himself into a violent rage, stamping and blaspheming all the blessed saints; but when he heard mention of the arquebuss, he made a motion to run away, which constrained the lady to recall him, and to cast him down the ladder without any further ado. It was a perilous and painful journey for him, you may be sure, to climb up to a single story; but at length with great labor he clambered into the balcony, and in a humor that went nigh to mar the most charming romance that was ever invented. In short, he vowed not to stir a step further in the plot; but Blanche, telling him that for this first and last time he must needs fulfil her will, which would so speedily be resolved into his own; and seducing him besides with some little tokens of endearment, he allowed himself to be locked up in her closet.

The lady then laid herself down in bed, and her father knocking at the door soon after, she called out that he was at liberty to enter. He came in then, very gravely, with a dark lantern, and asking if his daughter was asleep, she replied that she was just on the skirts of a doze.

"Ah," quoth he, after bidding her a good night, "am I not a good father to humor thee thus, in all thy fantasies? In verity, I have forgotten the speech which I ought here to deliver; but pray look well to thy footing, Blanche, and keep a firm hold of the ladder, for else thou wilt have a deadly fall, and I would not have thee to damage my carnations."

Hereupon he departed; and going back to his own chamber, he could not help praising God that this troublesome folly was so nearly at an end. It only remained for him now to receive the letter, which was to be sent to him, as if to procure his fatherly pardon and benediction; and this, after a space, being brought to him by a domestic, he read as follows:—

"Sir,

"If you had treated me with loving-kindness as your daughter, I should most joyfully have reverenced you as my father; but, as you have always carried a purse where instead you ought to have worn a human heart, I have made free to bestow myself where that seat of love will not be wanting to my happiness. As for the huge Knight, whom you have thought fit to select for my husband, you will find him locked up in my closet. For the manner of my departure, I would not will-

ingly have made you a party to your own disappointment; but that, from your excessive vigilance, it was hopeless for me to escape except by a ladder of your own planting. Necessity was the mother of my invention, and its father was Love. Excepting this performance, I was never romantic, and am not now; and, therefore, neither scorning your forgiveness nor yet despairing at its denial, I am going to settle into that sober discretion which I hope is not foreign to my nature. Farewell. Before you read this I am in the arms of my dear Josef Castello, a gentleman of such merit, that you will regain more honor with such a son than you can have lost in your undutiful daughter,

"BLANCHE."

On reading this letter the old man fell into the most ungovernable rage, and releasing the Knight from the closet, they reproached each other so bitterly, and quarrelled so long, as to make it hopeless that they could overtake the fugitives, even had they known the direction of their flight.

In this pleasant manner the Lady Blanche of Castile made her escape from an almost hopeless captivity and an odious suitor; and the letter which she wrote is preserved unto this day, as an evidence of her wit. But her father never forgave her elopement; and when he was stretched even at the point of death, being importuned on this subject, he made answer, that "he could never forgive her, when he had never forgiven himself for her evasion." And with these words on his lips he expired.

THE EIGHTH SLEEPER OF EPHESUS.

"Fie! this fellow would sleep out a Lapland night!"

It happened one day, in a certain merry party of Genoese, that their conversation fell at last on the noted miracle of Ephesus. Most of the company treated the story of the Seven Sleepers as a pleasant fable, and many shrewd conceits and witty jests were passed on the occasion. Some of the gentlemen, inventing dreams for those drowsy personages, provoked much mirth by their allusions; whilst others speculated satirically on the changes in manners which they must have remarked after their century of slumber, — all of the listeners being highly diverted, excepting one sober gentleman, who made a thousand wry faces at the discourse.

At length, taking an opportunity to address them, he lectured them very seriously in defence of the miracle, calling them so many heretics and infidels, and saying that he saw no reason why the history should not be believed as well as any other legend of the holy fathers. Then, after many other curious arguments, he brought the example of the dormouse, which sleeps throughout a whole winter, affirming that the Ephesian Christians being laid in a cold place, like a rocky cavern or sepulchre, might reasonably have remained torpid for a hundred years.

His companions, feigning themselves to be converted, flattered him on to proceed in a discourse which was so diverting, some of them replenishing his glass continually with wine, of which, through talking till he became thirsty, he partook very freely. At last, after uttering a volume of follies and extravagances, he dropped his head upon the table and fell into a profound doze, during which interval his merry companions

plotted a scheme against him, which they promised themselves would afford some excellent sport. Carrying him softly therefore to an upper chamber, they laid him upon an old bed of state, very quaintly furnished and decorated in the style of the gothic ages. Thence repairing to a private theatre in the house, which belonged to their entertainer, they arrayed themselves in some Bohemian habits, very grotesque and fanciful, and disguised their faces with paint, and then sending one of their number to keep watch in the bedchamber, they awaited in this masquerade the awaking of the credulous sleeper.

In an hour or thereabouts, the watcher, perceiving that the other began to yawn, ran instantly to his comrades, who, hurrying up to the chamber, found their Ephesian sitting upright in bed, and wondering about him at its uncouth, mouldering furniture. One of them then speaking for the rest, began to congratulate him on his revival out of so tedious a slumber, persuading him, by help of the others and a legion of lies, that he had slept out a hundred years. He thereupon asking them who they were, they answered they were his dutiful great granchildren, who had kept watch over him by turns ever since they were juveniles. In proof of this, they showed him how dilapidated the bed had become since he had slept in it, nobody daring to remove him against the advice of the physicians.

"I perceive it well," said he, "the golden embroideries are indeed very much tarnished; and the hangings, in truth, as tattered as any of our old Genoese standards that were carried against the Turks. These faded heraldries too, upon the headcloth, have been thoroughly fretted by the moths. I notice also, my dear great grandchildren, by your garments, how much the fashions have altered since my time, though you have kept our ancient language very purely, which is owing of course to the invention of printing. The trees, likewise, and the park, I observe, have much the same appearance that I remember a century since; but the serene aspect of nature does not alter so constantly like our frivolous human customs."

Then recollecting himself, he began to make inquiries concerning his former acquaintance, and particular about one Giacoppo Rossi, — the same wag that in his mummery was then standing before him. They told him he had been dead and buried, fourscore years ago.

"Now, God be praised!" he answered; "for that same fellow was a most pestilent coxcomb, who, pretending to be a wit, thought himself licensed to ridicule men of worth and gravity with the most shameful buffooneries. The world must have been much comforted by his death, and especially if he took with him his fellow-mountebank, Guidolphi, who was as laborious a jester, but duller."

In this strain, going through the names of all those that were with him in the room, he praised God heartily that he was rid of such a generation of knaves and fools and profane heretics; and then recollecting himself afresh,

"Of course, my great grandchildren," said he, "I am a widower?"

His wife, who was amongst the maskers, at this question began to prick up her ears, and answering for herself, she said,

"Alas! the good woman that was thy partner has been dead these seventy-three years, and has left thee desolate."

At this news the sleeper began to rub his hands together very briskly, saying, "Then there was a cursed shrew gone;" whereupon his wife striking him in a fury on the cheek, she let fall her mask through this indiscretion; and so awaked him out of his marvellous dream.

MADELINE.

"One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is, and is not."
TWELFTH NIGHT.

THERE lived in Toledo a young gentleman, so passionately loved by a young lady of the same city, that on his sudden decease she made a vow to think of no other; and having neither relations nor friends, except her dear brother Juan, who was then abroad, she hired a small house, and lived almost the life of a hermit. Being young and handsome, however, and possessed besides of a plentiful fortune, she was much annoyed by the young gallants of the place, who practised so many stratagems to get speech of her, and molested her so continually that to free herself from their importunities, both now and for the future, she exchanged her dress for a man's apparel, and privately withdrew to another city. By favor of her complexion, which was a brunette's, and the solitary manner of her life, she was enabled to preserve this disguise; and it might have been expected that she would have met with few adventures; but on the contrary, she had barely sojourned a month in this new dwelling, and in this unwonted garb, when she was visited with still sterner inquietudes than in those she had so lately resigned.

As the beginning of her troubles, it happened, one evening, in going out a little distance, that she was delayed in the street by seeing a young woman, who, sitting on some stone steps, and with scanty rags to cover her, was nursing a beautiful infant at her breast and weeping bitterly. At this painful spectacle, the charitable Madeline immediately cast her purse into the poor mother's lap, and the woman eagerly seizing the gift, and clasping it to her bosom, began to implore the bless-

ing of God upon so charitable and Christian-like a gentleman. But an instant had scarcely been gone, when on looking up, and more completely discerning the countenance of her benefactor, she suddenly desisted.

"Ah, wretch!" she cried, "do you come hither to insult me? Go again to your false dice; and the curse of a wife and of a mother be upon you!" Then casting away the purse, and bending herself down over her child, and crying, "Alas! my poor babe, shall we eat from the hand that has ruined thy father;" — she resumed her weeping.

The tender Madeline was greatly afflicted at being so painfully mistaken; and hastening home, she deliberated with herself whether she should any longer retain an apparel which had subjected her to so painful an occurrence; but recalling her former persecutions, and trusting that so strange an adventure could scarcely befal her a second time, she continued in her masculine disguise. And now, thinking of the comfort and protection which her dear brother Juan might be to her in such troubles, she became vehemently anxious for his return; and the more so, because she could obtain no tidings of him whatever. On the morrow, therefore, she went forth to make inquiry; and forsaking her usual road, and especially the quarter where she had encountered with that unfortunate woman, she trusted reasonably to meet with no other such misery.

Now it chanced that the road which she had chosen on this day led close beside a cemetery; and just at the moment when she arrived by the gates, there came also a funeral, so that she was obliged to stand aside during the procession. Madeline was much struck by the splendor of the escutcheons; but still more by the general expression of sorrow amongst the people; and inquiring of a by-stander the name of the deceased: — "What!" said the man, "have ye not heard of the villainous murder of our good lord, the Don Felix de Castro? — the hot curse of God fall on the wicked Cain that slew him!" and with that, he uttered so many more dreadful imprecations as made her blood run cold to hear him.

In the mean time, the mourners one by one had almost entered; and the last one was just stepping by, with her hands clasped and a countenance of the deepest sorrow, when, casting her eyes on Madeline, she uttered a piercing shriek, and

pointing with her finger, cried, "That is he, that is he who murdered my poor brother!"

At this exclamation, the people eagerly pressed towards the quarter whither she pointed; but Madeline, shrinking back from the piercing glance of the lady, was so hidden by the gate as to be unnoticed; and the next man being seized on suspicion, and a great tumult arising, she was enabled to make her escape. "Alas!" she sighed inwardly, "what sin have I committed, that this cruel fortune pursues me whithersoever I turn. Alas, what have I done;" and walking sorrowfully in these meditations, she was suddenly accosted by a strange domestic.

"Senor," he said, "my lady desires most earnestly to see you; nay, you must needs come;" and thereupon leading the way into an ancient, noble-looking mansion, the bewildered Madeline, silent and wondering, was introduced to a large apartment. At the further end a lady attired in deep mourning, like a widow, was reclining on a black velvet sofa; the curtains were black, the pictures were framed also in black, and the whole room was so furnished in that dismal color, that it looked like a very palace of grief.

At sight of Madeline, the lady rose hastily and ran a few steps forward; but her limbs failing, she stopped short, and rested with both hands on a little table which stood in the centre of the room. Her figure was tall and graceful, but so wasted, that it seemed as if it must needs bend to that attitude; and her countenance was so thin and pale, and yet withal so beautiful, that Madeline could not behold it without tears of pity. After a pause, the lady cried in a low voice, "Ah, cruel, how could you desert me! See how I have grieved for you!" and therewith unbinding her hair so that it fell about her face, it was as gray as in a woman of fourscore!

"Alas!" she said, "it was black once, when I gave thee a lock for a keepsake; but it was fitting it should change when thou hast changed;" and leaning her face on her hands she sobbed heavily.

At these words the tender Madeline approached to console her; but the lady pushing her gently aside, exclaimed mournfully, "It is too late! it is too late now!" and then casting herself on the sofa, gave way to such a passion of grief, and trembled so exceedingly, that it seemed as if life and sorrow

would part asunder on the spot. Madeline kneeling down, and swearing that she had never injured her, besought her to moderate a transport which broke her heart only to gaze upon; and the lady moving her lips, but unable to make any reply, then drew from her bosom a small miniature, and sobbing out, "O Juan, Juan!" hid her face again upon the cushion.

At sight of the picture, the miserable Madeline was in her own turn speechless; and remembering instantly the beggar and the mourner, whose mistakes were thus illustrated by the unhappy lady, she comprehended at once the full measure of her wretchedness. "O Juan, Juan!" she groaned; "is it thus horribly that I must hear of thee?" and stretching herself upon the carpet, she uttered such piercing cries that the lady, alarmed by a grief which surpassed even her own, endeavored to raise her, and happening to tear open the bosom of her dress, the sex of Madeline was discovered. "Alas, poor wretch! hast thou too been deceived?" cried the lady — "and by the same false Juan;" and enfolding Madeline in her arms, the two unfortunates wept together for the space of many minutes.

In the meantime a domestic abruptly entered; and exclaiming that the murderer of Don Felix was condemned, and that he had seen him conducted to prison, he delivered into the hands of his mistress a fragment of a letter, which she read as follows: —

"MOST DEAR AND INJURED LADY,

"Before this shocks your eyes, your ears will be stung with the news that it is I who have killed your kinsman; and knowing that by the same blow I have slain your peace, I am not less stained by your tears than by his blood which is shed. My wretched life will speedily make atonement for this last offence; but that I should have requited your admirable constancy and affection by so unworthy a return of cruelty and falsehood, is a crime that scorches up my tears before I can shed them; and makes me so despair that I cannot pray even on the threshold of death. And yet, I am not quite the wretch you may account me, except in misery; but desiring only to die as the most unhappy man in this unhappy world, I have withheld many particulars which might otherwise intercede for me with my judges. But I desire to die, and to

pass away from both hatred and pity, if any such befall me; but above all, to perish from a remembrance whereof I am most unworthy: and when I am but a clod, and a poor remnant of dust, you may happily forgive, for mortality's sake, the many faults and human sins which did once inhabit it.

"I am only a few brief hours short of this consummation; and the life which was bestowed for your misery and mine will be extinguished forever. My blood is running its last course through its veins, — and the light and air of which all others so largely partake, is scantily measured out to me. Do not curse me, — do not forget that which you once were to me, though unrelated to my crimes; but if my name may still live where my lips have been, put your pardon into a prayer for my soul against its last sunrise. Only one more request. I have a sister in Toledo who tenderly loves me, and believes that I am still abroad. If it be a thing possible, confirm her still in that happy delusion, — or tell her that I am dead, but not how. As I have concealed my true name, I hope that this deadly reproach may be spared to her, and now from the very confines of the grave ——"

* * * * * *

It was a painful thing to hear the afflicted lady reading thus far betwixt her groans, — but the remainder was written in so wavering a hand, and withal so stained and blotted, that, like the meaning of death itself, it surpassed discovery. At length, "Let me go," cried Madeline, "let me go and liberate him! If they mistake me thus for my brother Juan, the jailer will not be able to distinguish him from me, and in this manner he may escape, and so have more years for repentance, and make his peace with God." Hereupon, wildly clapping her hands, as if for joy at this fortunate thought, she entreated so earnestly for a womanly dress that it was given to her, and throwing it over her man's apparel, she made the best of her way to the prison. But alas! the countenance of the miserable Juan was so changed by sickness and sharp anguish of mind, that for want of a more happy token, she was constrained to recognize him by his bonds. Her fond stratagem, therefore, would have been hopeless, if Juan besides had not been so resolute as he was, in his opposition to her entreaties. She was obliged, therefore, to content herself with mingling

tears with him till night, in his dungeon, — and then struggling, and tearing her fine hair, as though it had been guilty of her grief, she was removed from him by main force, and in that manner conveyed back to the lady's residence.

For some hours she expended her breath only in raving and the most passionate arguments of distress, — but afterwards she became as fearfully calm, neither speaking, nor weeping, nor listening to what was addressed to her, merely remarking, about midnight, that she heard the din of the workmen upon the scaffold, — and which, though heard by no other person at so great a distance, was confirmed afterwards to have been a truth. In this state, with her eyes fixed and her lips moving, but without any utterance, she remained till morning in a kind of lethargy, — and therein so much more happy than her unfortunate companion, who, at every sound of the great bell which is always tolled against the death of a convict, started, and sobbed, and shook, as if each stroke was made against her own heart. But of Madeline, on the contrary, it was noted that even when the doleful procession was passing immediately under the window at which she was present, she only shivered a little, as if at a cool breath of air, and then turning slowly away, and desiring to be laid in bed, she fell into a slumber, as profound nearly as death itself. But it was not her blessed fate to die so quickly, although on the next morning the unhappy partner of her grief was found dead upon her pillow, still and cold, and with so sorrowful an expression about her countenance, as might well rejoice the beholder that she was divorced from a life of so deep a trouble.

As for Madeline, she took no visible note of this occurrence, nor seemed to have any return of reason till the third day, when growing more and more restless, and at length wandering out into the city, she was observed to tear down one of the proclamations for the execution, which were still attached to the walls. After this she was no more seen in the neighborhood, and it was feared she had violently made away with her life; but by later accounts from Toledo, it was ascertained that she had wandered back, barefooted and quite a maniac, to that city.

She was for some years the wonder and the pity of its inhabitants, and when I have been in Toledo with my Uncle

Francis, I have seen this poor, crazed Madeline, as they called her, with her long, loose hair and her fine face, so pale and thin, and so calm-looking, that it seemed to be only held alive by her large, black eyes. She was always mild and gentle, and, if you provoked it, would freely converse with you; but oftentimes in the midst of her discourse, whether cheerful or sad, she would pause and sigh, and say in a different voice, "O Juan, Juan!" and with these two words, simple though they be, she made every heart ache that heard her.

MASETTO AND HIS MARE.

"Quit that form of a woman, and be turned instantly into a mare."
THE STORY OF BEDER, PRINCE OF PERSIA.

IT is remarkable, and hardly to be believed by those who have not studied the history of superstition, what extravagant fables may be imposed on the faith of the vulgar people; especially when such fables are rehearsed in print, which of itself has passed before now as the work of a black or magical art, and has still influence enough over ignorant minds to make them believe, like Masetto, that a book of romances is a gospel.

This Masetto, like most other rustics, was a very credulous man; but more simple otherwise than country folks commonly appear, who have a great deal of crafty instinct of their own, which comes to them spontaneously, as to the ravens and magpies. And whereas pastoral people are generally churlish and headstrong, and, in spite of the antique poets, of coarse and brutal tempers, Masetto, on the contrary, was very gentle and mild, and so compassionate withal, that he would weep over a wounded creature like a very woman. This easy disposition made him liable to be tricked by any subtle knave that might think it worth his pains; and amongst such rogues there was none that duped him more notably than one Bruno Corvetto, a horse-courser, and as dishonest as the most capital of his trade. This fellow, observing that Masetto had a very good mare, which he kept to convey his wares to Florence, resolved to obtain her at the cheapest rate, which was by stratagem; and knowing well the simple and credulous character of the farmer, he soon devised a plan. Now Masetto was very tender to all dumb animals, and especially to his

mare, who was not insensible to his kindly usage, but pricked up her ears at the sound of his voice, and followed him here and there with the sagacity and affection of a faithful dog, together with many other such tokens of an intelligence that has rarely belonged to her race. The crafty Corvetto, therefore, conceived great hopes of his scheme. Accordingly, having planted himself in the road by which Masetto used to return home, he managed to fall into discourse with him about the mare, which he regarded very earnestly, and this he repeated for several days. At last Masetto, observing that he seemed very much affected when he talked of her, became very curious about the cause, and inquired if it had ever been his good fortune to have such another good mare as his own. To this Corvetto made no reply, but, throwing his arms about the mare's neck, began to hug her so lovingly, and with so many deep-drawn sighs, that Masetto began to stare amazingly, and to cross himself as fast as he could. The hypocritical Corvetto then turning away from the animal: "Alas!" said he, "this beloved creature that you see before you is no mare, but an unhappy woman, disguised in this horrible brutal shape by an accursed magician. Heaven only knows in what manner my beloved wife provoked this infernal malice, but doubtless it was by her unconquerable virtue, which was rivalled only by the loveliness of her person. I have been seeking her in this shape all over the wearisome earth, and, now I have discovered her, I have not wherewithal to redeem her of you, my money being all expended in the charges of travelling; otherwise I would take her instantly to the most famous wizard, Michael Scott, who is presently sojourning at Florence, and by help of his magical books might discover some charm to restore her to her natural shape." Then clasping the docile mare about the neck again, he affected to weep over her very bitterly.

The simple Masetto was very much disturbed at this story, but knew not whether to believe it, till at last he bethought himself of the village priest, and proposed to consult him upon the case; and whether the lady, if there was one, might not be exorcised out of the body of his mare. The knavish Corvetto, knowing well that this would ruin his whole plot, was prepared to dissuade him. "You know," said he, "the vile curiosity of our country people, who would not fail at such a

rumor to pester us out of our senses; and especially they would torment my unhappy wife, upon whom they would omit no experiment, however cruel, for their satisfaction. Besides, it would certainly kill her with grief to have her disgrace so published to the world, which she cannot but feel very bitterly; for it must be a shocking thing for a young lady who has been accustomed to listen to the loftiest praises of her womanly beauty, to know herself thus horribly degraded in the foul body of a brute. Alas! who could think that her beautiful locks, which used to shine like golden wires, are now turned, by damnable magic, into this coarse, slovenly mane; or her delicate white hands — O, how pure and lily-like they were — into these hard and iron-shod hoofs!" The tender-hearted Masetto beginning to look very doleful at these exclamations, the knave saw that his performance began to take effect, and so begged no more for the present, than that Masetto would treat his mare very kindly, and rub her teeth daily with a sprig of magical hornbeam, which the simple-witted rustic promised very readily to perform. He had, notwithstanding, some buzzing doubts in his head upon the matter, which Corvetto found means to remove by degrees, taking care, above all, to caress the unconscious mare whenever they met, and sometimes going half-privately to converse with her in the stable.

At last, Masetto being very much distressed by these proceedings, he addressed Corvetto as follows: "I am at my wit's end about this matter. I cannot find in my heart, from respect, to make my lady do any kind of rude work, so that my cart stands idle in the stable, and my wares are thus unsold, which is a state of things that I cannot very well afford. But, above all, your anguish whenever you meet with your poor wife is more than I can bear; it seems such a shocking and unchristianlike sin in me, for the sake of a little money, to keep you both asunder. Take her, therefore, freely of me as a gift; or if you will not receive her thus, out of consideration for my poverty, it shall be paid me when your lady is restored to her estates, and, by your favor, with her own lily-white hand. Nay, pray accept of her without a word; you must be longing, I know, to take her to the great wizard, Michael Scott; and in the mean time I will pray, myself, to the blessed saints and martyrs, that his charms may have the proper

effect." The rogue, at these words, with undissembled joy fell about the mare's neck; and taking her by the halter, after a formal parting with Masetto, began to lead her gently away. Her old master, with brimful eyes, continued watching her departure till her tail was quite out of sight; whereupon Corvetto leaped instantly on her back, and, without stint or mercy, began galloping towards Florence, where he sold her, as certain Saxons are recorded to have disposed of their wives, in the market-place.

Some time afterwards, Masetto repairing to Florence on a holiday, to purchase another horse for his business, he beheld a carrier in one of the streets, who was beating his jade very cruelly. The kind Masetto directly interfered in behalf of the ill-used brute, — which was indeed his own mare, though much altered by hard labor and sorry diet, — and now got into a fresh scrape, with redoubled blows, through capering up to her old master. Masetto was much shocked, you may be sure, to discover the enchanted lady in such a wretched plight. But not doubting that she had been stolen from her afflicted husband, he taxed the carrier very roundly with the theft, who laughed at him in his turn for a madman, and proved by three witnesses, that he had purchased the mare of Corvetto. Masetto's eyes were thus opened, but by a very painful operation. However, he purchased his mare again, without bargaining for either golden hair or lily-white hands, and with a heavy heart rode back again to his village. The inhabitants when he arrived, were met together on some public business; after which Masetto, like an imprudent man as he was, complained bitterly amongst his neighbors of his disaster. They made themselves, therefore, very merry at his expense, and the schoolmaster especially, who was reckoned the chiefest wit of the place. Masetto bore all their railleries with great patience, defending himself with many reasonable arguments, — and at last he told them he would bring them in proof quite as wonderful a case. Accordingly, stepping back to his own house, he returned with an old tattered volume, which Corvetto had bestowed on him, of the "Arabian Nights," and began to read to them the story of Sidi Nonman, whose wife was turned, as well as Corvetto's, into a beautiful mare. His neighbors laughing more lustily than ever at this illustration, and the schoolmaster crowing above

them all, Masetto interrupted him with great indignation. "How is this, Sir," said he, "that you mock me so, whereas, I remember, that when I was your serving-man, and swept out the school-room, I have overheard you teaching the little children concerning people in the old ages, that were half men and the other half turned into horses; yea, and showing them the effigies in a print, and what was there more impossible in this matter of my own mare?" The priest interposing at this passage, in defence of the schoolmaster, Masetto answered him as he had answered the pedagogue, excepting that instead of the Centaurs, he alleged a miracle out of the Holy Fathers, in proof of the powers of magic. There was some fresh laughing at this rub of the bowls against the pastor, who being a Jesuit, and a very subtle man, began to consider within himself whether it was not better for their souls, that his flock should believe by wholesale, than have too scrupulous a faith, and accordingly, after a little deliberation, he sided with Masetto. He engaged, moreover, to write for the opinion of his College, who replied, that as sorcery was a devilish and infernal art, its existence was as certain as the devil's.

Thus a belief in enchantment took root in the village, which in the end flourished so vigorously, that although the rustics could not be juggled out of any of their mares, they burned nevertheless a number of unprofitable old women.

THE STORY OF MICHEL ARGENTI.

"View 'em well.
Go round about 'em, and still
View their faces; round about yet,
See how death waits upon 'em, for
Thou shalt never view 'em more."
ELDER BROTHER.

MICHEL ARGENTI was a learned physician of Padua, but lately settled at Florence, a few years only before its memorable visitation, when the Destroying Angel brooded over that unhappy city, shaking out deadly vapors from its wings.

It must have been a savage heart indeed, that could not be moved by the shocking scenes that ensued from that horrible calamity, and which were fearful enough to overcome even the dearest pieties and prejudices of humanity; causing the holy ashes of the dead to be no longer venerated, and the living to be disregarded by their nearest ties: the tenderest mothers forsaking their infants; wives flying from the sick couches of their husbands; and children neglecting their dying parents; when love closed the door against love, and particular selfishness took place of all mutual sympathies. There were some brave, humane spirits, nevertheless, that with a divine courage ventured into the very chambers of the sick, and contended over their prostate bodies with the common enemy; and amongst these was Argenti, who led the way in such works of mercy, till at last the pestilence stepped over his own threshold, and he was beckoned home by the ghastly finger of Death, to struggle with him for the wife of his own bosom.

Imagine him then, worn out in spirit and body, ministering hopelessly to her that had been dearer to him than health or life; but now, instead of an object of loveliness, a livid and

ghastly spectacle, almost too loathsome to look upon; her pure flesh being covered with blue and mortiferous blotches, her sweet breath being changed into a fetid vapor, and her accents expressive only of anguish and despair. These doleful sounds were aggravated by the songs and festivities of the giddy populace, which, now the pestilence had abated, ascended into the desolate chamber of its last martyr, and mingled with her dying groans.

These ending on the third day with her life, Argenti was left to his solitary grief, the only living person in his desolate house; his servants having fled during the pestilence, and left him to perform every office with his own hands. Hitherto the dead had gone without their rites; but he had the melancholy satisfaction of those sacred and decent services for his wife's remains, which during the height of the plague had been direfully suspended; the dead bodies being so awfully numerous that they defied a careful sepulture, but were thrown, by random and slovenly heaps, into great holes and ditches.

As soon as was prudent after this catastrophe, his friends repaired to him with his two little children, who had fortunately been absent in the country, and now returned with brave, ruddy cheeks and vigorous spirits to his arms; but, alas! not to cheer their miserable parent, who thenceforward was never known to smile, nor scarcely to speak, excepting of the pestilence. As a person that goes forth from a dark sick chamber is still haunted by its glooms, in spite of the sunshine; so, though the plague had ceased, its horrors still clung about the mind of Argenti, and with such a deadly influence in his thoughts, as it bequeathes to the infected garments of the dead. The dreadful objects he had witnessed still walked with their ghostly images in his brain, — his mind, in short, being but a doleful lazaretto devoted to pestilence and death. The same horrible spectres possessed his dreams; which he sometimes described as filled up from the same black source, and thronging with the living sick he had visited, or the multitudinous dead corses, with the unmentionable and unsightly rites of their inhumation.

These dreary visions entering into all his thoughts, it happened often that when he was summoned to the sick, he pronounced that their malady was the plague, discovering its awful symptoms in bodies where it had no existence; but

above all, his terrors were busy with his children whom he watched with a vigilant and despairing eye; discerning constantly some deadly taint in their wholesome breath, or declaring that he saw the plague-spot in their tender faces. Thus, watching them sometimes upon their pillows, he would burst into tears and exclaim that they were smitten with death; in short, he regarded their blue eyes and ruddy cheeks but as the frail roses and violets that are to perish in a day, and their silken hair like the most brittle gossamers. Thus their existence, which should have been a blessing to his hopes, became a very curse to him through his despair.

His friends, judging rightly from these tokens that his mind was impaired, persuaded him to remove from a place which had been the theatre of his calamities, and served but too frequently to remind him of his fears. He repaired, therefore, with his children to the house of a kinswoman at Genoa; but his melancholy was not at all relieved by the change, his mind being now like a black Stygian pool that reflects not, except one dismal hue, whatever shifting colors are presented by the skies. In this mood he continued there five or six weeks, when the superb city was thrown into the greatest alarm and confusion. The popular rumor reported that the plague had been brought into the port by a Moorish felucca, whereupon the magistrates ordered that the usual precautions should be observed; so that although there was no real pestilence, the city presented the usual appearances of such a visitation.

These tokens were sufficient to aggravate the malady of Argenti, whose illusions became instantly more frequent and desperate, and his affliction almost a frenzy; so that going at night to his children, he looked upon them in an agony of despair, as though they were already in their shrouds. And when he gazed on their delicate, round cheeks, like ripening fruits, and their fair arms, like sculptured marbles, entwining each other, 't is no marvel that he begrudged to pestilence the horrible and loathsome disfigurements and changes which it would bring upon their beautiful bodies; neither that he contemplated with horror the painful stages by which they must travel to their premature graves. Some meditations as dismal I doubt not occupied his incoherent thoughts, and whilst they lay before him so lovely and calm-looking, made him wish that instead of a temporal sleep, they were laid in eternal rest.

Their odorous breath, as he kissed them, was as sweet as flowers; and their pure skin without spot or blemish; nevertheless, to his gloomy fancy the corrupted touches of death were on them both, and devoted their short-lived frames to his most hateful inflictions.

Imagine him gazing, full of these dismal thoughts, on their faces, sometimes smiting himself upon his forehead that entertained such horrible fancies, and sometimes pacing to and fro in the chamber with an emphatic step which must needs have awakened his little ones if they had not been lapped in the profound slumber of innocence and childhood. In the meantime the mild light of love in his looks changes into a fierce and dreary fire; his sparkling eyes and his lips as pallid as ashes, betraying the desperate access of frenzy, which like a howling demon passes into his feverish soul, and provokes him to unnatural action: and first of all he plucks away the pillows, those downy ministers to harmless sleep, but now unto death, with which crushing the tender faces of his little ones, he thus dams up their gentle respirations before they can utter a cry; then casting himself with horrid fervor upon their bodies, with this unfatherlike embrace he enfolds them till they are quite breathless. After which he lifts up the pillows, and, lo! there lie the two murdered babes, utterly quiet and still, and with the ghastly seal of death imprinted on their waxen cheeks.

In this dreadful manner Argenti destroyed his innocent children, — not in hatred, but ignorantly, and wrought upon by the constant apprehension of their death; even as a terrified wretch upon a precipice, who swerves towards the very side that presents the danger. Let his deed, therefore, be viewed with compassion, as the fault of his unhappy fate which forced upon him such a cruel crisis, and finally ended his sorrows by as tragical a death. On the morrow his dead body was found at sea by some fishermen, and being recognized as Argenti's, it was interred in one grave with those of his two children.

THE THREE JEWELS.

"How many shapes hath Love?
Marry, as many as your molten lead."

THERE are many examples in ancient and modern story, of lovers who have worn various disguises to obtain their mistresses; the great Jupiter himself setting the pattern by his notable transformations. Since those heroic days, Love has often diverted himself in Italy as a shepherd with his pastoral crook; and I propose to tell you how, in more recent times, he has gone amongst us in various other shapes. But in the first place I must introduce to you a handsome youth, named Torrello, of Bergamo, who was enamored of Fiorenza, the daughter of gentlefolks in the same neighborhood. His enemies never objected anything against Torrello, but his want of means to support his gentlemanly pretensions and some extravagances and follies, which belong generally to youth, and are often the mere foils of a generous nature. However, the parents of Fiorenza being somewhat austere, perceived graver offences in his flights, and forbade him, under grievous penalties, to keep company with his mistress.

Love, notwithstanding, is the parent of more inventions than Necessity, and Torrello, being a lively-witted fellow, and withal deeply inspired by love, soon found out a way to be as often as he would in the presence of his lady. Seeing that he could not transform himself, like Jupiter, into a shower of gold for her sake, he put on the more humble seeming of a gardener, and so got employed in the pleasure-ground of her parents. I leave you to guess, then, how the flowers prospered under his care, since they were to form bouquets for Fiorenza, who was seldom afterwards to be seen without some pretty blossom in her bosom. She took many lessons besides of the gar-

dener, in his gentle craft, and her fondness growing for the employment, her time was almost all spent naturally amongst her plants, and to the infinite cultivation of her heart's-ease, which had never before prospered to such a growth. She learned also of Torrello a pretty language of hieroglyphics, which he had gathered from the girls of the Greek Islands, so that they could hold secret colloquies together by exchanges of flowers; and Fiorenza became more eloquent by this kind of speech than in her own language, which she had never found competent to her dearest confessions.

Conceive how abundantly happy they were in such employments, surrounded by the lovely gifts of nature, their pleasant occupation of itself being the primeval recreation of humankind before the fall, and love especially being with them, that can convert a wilderness into a garden of sweets.

The mother of Fiorenza, chiding her sometimes for the neglect of her embroideries, she would answer in this manner:—

"O my dear mother! what is there in labors of art at all comparable with these? Why should I task myself with a tedious needle to stitch out poor tame, formal emblems of these beautiful flowers and plants, when thus the living blooms spring up naturally under my hands. I confess I never could account for the fondness of young women for that unwholesome chamberwork, for the sake of a piece of inanimate tapestry, which hath neither freshness nor fragrance; whereas this breezy air, with the odor of the plants and shrubs, inspirits my very heart. I assure you, 't is like a work of magic to see how they are charmed to spring up by the hands of our skilful gardener, who is so civil and kind as to teach me all the secrets of his art."

By such expressions her mother was quieted; but her father was not so easily pacified; for it happened, that whilst the roses flourished everywhere, the household herbs, by the neglect of Torrello and his assistants, went entirely to decay, so that at last, though there was a nosegay in every chamber, there was seldom a salad for the table. The master taking notice of the neglect, and the foolish Torello in reply showing a beautiful flowery arbor, which he had busied himself in erecting, he was abruptly discharged on the spot, and driven out, like Adam, from his Paradise of flowers.

The mother being informed afterwards of this transaction,—

"In truth," said she, "it was well done of you, for the fellow was very forward, and I think Fiorenza did herself some disparagement in making so much of him, as I have observed. For example, a small fee of a crown or two would have paid him handsomely for his lessons to her, without giving him one of her jewels, which I fear the knave will be insolent enough to wear and make a boast of."

And truly Torrello never parted with the gift, which, as though it had been some magical talisman, transformed him quickly into a master falconer, on the estate of the parent of Fiorenza; and thus he rode side by side with her whenever she went a fowling. That healthful exercise soon restored her cheerfulness, which, towards autumn, on the withering of her flowers, had been touched with melancholy; and she pursued her new pastime with as much eagerness as before. She rode always beside the falconer, as constant as a tassel-gentle to his lure; whilst Torrello often forgot to recal his birds from their flights. His giddiness and inadvertence at last procuring his dismissal, the falcon was taken from his finger, which Fiorenza recompensed with a fresh jewel, to console him for his disgrace.

After this event, there being neither gardening nor fowling to amuse her, the languid girl fell into a worse melancholy than before, that quite disconcerted her parents. After a consultation, therefore, between themselves, they sent for a noted physician from Turin, in spite of the opposition of Fiorenza, who understood her own ailment sufficiently to know that it was desperate to his remedies. In the mean time his visits raised the anxiety of Torrello to such a pitch, that after languishing some days about the mansion, he contrived to waylay the doctor on his return, and learned from him the mysterious nature of the patient's disease. The doctor confessing his despair of her cure.

"Be of good cheer," replied Torrello; "I know well her complaint, and without any miracle will enable you to restore her, so as to redound very greatly to your credit. You tell me that she will neither eat nor drink, and cannot sleep if she would, but pines miserably away, with a despondency which must end in either madness or her dissolution; whereas, I promise you she shall not only feed heartily and sleep soundly, but dance and sing as merrily as you can desire."

He then related confidentially the history of their mutual love, and begged earnestly that the physician would devise some means of getting him admitted to the presence of his mistress. The doctor being a good-hearted man, was much moved by the entreaties of Torrello, and consented to use his ability.

"However," said he, "I can think of no way but one, which would displease you, — and that is, that you should personate my pupil, and attend upon her with my medicines."

The joyful Torrello assured the doctor, "that he was very much mistaken in supposing that any falsely-imagined pride could overmaster the vehemence of his love;" and accordingly putting on an apron, with the requisite habits, he repaired on his errand to the languishing Fiorenza. She recovered very speedily, at his presence, but was altogether well again, to learn that thus a new mode was provided for their interviews. The physician thereupon was gratified with a handsome present by her parents, who allowed the assistant likewise to continue his visits till he had earned another jewel of Fiorenza. Prudence at last telling them that they must abandon this stratagem, they prepared for a fresh separation, but taking leave of each other upon a time too tenderly, they were observed by the father, and whilst Torrello was indignantly thrust out at the door, Fiorenza was commanded, with a stern rebuke, to her own chamber.

The old lady thereupon asking her angry husband concerning the cause of the uproar, he told her that he had caught the doctor's man on his knees to Fiorenza.

"A plague take him!" said he; "'t is the trick of all his tribe, with a pretence of feeling women's pulses to steal away their hands. I marvel how meanly the jade will bestow her favor next; but it will be a baser varlet, I doubt, than a gardener, or a falconer."

"The falconer!" said the mother, "you spoke just now of the doctor's man."

"Ay, quoth he, "but I saw her exchange looks, too, with the falconer; my heart misgives me, that we shall undergo much disgrace and trouble on account of such a self-willed and froward child."

"Alas!" quoth the mother, "it is the way of young women, when they are crossed in the man of their liking; they grow

desperate and careless of their behavior. It is a pity, methinks, we did not let her have Torrello, who, with all his faults, was a youth of gentle birth, and not likely to disgrace us by his manners; but it would bring me down to my grave, to have the girl debase herself with any of these common and low-bred people."

Her husband, agreeing in these sentiments, they concerted how to have Torrello recalled, which the lady undertook to manage, so as to make the most of their parental indulgence to Fiorenza. Accordingly, after a proper lecture on her indiscretions, she dictated a dutiful letter to her lover, who came very joyfully in his own character as a gentleman, and a time was appointed for the wedding. When the day arrived, and the company were all assembled, the mother, who was very lynx-sighted, espied the three trinkets, namely, a ring, a clasp, and a buckle, on the person of Torrello, that had belonged to her daughter: however, before she could put any questions, he took Fiorenza by the hand, and spoke as follows.

"I know what a history you are going to tell me of the indiscretions of Fiorenza; and that the several jewels you regard so suspiciously, were bestowed by her on a gardener, a falconer, and a doctor's man. Those three knaves, being all as careless and improvident as myself, the gifts are come, as you perceive, into my own possession; notwithstanding, lest any should impeach, therefore, the constancy of this excellent lady, let them know that I will maintain her honor in behalf of myself, as well as of those other three, in token of which I have put on their several jewels."

The parents being enlightened by this discourse, and explaining it to their friends, the young people were married, to the general satisfaction; and Fiorenza confessed herself thrice happy with the gardener, the falconer, and the doctor's man.

GERONIMO AND GHISOLA.

"This small, small thing, you say is venomous,
Its bite deadly, though but a very pin's prick.
Now ought death to be called a Fairy, —
For he might creep in, look you, through a keyhole."
OLD PLAY.

THERE are many tragical instances on record, of cruel parents who have tried to control the affections of their children; but as well might they endeavor to force backwards the pure mountain current into base and unnatural channels. Such attempts, whether of sordid parents or ungenerous rivals, redound only to the disgrace of the contrivers; for Love is a jealous deity, and commonly avenges himself by some memorable catastrophe.

Thus it befell to the ambitious Marquis of Ciampolo, when he aimed at matching his only daughter, Ghisola, with the unfortunate Alfieri; whereas her young heart was already devoted to her faithful Geronimo, a person of gentle birth and much merit, though of slender estate. For this reason, his virtues were slighted by all but Ghisola, who had much cause to grieve at her father's blindness; for Alfieri was a proud and jealous man, and did not scorn to disparage his rival by the most unworthy reports. He had, indeed, so little generosity, that although she pleaded the prepossession of her heart by another, he did not cease to pursue her; and finally, the Marquis discovering the reason of her rejection, the unhappy Geronimo was imperatively banished from her presence.

In this extremity, the disconsolate lovers made friends with a venerable oak, in the Marquis's park, which presented a convenient cavity for the reception of their scrolls; and in this way, this aged tree became the mute and faithful confidant of

their secret correspondence. Its mossy and knotted trunk was inhabited by several squirrels, and its branches by various birds; and in its gnarled roots, a family of red ants had made their fortress, which afforded a sufficient excuse for Ghisola to stop often before the tree, as if to observe their curious and instructive labors. In this manner they exchanged their fondest professions, and conveyed the dearest aspirations of their hearts to each other.

But love is a purblind and imprudent passion, which, like the ostrich, conceals itself from its proper sense, and then foolishly imagines that it is shrouded from all other eyes. Thus, whenever Ghisola walked abroad, her steps wandered by attraction to the self-same spot, her very existence seeming linked, like the life of a dryad, to her favorite tree. At last, these repeated visits attracting the curiosity of the vigilant Alfieri, his ingenuity soon divined the cause; and warily taking care to examine all the scrolls that passed between them, it happened that several schemes, which they plotted for a secret interview, were vexatiously disconcerted. The unsuspicious lovers, however, attributed these spiteful disappointments to the malice of chance; and thus their correspondence continued till towards the end of autumn, when the oak-tree began to shed its last withered leaves; but Ghisola heeded not, so long as it afforded those other ones, which were more golden in her eyes than any upon the boughs.

One evil day, however, repairing as usual to the cavity, it was empty and treasureless, although her own deposit had been removed as heretofore; and the dews beneath, it appeared, had been lately brushed away by the foot of her dear Geronimo. She knew, notwithstanding, that at any risk he would not so have grieved her; wherefore, returning home with a heavy heart, she dreaded, not unreasonably, that she should discover what she pined for in the hands of her incensed father; but being deceived in this expectation, she spent the rest of the day in tears and despondence; for, rather than believe any negligence of Geronimo, she resolved that he must have met with some tragical adventure; wherefore his bleeding ghost, with many more such horrible phantasies, did not fail to visit her in her thoughts and dreams.

In the meantime, Geronimo was in equal despair at not having received any writings from Ghisola; but his doubts

took another turn than hers, and justly alighted on the treacherous Alfieri. At the first hints of his suspicion, therefore, he ran to the house of his rival, where the domestics refused positively to admit him, declaring that their master, if not already deceased, was upon the very threshold of death. Geronimo naturally supposing this story to be a mere subterfuge, drew his sword, and with much ado forced his way up to the sick man's chamber, where he found him stretched out upon a couch, and covered from head to heel with a long cloak. The noise of the door disturbing him, Alfieri uncovered his face, and looked out with a countenance so horribly puckered by anguish and distorted, that Geronimo for an instant forgot his purpose; but, recovering himself from the shock, he asked fiercely for the letters.

The dying wretch answered to this demand with a deep groan, and removing the cloak, he showed Geronimo his bare arm, which was swelled as large round nearly as a man's body, and quite black and livid to the shoulder; but the hand was redder in color, and merely a lump of unshapely flesh, though without any perceptible wound.

"This," said he, pointing to the livid member, "is my punishment for a deep offence to you; and there is your cruel avenger."

Geronimo, turning by his direction towards the table, at first sight discovered nothing deadly, but on looking within a little silver box, he discovered a small dead scorpion, the bite of which, in our climate, is frequently mortal. Alfieri then motioning to Geronimo to come nearer, continued with great difficulty in these words: —

"There is a certain old oak, with a cleft in it, in the Marquis's park, which is but too well known to us both. My evil fortune led me to discover its use to you; and my baseness to abuse that knowledge, for which I am suffering these torments. For putting my guilty hand into the hollow for your papers, which I blush to confess were my object, I was stung on my finger by this accursed reptile, who was lurking in the bottom of the hole. I have killed it, as you see, though my own anguish commenced with its destruction. Notwithstanding, I took away the papers and ran hither, where, on looking at my hand, it was as scarlet as my shame; and my arm was already beginning to swell to this monstrous size, and the con-

vulsed muscles were all writhing together, like as many serpents. And now my pangs, together with the fever of my remorseless mind, have brought me to the extremity you behold." Saying which, he fell into a fresh fit of agony, so that the sweat issued in large drops from his forehead, and his eyes turned in their sockets with nothing but the whites upon Geronimo, whose flesh crept all over with compassion and dread.

This paroxysm passing over, he wiped away the foam from his mouth, and began to speak again, but in a much weaker voice, and by syllables.

"You see," said he, "my injuries have returned, like ardent coals, upon my own head. I designed to have supplanted you, whereas I am myself removed from my place on the earth. Let me then depart with your forgiveness for the peace of my soul; whilst, on my part, I make you amends as far as I may. And first of all, take this box with its fatal contents to the Marquis, and bid him know by this token that God was adverse to our will. And because I did love, though vainly, let all my possession be laid at the same feet where I used to kneel; and beseech her, for charity's sake, to bestow her prayers on my departed soul. Tell her my pangs were bitter, and my fate cruel, except in preserving her from as horrible a calamity." He then fell backwards again upon the couch, and died.

As soon as he was laid out, Geronimo went and delivered the message to the Marquis, whom he found chiding with Ghisola for her melancholy. As he was much impressed with the dreadful scene he had witnessed, he described it very eloquently, so that both of his hearers were much affected, and especially at sight of the box with the dead scorpion. It cost Ghisola some fresh tears, which her lover did not reprove, to be told of the expressions which related to herself; but the Marquis was still more shocked at the relation, and, confessing that it was the judgment of Heaven, he no longer opposed himself to the union of Ghisola with Geronimo. He then caused the remains of Alfieri to be honorably buried; and it was observed that Geronimo shed the most tears of any one that wept over his tomb.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

"What is here?
Gold, yellow, glittering, precious gold!"
TIMON OF ATHENS.

THERE is no vice that causes more calamities in human life than the intemperate passion for gaming. How many noble and ingenious persons it hath reduced from wealth unto poverty? nay, from honesty to dishonor, and by still descending steps into the gulf of perdition. And yet how prevalent it is in all capital cities, where many of the chiefest merchants, and courtiers especially, are mere pitiful slaves of fortune, toiling like so many abject turnspits in her ignoble wheel. Such a man is worse off than a poor borrower, for all he has is at the momentary call of imperative chance; or rather, he is more wretched than a very beggar, being mocked with an appearance of wealth, but as deceitful as if it turned, like the moneys in the old Arabian story, into decaying leaves.

In our parent city of Rome, to aggravate her modern disgraces, this pestilent vice has lately fixed her abode, and has inflicted many deep wounds on the fame and fortunes of her proudest families. A number of noble youths have been sucked into the ruinous vortex, some of them being degraded, at last, into humble retainers upon rich men, but the most part perishing by an unnatural catastrophe; and if the same fate did not befall the young Marquis de Malaspini, it was only by favor of a circumstance which is not likely to happen a second time for any gamester.

This gentleman came into a handsome revenue at the death of his parents; whereupon, to dissipate his regrets, he travelled abroad, and his graceful manners procured him a distinguished reception at several courts. After two years spent in this

manner he returned to Rome, where he had a magnificent palace on the banks of the Tiber, and which he further enriched with some valuable paintings and sculptures from abroad. His taste in these works was much admired; and his friends remarked, with still greater satisfaction, that he was untainted by the courtly vices which he must have witnessed in his travels. It only remained to complete their wishes that he should form a matrimonial alliance that should be worthy of himself; and he seemed likely to fulfil this hope in attaching himself to the beautiful Countess of Maraviglia. She was herself the heiress of an ancient and honorable house; so that the match was regarded with satisfaction by the relations on both sides, and especially as the young pair were most tenderly in love with each other.

For certain reasons, however, the nuptials were deferred for a time, thus affording leisure for the crafty machinations of the Devil, who delights, above all things, to cross a virtuous and happy marriage. Accordingly, he did not fail to make use of this judicious opportunity, but chose for his instrument the lady's own brother, a very profligate and a gamester, who soon fastened, like an evil genius, on the unlucky Malaspini.

It was a dismal shock to the lady, when she learned the nature of this connection, which Malaspini himself discovered to her, by incautiously dropping a die from his pocket in her presence. She immediately endeavored, with all her influence, to reclaim him from the dreadful passion for play, which had now crept over him like a moral cancer, and already disputed the sovereignty of love; neither was it without some dreadful struggles of remorse on his own part, and some useless victories, that he at last gave himself up to such desperate habits, but the power of his Mephistophiles prevailed, and the visits of Malaspini to the lady of his affections became still less frequent; he repairing instead to those nightly resorts where the greater portion of his estates was already forfeited.

At length, when the lady had not seen him for some days, and in the very last week before that which had been appointed for her marriage, she received a desperate letter from Malaspini, declaring that he was a ruined man, in fortune and hope, and that at the cost of his life even he must renounce her hand forever. He added, that if his pride would let him even propose himself, a beggar as he was, for her acceptance, he should

yet despair too much of her pardon to make such an offer; whereas, if he could have read in the heart of the unhappy lady, he would have seen that she still preferred the beggar Malaspini to the richest nobleman in the Popedom. With abundance of tears and sighs perusing his letter, her first impulse was to assure him of that loving truth; and to offer herself with her estates to him, in compensation of the spites of Fortune; but the wretched Malaspini had withdrawn himself no one knew whither, and she was constrained to content herself with grieving over his misfortunes, and purchasing such parts of his property as were exposed for sale by his plunderers. And now it became apparent what a villanous part his betrayer had taken; for, having thus stripped the unfortunate gentleman, he now aimed to rob him of his life also, that his treacheries might remain undiscovered. To this end he feigned a most vehement indignation at Malaspini's neglect and bad faith, as he termed it, towards his sister; protesting that it was an insult to be only washed out with his blood; and with these expressions, he sought to kill him at any advantage, And no doubt he would have become a murderer as well as a dishonest gamester, if Malaspini's shame and anguish had not drawn him out the way; for he had hired a mean lodging in the suburbs, from which he never issued but at dusk, and then only to wander in the most unfrequented places.

It was now in the wane of autumn, when some of the days are fine, and gorgeously decorated at morn and eve by the rich sun's embroideries; but others are dewy and dull, with cold nipping winds, inspiring comfortless fancies and thoughts of melancholy in every bosom. In such a dreary hour Malaspini happened to walk abroad, and avoiding his own squandered estates, which it was not easy to do by reason of their extent, he wandered into a by-place in the neighborhood. The place was very lonely and desolate, and without any near habitation; its main feature especially being a large tree, now stripped bare of its vernal honors, excepting one dry yellow leaf, which was shaking on a topmost bough to the cold evening wind, and threatening at every moment to fall to the damp, dewy earth. Before this dreary object Malaspini stopped some time in contemplation, commenting to himself on the desolate tree, and drawing many apt comparisons between its nakedness and his own beggarly condition.

"Alas, poor bankrupt!" says he, "thou hast been plucked too, like me; but yet not so basely. Thou hast but showered thy green leaves on the grateful earth, which in another season will repay thee with sap and sustenance; but those whom I have fattened will not so much as lend again to my living. Thou wilt thus regain all thy green summer wealth, which I shall never do; and besides, thou art still better off than I am, with that one golden leaf to cheer thee, whereas I have been stripped even of my last ducat!"

With these and many more similar fancies he continued to aggrieve himself, till at last, being more sad than usual, his thoughts tended unto death; and he resolved, still watching that yellow leaf, to take its flight as the signal for his own departure.

"Chance," said he, "hath been my temporal ruin, and so let it now determine for me, in my last cast between life and death, which is all that its malice hath left me."

Thus, in his extremity he still risked somewhat upon fortune; and very shortly the leaf being torn away by a sudden blast, it made two or three flutterings to and fro, and at last settled on the earth, at about a hundred paces from the tree. Malaspini instantly interpreted this as an omen that he ought to die; and following the leaf till it alighted, he fell to work on the same spot with his sword, intending to scoop himself a sort of rude hollow for a grave. He found a strange gloomy pleasure in this fanciful design, that made him labor very earnestly; and the soil, besides being loose and sandy, he had soon cleared away about a foot below the surface. The earth then became suddenly more obstinate, and trying it here and there with his sword, it struck against some very hard substance; whereupon, digging a little further down, he discovered a considerable treasure.

There were coins of various nations, but all golden, in this petty mine; and in such quantity as made Malaspini doubt for a moment if it were not the mere mintage of his fancy. Assuring himself however, that it was no dream, he gave many thanks to God for this timely providence; notwithstanding, he hesitated for a moment to deliberate whether it was honest to avail himself of the money; but believing, as was most probable, that it was the plunder of some banditti, he was reconciled to the appropriation of it to his own necessities.

Loading himself, therefore, with as much gold as he could conveniently carry, he hastened with it to his humble quarters; and by making two or three more trips in the course of the night, he made himself master of the whole treasure. It was sufficient, on being reckoned, to maintain him in comfort for the rest of his life; but not being able to enjoy it in the scene of his humiliations, he resolved to reside abroad; and embarking in an English vessel at Naples, he was carried over safely to London.

It is held a deep disgrace amongst our Italian nobility for a gentleman to meddle with either trade or commerce; and yet, as we behold, they will condescend to retail their own produce, and wine especially, — yea, marry, and with an empty barrel, like any vintner's sign, hung out at their stately palaces. Malaspini perhaps disdained from the first these illiberal prejudices; or else he was taught to renounce them by the example of the London merchants, whom he saw in that great mart of the world, engrossing the universal seas, and enjoying the power and importance of princes, merely from the fruits of their traffic. At any rate, he embarked what money he possessed in various mercantile adventures, which ended so profitably that in three years he had regained almost as large a fortune as he had formerly inherited. He then speedily returned to his native country, and redeeming his paternal estates, he was soon in a worthy condition to present himself to his beloved Countess, who was still single, and cherished him with all a woman's devotedness in her constant affection. They were therefore before long united, to the contentment of all Rome; her wicked relation having been slain some time before in a brawl with his associates.

As for the fortunate windfall which had so befriended him, Malaspini founded with it a noble hospital for orphans; and for this reason, that it belonged formerly to some fatherless children, from whom it had been withheld by their unnatural guardian. This wicked man it was who had buried the money in the sand: but when he found that his treasure was stolen, he went and hanged himself on the very tree that had caused its discovery.

BARANGA.

"Miserable creature!
If thou persist in this, 't is damnable.
Do'st thou imagine thou canst slide in blood,
And not be tainted with a shameful fall?
Or, like the black and melancholic yew-tree,
Do'st think to root thyself in dead men's graves
And yet to prosper?"

THE WHITE DEVIL.

IT has been well said that if there be no marriages made up in heaven, there are a great many contrived in a worse place; the devil having a visible hand in some matches, which turn out as mischievous and miserable as he could desire. Not that I mean here to rail against wedlock, the generality of such mockers falling into its worst scrapes; but my mind is just now set upon such contracts as that of the Marquis Manfredi with Baranga, who before the year was out began to devise his death.

This woman, it has been supposed by those who remember her features, was a Jewess, — which, in a Catholic country, the Marquis would be unwilling to acknowledge, — however, he affirmed that he had brought her from the kingdom of Spain. She was of the smallest figure that was ever known, and very beautiful, but of as impatient and fiery a temper as the cat-a-mountains of her own country; never hesitating, in her anger, at any extremes, — neither sparing her own beautiful hair nor her richest dresses, which she sometimes tore into shreds with her passionate hands. At such times she confirmed but too plausibly her imputed sisterhood with Jael and Deborah, and those traditional Hebrew women who faltered not even at acts of blood; and who could not have looked more wildly at their tragedies than she, when she stood in her

splendid rags, with her eyes flashing as darkly and as dangerously as theirs.

As soon as she arrived in Italy, her fatal beauty captivated a number of unhappy youths, who were led by her waywardness into the most painful adventures; some of them suffering by encounters amongst themselves, and others by the conversion of her fickle favor into hatred and scorn. Manfredi suspected little of these mischiefs, till at last the season of the Carnival drew nigh, when fearing the influence of that long revel of pleasure and dissipation upon her mind, he withdrew with her to his country-seat which was about nine leagues distant from Rome. Thither she was followed by one of her gallants named Vitelli, a ferocious and dissolute man, and whom it is believed she engaged to pursue her, not so much from personal liking, as in the hope of his assistance to relieve her from this irksome retirement. Her temper, in the mean time, being irritated by such restraint, grew every day more fierce and desperate,—her cries often resounding through the house, which was strewed with fresh tokens of her fury. With whatever grief the Marquis beheld these paroxysms, he comforted himself by a fond reliance on her affection, and endeavored by the most tender assiduities to console her for the disappointment he had inflicted. The moment of her arrival in the country, therefore, he presented her, as a peace-offering, with a pair of superb earrings; but he quickly beheld her with her ears dropping blood, and the jewels, which she had violently plucked away, lying trampled on the floor.

It was common for such scenes to happen whenever they encountered; and in consequence their meetings, by mutual care, were more and more avoided, till they almost lived asunder in the same house. In the mean time, Baranga did not forget her desire to be present at the Carnival, but contrived several stolen interviews with Vitelli; after which her manner changed abruptly from its usual violence to a gentler and thoughtful demeanor, her hours being chiefly spent solitarily in her own chamber. Above all, she never mentioned the Carnival which had been till then her constant subject, but seemed rather to resign herself quietly to the wishes of her husband who, seeing her so docile, repented in his heart of having ever crossed her pleasure.

It was in those infamous times, that the hell-born fashion of

empoisonment spread itself throughout Italy like a contagious pestilence, and to the everlasting scandal of our history was patronized and protected by the rich and great. Thus there were various professors of the infernal art who taught, by their damnable compounds, how to ravish away life either suddenly or by languishing stages; and many persons of note and quality became their disciples, to the endless perdition of their souls, or at best, to the utter hardening of their hearts, according as they were prompted in their experiments by unlawful curiosity, or by more black and malignant motives. Whilst some practised, therefore, on the bodies of dogs and cats, and such mean animals, there were not wanting others who used their diabolical skill upon human relations that were obnoxious, and the names of many such victims are recorded, though the fate of a still greater number was hinted only by popular suspicion.

To one of these vile agents then, the base Vitelli addressed himself; and the secret studies of Baranga were guided by his direction. Whilst the Marquis was hoping in the wholesome results of a temporary melancholy and seclusion which have made some minds so nobly philosophize, her guilty, lovely hands were tampering with horrid chemistry; and her meditations busy with the most black and deadly syrups. There is a traditional picture of her thus occupied in her chamber, with the apparition of Death at her elbow, whilst with her black and piercing eyes she is watching the martyrdom of a little bird that is perishing from her Circean compounds.

And now we may suppose Manfredi to be doomed as the next victim of her pernicious craft, — who, on his part, was too unsuspicious to reject anything which she might tender to him with her infinitely small and delicate white hand. And assuredly the appointment of his death was not far distant, when the jealousy of the disappointed suitors of Baranga prevented her design. They had not omitted to place some spies over her movements: wherefore, on the eve of the Carnival, Manfredi was advised by a letter in an unknown hand, that she had concerted with Vitelli her elopement to Rome, and in a nun's habit, as he might convince himself with little pains by an inspection of her wardrobe.

Manfredi was not a person to shut his eyes wilfully against the light, — but recalled with some uneasiness her mysterious

seclusion. He chose a time, therefore, when Baranga was absent, to visit her wardrobe, where, if he did not discover the nun's habit, he found a complete suit of new sables, which had been prepared by her in anticipation of her widowhood. It is easy to conceive with what horror he shrunk aghast at this dreary evidence of her malignity, which yet was not fully confirmed, till he had broken into her unholy study, and lo! there lay the dead bird, beside some samples of her diabolical chemistry, upon a table. There were lying about baneful hellebore, and nightshade, and laurel, and such poisonous herbs, — and I know not what deadly resins and gums, whether in syrups or as drugs, together with divers venomous styles and imbued needles for the infliction of death; yea, even subtle and impalpable powders, to be inhaled by the sleeping with the vital air, to such a villanous pitch those cursed empoisoners had carried their speculative inventions.

Manfredi knew too well the import of these dreadful symptoms to doubt any longer of her purpose; however, he touched nothing, but with a dreadful stern composure returned down stairs, and sending for a trusty domestic, commanded him to go instantly for a shroud. The man, obeying this strange order without any comment, in an hour returned with the deathly garment, which the Marquis with his own hands then hung up in the wardrobe, beside the widow's weeds, and in that plight left it for the discovery of Baranga.

And truly this was but a timely proceeding, for in that very hour she concerted with Vitelli to poison her husband at supper with a dish of sweetmeats; after which she returned home, and was first startled by the stern silence of Manfredi, who turned from her without a syllable. Her wretched, guilty heart immediately smote her, and running up to her devilish sanctuary, she saw that it had been invaded; but how much more was she shocked upon sight of the dreary and awful shroud hanging beside those premature weeds, which it warned her she was never to put on! In a frenzy of despair, therefore, turning her own cruel arms against herself, she swallowed one of the most deadly of her preparations, and casting herself down on the floor, with a horrible ghastly countenance awaited the same dreadful pangs which she had so lately witnessed on the poisoned bird. And now, doubtless, it came bitterly over her, what fearful flutterings she had seen it make, and throbs,

and miserable gaspings of its dying beak; and even as the bird had perished, so did she.

There was no one bold enough to look upon her last agonies; but when she was silent and still, the Marquis came in and wept over her ill-starred body, which had been brought by its ungovernable spirit to so frightful a dissolution.

THE EXILE.

"I' faith there 's a warp in his brain!
A straight thought grows as crooked in his reflection,
As the shadow of a stick in a pond."

LOVE'S MADNESS.

IN the reign of King Charles the Fifth of Spain, there lived in Madrid a gentleman who, being of a fair reputation and an ample fortune, obtained in marriage the daughter of one of the counsellors of state. He had not lived long thus happily, when one day his father-in-law returned from the council with a countenance full of dismay, and informed him that a secret accusation of treason had been preferred against him.

"Now I know," said he, "that you are incapable of so great a wickedness, not merely from the loyalty of your nature, but because you cannot be so cruel as to have joined in a plot which was directed against my own life as well as others; yet, not knowing how far the malice of your enemies might prevail, for your marriage has made foes of many who were before your rivals, I would advise you to a temporary flight. Time, which discovers all mysteries, will then, in some happier season, unravel the plot which is laid against your life; but at present the prejudice against you is hot, and the danger therefore is imminent."

To this the gentlemen replied, that, as he should answer to God in judgment, he was innocent and altogether ignorant of the treason imputed to him; and, therefore, being conscious of his innocence, and, besides, so recently married, he preferred rather to remain in the kingdom and await the issue of his trial. The danger, however, became more pressing with every hour, and finally the advice of the counsellor prevailed. The unfortunate gentleman, accordingly, took a hasty but

most affectionate farewell of his young wife; and with a heavy heart embarked on board a foreign merchant vessel that was bound for the Gulf of Venice. The counsellor was immediately arrested and thrown into prison, as having been an accessory to his son-in-law's escape; but being afterwards set free, he was still watched so vigilantly by the spies of the accusers, that he could not safely engage in any correspondence with his relation.

In this manner nearly two years passed away, till at length the miserable exile grew so impatient of his condition, that he resolved to return, even at whatever hazard to his life. Passing, therefore, by way of France into Spain, and taking care to disguise himself so effectually that he could not be recognized by his oldest acquaintance, he arrived in safety at a village in the neighborhood of Madrid. There he learned, for the first time, that his father-in-law had been disgraced and amerced so heavily, that being of a proud spirit, and unable to endure his reverses, he had died of a broken heart; and, moreover, that his daughter was presently living in the capital in the greatest affliction. At these melancholy tidings, he repented more than ever that he had quitted Spain, and resolved to repair to his wife without any further delay.

Now it chanced in the village where he was resting, that he had a very dear friend, named Rodrigo, who had been his schoolmate, and was as dear to him as a brother; and going to his house at sunset, he discovered himself to the other, and besought him to go before to Madrid, and prepare his dear wife for his arrival. "And now, remember," said he, "that my life, and not only mine, but my dear lady's also, depends upon your breath; and if you frame it into any speech so imprudently as to betray me, I vow by our Holy Lady of Loretto that I will eat your heart!" and with this and still stranger expressions, he conducted himself so wildly as to show that his misfortunes, and perhaps some sickness, had impaired the healthiness of his brain. His friend, however, like a prudent man, concealed this observation; but, unlocking his library, and saying that there was store of entertainment in his absence, he departed on his mission.

On Rodrigo's arrival at the lady's house, she was seated on a sofa, and, as if to divert her cares, was busied in some embroidery; but every now and then she stayed her needle to

wipe off a tear that gathered on her long, dark eye-lashes, and sometimes to gaze for minutes together on a small portrait which lay before her on a table. "Alas!" she said to the picture, "we two that should have lived together so happily, to be thus asunder; but absence has made room for sorrow to come between us, and it slays both our hearts;" and as she complained thus, Rodrigo joyfully entered and began to unfold to her his welcome tidings.

At first, the sorrowful lady paid scarcely any attention to his words, but so soon as she comprehended that it concerned her dear husband's arrival, she could hardly breathe for joy.

"What! shall I behold him here, in this very spot; nay, here," said she, pressing her hands vehemently upon her bosom: "I pray thee do not mock me, for my life is so flown into this hope, that they must die together if you deceive me;" and only at the entrance of that doubt she burst into a flood of tears. But being assured that the news was indeed true, and that her husband would presently be with her, she clasped her hands passionately together, and crying out that joy was as hard to bear as grief, besought Heaven that it might not madden her before he came, and then began to weep again as violently as before. Upon this, Rodrigo reproving her, she excused herself, saying "that a dream which had troubled her in the night, had overpowered her weak spirits.

"And in truth, said she, "it was very horrible; for my dear husband appeared to me like a phantom, and laid his cold hand upon mine, like a fall of snow; and he asked me if I was afraid of him, that I shuddered so, and I answered him 'God forbid! but yet your voice methinks is not your own, nor so gentle, — but very fierce, and there is a strange light, instead of love, in your eyes.' And he said, 'This voice truly is not my own nor the shining of my eyes; but the serpent's within me, who hath devoured my brain; and when he looks out upon thee, he will kill thee, for he does not love thee as I used, neither is there any remorse in his heart.' As he spoke thus, I saw a light shining in his skull, and wild strange eyes looking forth through his eyes; so that I cried out with terror, and awaked. But ever since this dream has haunted me, and even now, as you see, I cannot get quite rid of its depression."

At the nature of this dream Don Rodrigo could scarcely forbear from shuddering, for he doubted not that the serpent signified the madness which he had observed about his friend, and that the vision itself was but the type of some impending calamity; nevertheless, he subdued his own fears before the lady, and endeavored to divert her thoughts till the arrival of her husband.

After a tedious interval, at length the door was suddenly flung open, and he leaped in; and rushing to his wife they embraced in silence for several sweet minutes, till separating a little, that they might gaze on each other, the lady remarked that his arm was bound up in a bloody handkerchief.

"Nay," said he, perceiving her alarm; "it is no very grievous hurt, though I have been assailed by robbers in my way hither: but, alas! what greater injury hath grief wrought upon thee!" for with her maidenly figure, she had all the careful countenance of a matron in years.

Indeed, it was easy to conceive how their hearts had suffered and hungered for each other by their present passionate endearments, for they soon crowded into a few short minutes all the hoarded affection of years. But such joy as theirs is often but the brief wonder of unhappy lives; and so, in the very summit of delight, they were interrupted by Don Rodrigo, who, with looks full of terror, declared that the house was beset by the police, and presently a loud knocking was heard at the outer gates. At this alarm, the two unfortunates started asunder, and listened till they heard even the throbbings of their own fearful hearts. But at the second knocking, the gentleman, quitting his wife, and drawing his sword, stared wildly about him with eyes that seemed to flash out sparkles of unnatural fire.

"Ha!" said he, casting a terrible glance upon Rodrigo; "have I sold my life to such a devil?" and suddenly springing upon him and tearing him down to the ground, he thrust his sword fiercely into his bosom.

And indeed it seemed but too reasonable that Rodrigo, who alone had known the secret of the Exile's arrival, had betrayed him to the government. Notwithstanding, at the first flush of the blood, as it gushed out, as if in reproach of the weapon, the gentleman made an effort to raise his friend again from the floor; but in the mean time the police had enforced their

entrance, and now made him their prisoner without any resistance. He begged merely that his arms might be left unbound, but immediately attempting in his frenzy to do some injury to his wife, and reviling her, through madness, with the very venom and aspect of a serpent, the officers hurried him instantly to his prison. All the time that he was being fettered he seemed quite unconscious, and altogether in some dream foreign to his condition; but as the door closed and the bolts grated harshly on the outside, he recovered his senses and made answer with a deep groan.

At first he believed he had no company in his misery, but presently he heard a rustling of straw, with a clanking of chains in one corner of the dungeon, which was a very dark one, and a man in irons came up slowly towards the grate. The little light sufficed to show that his countenance was a very horrid one, although hidden for the most part in his black, bushy hair; and he had besides but one eye: by which tokens the gentleman readily recognized him, as one of the banditti who had set upon him in the forest.

"So, senor," said he, "I perceive that one foul night has netted us both; and therein I have done to thee one more injury than I designed; but my plunder has all gone before the council, and along with it, thy papers: so if there be aught treasonable in them that brings thee to this cage, my ill luck must be blamed for it, which is likely to bring us both to the same gallows."

At this discourse the gentleman fell into a fresh frenzy, but less of madness than of bitter grief and remorse: every word avenging upon him the stab which he had inflicted on his dear friend Rodrigo. He cast himself, therefore, on the hard floor, and would have dashed his tortured brains against the stones, but for the struggles of the robber, who, hard-hearted and savage as he had been by profession, was yet touched with strange pity at the sight of so passionate a grief. It settled upon him afterwards to a deep dejection, and in this condition, after some weeks' confinement, the wretched gentleman was finally released without any trial, by an order of the council. This change, however, which should have been a blessing to any other, produced no alleviation of his malady. It was nothing in the world to him that he was free to revisit its sunshine, and partake of all its natural delights, — above all,

enjoy the consolations and the sweets of domestic affection. Though there was one ever gazing upon him with an almost breaking heart, he neither felt his own misery nor hers, but looked upon all things with an eye bright and fiery indeed at times; but not, like the stars, illuminate with knowledge.

In this mood he would sit for hours with his arms folded, and gazing upon the vacant air, sighing sometimes, — but never conscious of the presence of his once beloved wife who sat before him, and watched his steadfast countenance till she wept at his want of sympathy. Day passed after day, and night after night, but there was no change in the darkness of his mind till one morning, as he sat, his reason as it were returned upon him like the dawn of day, when the sky is first streaked with light, and the world gains a weak intelligence of the things that are in it. He had been looking for some minutes on his wife without knowing her, but tears glistened, for the first time, in his eyes, and at last two large drops, and with those his delirium, were shed from his eyelids. He immediately recognized his wife, and cast himself into her arms.

The joyful lady, in her turn, found it hard to retain her senses. After returning his caresses in the tenderest manner, she hastened immediately to Don Rodrigo, who, though severely hurt, had got better of his wound, and watched the more dreadful malady of his friend, sometimes indeed, in hope, but more commonly in despair of his recovery. At the first news, therefore, he ran hastily to the room, and soon cast himself into the arms of his friend: but the latter received him coldly; and before Rodigro could finish even a brief salutation, he felt the other's arms loosening from around his neck, and beheld his head suddenly drop as if it had been displeasing that their eyes should meet again. It seemed, indeed, that his malady had already returned upon him; but in another moment the body fell forwards on the floor, and instantly the blood gushed from a hidden wound in the side which had hitherto been concealed by the mantle. A pair of scissors, covered with blood and broken, for the wound had been desperately bestowed, dropped from him as he fell: for, to show more sadly the lady's own joyful forgetfulness, she had supplied the weapon for this dreadful catastrophe.

As for the miserable lady, it was feared, from the violence

of her grief, that the same dismal blow would have been her death; but her heart had been too long inured to such sufferings to be so speedily broken; and at last, attaining to that peace which belongs only to the comforts of our holy religion, she devoted her widowhood to God, and cheerfully ended an old age of piety in the convent of St. Faith.

THE OWL.

"What great eyes you have got!" — RED RIDING-HOOD.

"AN indiscreet friend," says the proverb, "is more dangerous than the naked sword of an enemy;" and truly, there is nothing more fatal than the act of a misjudging ally, which, like a mistake in medicine, is apt to kill the unhappy patient whom it was intended to cure.

This lesson was taught in a remarkable manner to the innocent Zerlina, a peasant; to conceive which, you must suppose her to have gone by permission into the garden of the Countess of Marezzo, near the Arno, one beautiful morning of June. It was a spacious pleasure-ground, excellently disposed and adorned with the choicest specimens of shrubs and trees, being bounded on all sides by hedge-rows of laurels and myrtles, and such sombre evergreens, and in the midst was a pretty, verdant lawn with a sun-dial.

The numberless plants that belong to that bountiful season were then in full flower, and the delicate fragrance of the orange-blossoms perfumed the universal air. The thrushes were singing merrily in the copses, and the bees that cannot stir without music, made a joyous humming with their wings. All things were vigorous and cheerful except one, a poor owl, that had been hurt by a bolt from a crossbrow, and so had been unable by daylight to regain his accustomed hermitage, but sheltered himself under a row of laurel-trees and hollies that afforded a delicious shadow in the noontide sun. There, shunning and shunned by all, as is the lot of the unfortunate, he languished over his wound; till a flight of pert sparrows espying him, he was soon forced to endure a thousand twittings as well as buffets from that insolent race.

The noise of these chatterers attracting the attention of Zerlina, she crossed over to the spot; and, lo! there crouched the poor bewildered owl, blinking with his large bedazzled eyes, and nodding as if with giddiness from his buffetings and the blaze of unusual light.

The tender girl being very gentle and compassionate by nature, was no ways repelled by his ugliness: but thinking of his sufferings, took up the feathered wretch in her arms and endeavored to revive him by placing him on her bosom. There, nursing him with an abundance of pity and concern, she carried him to the grass-plat, and being ignorant of his habits, laid out the poor, drooping bird, as her own lively spirits prompted her in the glowing sunshine; for she felt in her own heart, at that moment, the kind and cheerful influence of the genial sun. Then, withdrawing a little way and leaning against the dial, she awaited the grateful change which she hoped to behold in the creature's looks; whereas, the tormented owl being grievously dazzled, and annoyed more than ever, hopped off again, with many piteous efforts, to the shady evergreens. Notwithstanding, believing that this shyness was only because of his natural wildness or fear, she brought him over again to the lawn, and then ran into the house for some crumbs to feed him withal.

The poor owl, in the mean time, crawled partly back, as before, to his friendly shelter of holly. The simple girl found him, therefore, with much wonder, again retiring towards those gloomy bushes.

"Why, what a wilful creature is this," she thought; "that is so loath to be comforted. No sooner have I placed it in the warm, cheerful sunshine which enlivens all its fellow-birds to chirp and sing, than it goes back and mopes under the most dismal corners. I have known many human persons to have those peevish fits, and to reject kindness as perversely, but who would look for such unnatural humors in a simple bird."

Therewith, taking the monkish fowl from his dull leafy cloisters, she disposed him once more on the sunny lawn, where he made still fresh attempts to get away from the over-painful radiance, but was now become too feeble and ill to remove. Zerlina therefore began to believe that he was reconciled to his situation; but she had hardly cherished this fancy, when a dismal film came suddenly over his large round

eyes; and then falling over upon his back, after one or two slow gasps of his beak and a few twitches of his aged claws, the poor martyr of kindness expired before her sight. It cost her a few tears to witness the tragical issue of her endeavors; but she was still more grieved afterwards, when she was told of the cruelty of her unskilful treatment; and the poor owl, with its melancholy death, was the frequent subject of her meditations.

In the year after this occurrence, it happened that the Countess of Marezzo was in want of a young female attendant, and being much struck with the modesty and lively temper of Zerlina, she requested of her parents to let her live with her. The poor people having a numerous family to provide for, agreed very cheerfully to the proposal; and Zerlina was carried by her benefactress to Rome. Her good conduct confirming the prepossessions of the Countess, the latter showed her many marks of her favor and regard, not only furnishing her handsomely with apparel, but taking her as a companion on her visits to the most rich and noble families, so that Zerlina was thus introduced to much gayety and splendor. Her heart, notwithstanding, ached oftentimes under her silken dresses, for in spite of the favor of the Countess, she met with many slights from the proud and wealthy, on account of her humble origin, as well as much envy and malice from persons of her own condition. She fell therefore into a deep melancholy, and being interrogated by the Countess, she declared that she pined for her former humble but happy estate, and begged with all humility that she might return to her native village.

The Countess being much surprised as well as grieved at this confession, inquired if she had ever given her cause to repent of her protection, to which Zerlina replied with many grateful tears, but still avowing the ardor of her wishes.

"Let me return," said she, "to my own homely life; this oppressive splendor dazzles and bewilders me. I feel, by a thousand humiliating misgivings and disgraces, that it is foreign to my nature; my defects of birth and manners making me shrink continually within myself, whilst those who were born for its blaze perceive readily that I belong to an obscurer race, and taunt me with jests and indignities for intruding on their sphere. Those also who should be my equals, are quite as bitter against me for overstepping their station, so that my

life is thus a round of perpetual mortifications and uneasiness. Pray, therefore, absolve me of ingratitude, if I long to return to my native and proper shades, with their appointed habits. I am dying, like the poor owl, for lack of my natural obscurity."

The curiosity of the Countess being awakened by her last expression, Zerlina related to her the story of that unfortunate bird, and applied it with a very touching commentary to her own condition; so that the Countess was affected even to the shedding of tears: she immediately comprehended the moral, and carrying back Zerlina to her native village, she bestowed her future favor so judiciously, that instead of being a misfortune it secured the complete happiness of the pretty peasant.

THE GERMAN KNIGHT.

" Of breaking spears, of ringing helm and shield,
A dreadful rumor roar'd on every side:
There lay a horse; another through the field
Ran masterless, — dismounted was his guide."
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE.

THERE is an old proverb, that some jokes are cut-throats, meaning that certain unlucky jests are apt to bring a tragical ending, — a truth which has been confirmed by many instances, besides that one which I am about to relate.

At the memorable siege of Vienna by the French, in the year ——, the inhabitants enrolled themselves in great numbers for the defence of the city; and amongst these was one Lodowic, a man of dull intellect and a hasty temper, but withal of a slow courage. He was not one of the last, however, to volunteer; for there was a lady in the background who excited him with an extraordinary eagerness to take up arms against the common enemy.

It is notorious that the Germans, though phlegmatic, are a romantic people in their notions, — the tales of chivalry, the mysteries of Odin, and diabolical legends being their most favorite studies. In the affairs of business they are plodding, indefatigable, and of an extraordinary patience, their naturalists having counted cod's eggs by millions, beyond any other people; and in their extravagant flights they equally surpass the rest of mankind, even as it has been observed of the most sedate drudge-horses, that they kick up highest of any when turned out free into the meadow.

Dorothea, for so the lady was called, partook largely of the national bias; and in truth, for her own peace and contentment, should have lived some centuries sooner, when the cus-

toms recorded by the minnesingers and troubadours were the common usages. In her own times, it was a novelty to see a young maiden so overdelighted as she was at the dedication of her lover to deeds of arms and bloodshed; as if, forsooth, he had been going only to tilt with a blunted lance at a holiday tournament, instead of the deadly broil with the French in which he was engaged. With her own hand she embroidered for him a silken scarf, in the manner of the damsels of yore, and bereaved her own headgear to bedeck his helmet with a knightly plume. For it was one of her fancies, that Lodowic should go forth to the war in the costume of her ancestors, from whose armory she selected a suit of complete steel, which had been worn aforetime in the Holy Land.

The timid spirit of the German made him willingly entrench himself in a coat of mail, and its security helped him to overlook the undue alacrity with which the lady of his love commended him to the bloody field. Not a tear did she spend at the buckling on of his cuirass, nor a single sigh at the delivery of his shield.

"Return with this," said the hard-hearted one, "or upon it," — a benediction which she had learned of the Spartan heroine.

It was noon when the redoubtable Lodowic rode forth thus accoutred to join his troop on the parade. His horse, scared by the clattering of the armor, made many desperate plunges by the way, to the manifest derangement of his scarf, and still more of his plumes, which began to droop down his nape in a very unseemly fashion. The joints of his armor being stiff with the rust of age, he had no great command of his limbs, nor was he very expert or graceful in the management of his lance. As for his shield, he had found convenient to cast it amongst certain gossiping housewives in the street; so that, in extremity, he could fulfil neither of the Spartan conditions.

The common people, who have hawks' eyes for any grotesque figure, shouted lustily after him as he rode, which attracted the general notice of his troop to that quarter, and as soon as they perceived his uncouth habiliments, set off as they were by his imperturbable German gravity, there was a tumult of laughter and derision along the whole line.

Now it happened that there belonged to this troop an adjutant, a special friend of Lodowic, but, on this occasion, the

most bitter of his mockers. A hundred merry jests he passed upon the unlucky man-at-arms, till at last the incensed Paladin beckoned him a pace or two apart, and, after a short but angry conference, returned with his face at a white heat to his mistress, and informed her of the event.

"Now this adventure," said the cruel one, "falls out better than I hoped. Thou shalt cast down thy gauntlet in defiance of this uncourteous knight; and though there be no royal lists appointed in these days, ye may have, notwithstanding, a very honorable and chivalrous encounter."

"As for that, madam," returned Lodowic, "the matter is settled, and without throwing about any gloves at all. I have dared him to meet me to-morrow at sunrise, by the Linden Wood; and one way or another I dare say something desperate will be done between us."

The hard-hearted one, highly in love with this news, embraced Lodowic very tenderly, and, to mark her grace towards him still further, gave him her glove to wear as a favor during the impending combat. She selected for him, moreover, a new suit of armor, and gave him a fresh shield against any disaster, — a provision which the knight acknowledged with equal gratitude and gravity. And now she had nothing left but to dream, waking or sleeping, of the wager of battle of the morrow; whereas, Lodowic closed his eyes no more through the night, than if he had been watching his arms in a church.

As soon as the cocks began to crow, which he heard with as much pleasure as St. Peter, he put on his arms, and set forth whilst the morning was yet at a gray light. There is no chill so deathlike and subtle as that which springs up with the vaporish damps before sunrise, and Lodowic soon found himself all over in a cold sweat, answerable to that of the earth. Thoughts of death, beside, began now to be busy within him; the very crimson rents and fissures of the eastern sky suggesting to him the gaping of the gory wounds which might soon be inflicted on his miserable body, for he knew that even the iron defences of the olden knights had not exempted them from such cruel slashes. In the mean time he studied a pacific discourse, which he trusted would heal up the quarrel better than either sword or lance; and in this Christian temper he arrived at the appointed place. There

was no one yet visible within the narrow, obscure horizon; wherefore he paced his horse slowly up and down in front of the Linden Wood, between which and himself there flowed a small murmuring stream.

After about twenty turns to and fro, Lodowic beheld some one emerging from the trees, whom the mist of the morning would not let him perfectly distinguish. However, the pale light of the sun began presently to glance upon the figure, turning it from a dark object to a bright one, so that it gleamed out like the rivulet, which stood at nearly the same distance. The figure leaped his horse over the brook with a slight noise, that sounded like the jingling of arms, and coming gently into the foreground, Lodowic discerned that it was the adjutant, in a suit of complete armor. At this sight, he was very much puzzled whether to take it as a new affront or as an apology, that the other came thus in a suit of the kind that had begotten their difference; but how monstrous was his rage to discover that it was only a burlesque armor, the helmet being merely a pewter basin, and the shield the cover of a large iron pot. The mocker, pursuing his original jest in this indiscreet way, had prepared a set speech for the encounter.

"You see, cousin," said he, "that I meet you at your own arms. Here is my helmet to match with yours, and this my buckler is made after the model of your own; here is my corslet too ——" but before he could achieve the comparison, his horse was staggering from the rush of the choleric Lodowic, whose spear, whether by accident or design, was buried deep in the other's bosom. The wounded man gave but one groan, and fell backward; and the horse of Lodowic, taking fright at the clatter of the armor, started off at full gallop, throwing his rider side by side with the bleeding wretch upon the grass.

As soon as he recovered from the shock, Lodowic got up and gazed with fixed eyes on the wounded man. He was lying on his back, staring dreadfully against the sky; one of his hands was clenched about the handle of the cruel spear, — the other he kept striking with mere anguish against the ground, where it soon became dabbled in a pool of blood that had flowed from his wound. Anon, drawing it in a fresh agony across his brow, his face likewise was smeared over

with the gore, making altogether so shocking a picture that Lodowic was ready to swoon away upon the spot.

"In the name of God!" he cried, "tell me, my dearest friend, that you are not mortally hurt;" but the wounded man made answer only by a horrible roll of his eyes, and so expired.

Imagine what a dreadful sharp pang of remorse went through the bosom of Lodowic at this dreary spectacle. His heart felt cold within him, like a ball of snow, but his head was burning with a tumult of remorseful and miserable thoughts, together with some most painful misgivings as to the disposition of his mistress, which now began to show at variance with loveliness and womanhood. But it was time to begone, the country people beginning to stir about the fields; so casting off the accursed armor, which now pained him through and through, like Nessus's poisoned shirt, he ran off, bewildered, he knew not whither.

Shortly after his departure, the hard-hearted Dorothea, with her woman, arrived at the spot; and lo! there lay the dead body of the Adjutant, with the spear still sticking upright in his bosom. I know not how such a fortitude consists with the female nature, but she looked on this dreadful object with all the serenity of a lady in old romance. Her only concern was to behold the armor of Lodowic scattered so shamefully about, for she had resolved that he should repair to her with all the chivalrous formality. Returning home, therefore, with great scorn and anger in her looks, she promised to visit the unfortunate knight with a rigorous penance; but she saw no more of Lodowic, except the following letter, which was brought to her the same evening by a peasant.

MADAM,

I send you by this page your glove, stained with the blood of the traitor, formerly my friend. It grieves me that I cannot lay it with my own hands at your feet, but a vow binds me to achieve deeds more worthy of your beauty and my devotion. To-morrow I set forth for Cyprus, and I shall not think myself entitled to your presence till I have strung the heads of a score of Turks at my saddle-bow. Till then, I remain, in all loyalty, your true knight,

LODOWIC.

The hard-hearted one perused this letter with an equal mixture of delight and doubt, for the style of the German, hitherto, had been neither quaint nor heroical. She waited many long years, you may believe, for the heads of the Infidels. In the mean time Lodowic had passed over into England, where he married the widow of a refiner, and soon became an opulent sugar-baker; for though he still had some German romantic flights, on an occasion, he was as steady and plodding as a blind mill-horse in his business.

THE FLORENTINE KINSMEN.

It is a true proverb, that we are hawks in discerning the faults of others, but buzzards in spying out our own: and so is the other, that no man will act wickedly before a mirror; both of which sayings, I hope to illustrate in the following story.

The hereditary domains of the Malatesti, formerly a very ancient and noble family of Florence, were large and princely, though now they are alienated and parcelled out amongst numerous possessors; and the race which then owned them is extinct. After many generations, the greater portion of the estates descended to a distant relation of the house, and the remainder to his kinsman, who had already some very large possessions of his own.

This man, notwithstanding he was so rich, and able to live, if he chose, in the greatest luxury and profusion, was still so covetous as to cast an envious and grudging eye on the property of his noble kinsman, and he did nothing but devise secretly how he should get the rest of the estates of the Malatesti into his own hands. His kinsman, however, though generous and hospitable, was no prodigal or gambler, likely to stand in need of usurious loans; neither a dissolute liver, that might die prematurely, nor a soldier; but addicted to peaceful literary studies, and very temperate in his habits.

The miserly man, therefore, saw no hope of obtaining his wishes, except at the price of blood, — and he did not scruple at last to admit this horrible alternative into his nightly meditations. He resolved, therefore, to bribe the notorious Pazzo, a famous robber of that time, to his purpose; but ashamed, perhaps, to avow his inordinate longings, even to a robber, or

else grudging the high wages of such a servant of iniquity, he afterwards revoked this design, and took upon his own hands the office of an assassin.

Accordingly he invited his unsuspecting kinsman, with much specious kindness, to his own house, under a pretence of consulting him on some rare old manuscripts, which he had lately purchased, a temptation which the other was not likely to resist. He repaired, therefore, very readily to the miser's country-seat, where they spent a few days together very amicably though not sumptuously: but the learned gentleman was contented with the entertainment, which he hoped to meet with in the antique papyri. At last, growing more impatient than was strictly polite to behold the manuscripts, he inquired for them so continually, that his crafty host thought it was full time to show him an improvement which he had designed upon his estate, and which intended, as may be guessed, the addition of another territory to his own.

The gentleman, who, along with alchemy and the other sciences, had studied landscape gardening, made no difficulties; so mounting their horses, they rode towards the middle of the estate into a deep forest, the gentleman discoursing by the way, for the last time in his life possibly, on the cultivation of the cedar. The miser, with a dagger in his sleeve, rode closely by his side, commenting from time to time on the growth of his trees, and at length bade his companion look towards the right, through a certain little vista, which opened towards the setting sun, now shining very gorgeously in the west. The unwary gentleman accordingly turned his head to that side — but he had scarcely glanced on that golden light of heaven, when the miser suddenly smote him a savage blow on the left breast, which tumbled him off his horse.

The stroke, however, though so well directed, alighted luckily on a small volume of a favorite author, which the gentleman wore constantly in his bosom. So that learning, which has brought so many to poverty and a miserable end, was for this once the salvation of a life.

At first the victim was stunned awhile by the fall, and especially by the shocking treachery of his relation, who seeing how matters went, leapt quickly down to despatch him, but the gentleman, though a scholar, made a vigorous defence, and catching hold of the miser's arm with the dagger, he began

to plead in very natural terms (for at other times he was a little pedantical) for his life.

"Oh, my kinsman," said he, "why will you kill me, who have never wished you any harm in my days, but on the contrary have always loved you faithfully, and concerned myself at every opportunity about your health and welfare. Consider, besides, I beg of you, how nearly we are allied in blood: though it is a foul crime for any man to lift an unbrotherly hand against another, yet in our case it is thrice unnatural. Remember the awful curse of Cain; which for this very act will pursue you: and for your own sake as well as mine, do not incur so terrible a penalty. Think how presumptuous it is to take a life of God's own gracious creation, and to quench a spark, which, in after remorse, you cannot by any means rekindle; nay, how much more horrible it must be still, to slay an immortal soul, as you thus hazard, by sending me to my audit with all my crimes still unrepented upon my head. Look here at this very blood, which you have drawn from my hand in our struggle, how naturally it reproaches and stains you; for which reason, God doubtless made it of that blushing hue, that it might not be shed thus wantonly. This little wound alone, wrings me with more pain than I have ever caused to any living creature, but you cannot destroy me without still keener anguish and the utmost agonies. And why, indeed, should you slay me? not for my riches, of which we have both of us more than enough, or if you wanted, Heaven knows how freely I would share my means with you. I cannot believe you so base as to murder me for such unprofitable lucre, but doubtless I have offended you, in some innocent way to provoke this malice. If I have, I will beseech your pardon a thousand times over, from the simple love that I bear you; but do not requite me for an imaginary wrong so barbarously. Pray, my dear kinsman, spare me! Do not cut me off thus untimely in the happy prime of my days, — from the pleasant sunshine and from the blessed delights of nature, and from my harmless books (for he did not forget those), and all the common joys of existence. It is true, I have no dear wife or children to weep for me, but I have many kindly friends that will grieve for my death, besides all the poor peasants on my estates, who will fall, I fear, under a harder lordship. Pray, my kinsman, spare me!"

But the cruel miser, in reply, only struggled to release himself, and at last prevailing, he smote the other once or twice again with his dagger, but not dangerously.

Now it happened that the noted robber Pazzo, whom I have already mentioned, was making a round in the forest at the same time with the two kinsmen, and thanking Providence, that had thrown into his path so rich a prize (for the rogue was very devout in his own way), he watched them along the road, for a favorable opportunity of assaulting them, and so became a witness of this murderous transaction.

Pazzo himself was a brave man, and not especially cruel; thus he was not sorry to see that a part of his office was about to be performed by another; and probably too, he was secretly gratified, to observe that a rich and reputable man could behave himself so like a despised robber: howbeit, he no ways interfered, but warily ambushed himself behind a large cork-tree to behold the sequel.

He was near enough to hear all the speeches that passed between them, so that having still some human kindliness at the bottom of his heart, it was soon awakened by the gentleman's eloquent pleadings for his life; but when the assassin began to attack him afresh, the cruelty of the act struck on him so forcibly that he instantly leaped out upon the blood-thirsty miser, and tore him down to the ground. He was then going to dispatch him without further delay, but the generous kinsman entreating most earnestly for the wretch's life, and promising any sum for his ransom, Pazzo, with great reluctance, allowed him to remain unhurt. He bound his hands together, notwithstanding, and detained him as his prisoner; but he would accept of no money, nor of any favor from the grateful gentleman, except a promise that he would use his interest with government in behalf of any of the banditti who should fall into the hands of the police.

They then parted with mutual courtesy; the gentleman returning home, and Pazzo repairing with his captive to the mountains where he bestowed him as a legacy to his comrades, desiring them to liberate him only for an enormous ransom. This sum was soon sent to their rendezvous, as agreed upon by his kinsman; whereupon the miser was suffered to depart; and thenceforwards he cherished a gentleness of heart which he had been taught to value by some sufferings amongst the mountains.

As for the gentleman, he resumed his harmless and beloved studies, till being over persuaded to publish a metaphysical work, on which he had been engaged for some years, the critics did for him what his kinsman had been unable to effect, and he died of chagrin. The miser thus attained in the end to his object, of inheriting the whole of the estates; but he enjoyed them very briefly, and on his death the family of Malatesti became extinct.

The ransom-money Pazzo distributed amongst his comrades, and then renounced for ever his former course of life; confessing that what had passed between the two kinsmen had held up to him such an odious pattern of his own wicked practices that he repented bitterly of the acts of violence and injustice he had commited in his profession. In this manner he justified the sayings with which I set out in my story; and afterwards, entering into the Venetian navy, he served with great credit against the Turks and infidels, and died at last bravely fighting with those enemies of our religion.

THE CARRIER'S WIFE.

"It 's O for meat, it 's O for drink,
And love the best of all the three!
Though gear is scant, I 'd never want,
An' my good man were kind to me."
OLD BALLAD.

IN the suburbs of Strasburg there lived a certain poor woman, by trade a seamstress, who was called Margaret. She was of the middle age; but so cheerful and sweet tempered, and besides so comely, and of such honest repute that many tradesmen of respectable condition would have been glad to marry her. She had contracted herself, however, to one Kolmarr; a plausible fellow and a carrier, but in reality a smuggler and a very ruffian. Accordingly, whilst their honeymoon was yet in the wane, he began to use her very shamefully, till at last she was worse treated than his mules; upon which he made her to attend whilst he was smoking and drinking with his dissolute comrades.

Margaret, notwithstanding, being very humble and industrious, would never have repined at this drudgery; but on any ill luck which happened to him, his contraband wares being sometimes seized upon by the spies, he would beat her in a cruel manner. She concealed this treatment, however, from everybody, hoping some day to reclaim him by her kindness, — never reproaching him, indeed, but by haggard and careful looks which she could not help, for she shrank as often under the pinching hand of want as from that of her brutal husband. Her beauty and strength thus decaying together, she became at last so disgusting to him that if he had not been as cautious and crafty as he was cruel, he would have killed her without delay. As it was, he almost starved her, professing extreme

poverty; at which Margaret never murmured, but only grieved for his sake over his pretended losses.

One day, as she was thus sitting disconsolate at her needle-work, and thinking over her hard condition, she heard a gentle knocking at the door, and going to see who it was, she beheld her cousin, a pedler, who travelled through the country with his box of wares. At first sight of him she was very joyful, not having seen him for many years, but her heart soon sank again into despondence, when she remembered how wretchedly she must entertain him, if at all; for if Kolmarr knew that she bestowed even a crust of bread, he would certainly beat her. She bade her relation, however, to come in and rest himself.

"Alas!" she said, "I have nothing to give thee for thy supper, the house is so bare; and what is worse, I dare not make amends to thee with a night's lodging, for my husband is a very shy, reserved man, who cannot endure the presence of a stranger; if he found any one here, therefore, at his return, although he is kind enough upon other occasions, he would certainly chide me."

Her kinsman, after musing a little while over these words, answered her thus: —

"Margaret, I perceive how it is. But do not be uneasy: the best houses may be found unprovided by a random comer. I am prepared, you see, against such emergencies; here is a flask of good wine, with a dried fish or two, and a handful of raisins, of which I shall be glad to see you partake. Come, fall to;" and laying out his stores upon the table he began to sup merrily.

Margaret, at this sight, was more alarmed than ever; nevertheless, after many persuasions she began to eat also, but casting her eyes continually towards the door, as if she feared a visit from an Apennine wolf. The time still drawing nearer for Kolmarr to return, she begged her kinsman to despatch his meal, as he loved her, and then depart. "I will even do as you say," said he, still misunderstanding her; "so now show me to my chamber."

To this Margaret, in great alarm, replied with what she had told him before, beseeching him not to take it ill of her that he could not sleep in her house, but to believe that she regarded it as one of her many misfortunes.

"I understand you," said he, "very well: but pray make me no more such excuses. I have told you I am not a man to quarrel with my accommodation. Though the bed be harder, and the sheets more coarse and ragged than you care to treat me with, I should lie very thankfully on the floor. So no words, woman, for hence I will not to-night for a king's bed of down."

Margaret, finding him so positive, and observing, besides, that he was flushed with wine, was fain to humor him; however, as she knew he was a discreet man, and that he would depart before sunrise, she hoped he might be lodged there that one night without the knowledge of Kolmarr. She took him up, therefore, into the garret, which contained nothing but a low, sorry bed and a long stout rope, which Kolmarr had left there, probably, to tempt her to hang herself; for she had sometimes slept there alone when he ill-treated her. Her cousin, nevertheless, swore that it was a lodging for a prince.

"Nay, quoth she, "you are kind enough to view it so, but it is grievously troubled with rats, as I have had cause to know;" and then hastily bidding him good night, she went down the stairs again, with her eyes brimful of tears.

After she had been down a little while, Kolmarr knocked at the door, which made Margaret almost fall from her chair. He came in soberly, but in a grave humor, and observing how red her eyes were, he pulled her to him, and kissed her with much apparent affection. The poor woman was too full at heart to speak; but throwing her lean arms round his neck, she seemed to forget in that moment all her troubles; and still more when Kolmarr, with a terrible oath, swore that after that night he would never fret her again.

The grateful Margaret, being very humble and weak-spirited, was ready to fall down on her knees to him for this unusual kindness, and her conscience smiting her, she was just going to confess to him the concealment of her cousin, and to beseech his forgiveness for that disobedience, as the first she had ever committed as his wife. But luckily she held her peace, for her fears still prevailed over her; and on these terms they bestowed themselves together for the night.

Now it was Kolmarr's custom of a night to pay a visit to his stable; he, as a rogue himself, being very fearful of the dishonesty of others, for which reason he likewise locked be-

hind him the door of his bed-chamber, in which he deposited his commodities. About midnight, therefore, Margaret heard him go down as usual, but his stay was three times as long as ever it had been before. She became very uneasy at this circumstance; and moreover, at a strong smoke which began to creep into the chamber; whereupon, going to the window, she heard Kolmarr beneath, moaning like a person in great pain. In answer to her questions, he told her he had been beaten by some robbers, who had taken away his mules, and then set fire to the house.

"The back of it," said he, "is all wrapt in a flame; but what most grieves me of all, my dear Margaret, is that I cannot rescue thee; seeing, that in my strife with the villains, I have lost the key of the outer door. Nevertheless, if thou wilt take courage and cast thyself down, I will catch thee in my arms; or at the worst, I have dragged hither a great heap of straw, so that no harm may befall thy precious limbs."

The crafty ruffian, however, intended her no kinder reception than the hard bare earth would afford to her miserable bones. His brutality being well known in the country, he did not care to kill her openly; whereas, in this way he hoped to make it apparent that her death was caused by accident; and besides, as it would be in a manner by her own act, he flattered himself there would be the less guilt upon his head.

The window being very far from the ground, Margaret, however, hesitated at the fall; and in the mean time the pedler awaked, and smelling the smoke, and going forth to the window above, he overheard the entreaties of Kolmarr. The danger, by his account, was very imminent; so stepping in again for his pack, which was very heavy, the pedlar pitched it out in the dark upon Kolmarr, who immediately began to groan in the most dismal earnest. The pedler, knowing how heavy the box was, and hearing the crash, with the lamentations that followed, made no doubt that he had done for the man beneath; so, without staying to make any fruitless inquiries, he groped about for the rope which he had noticed in the chamber, and knotting it here and there, and tying one end of it to the bed, he let himself down as nimbly as a cat to his kinswoman's window. Margaret, touched by the moans of her husband, had just made up her mind to leap down at a venture, when the pedler withheld her; and being very stout and active, he

soon made shift to lower her down safely to the ground, and then followed himself, like a sailor, by means of the rope.

As soon as Margaret was on her feet, she sought for Kolmarr, who by this time was as quiet as a stone, and made no answer to her inquiries; the pedler, therefore, concluded justly that he was dead, and speedily found out with his fingers that there was a great hole in the wretch's skull. At first he was very much shocked and troubled by this discovery; but afterwards, going behind the house and seeing the smouldering remains of a heap of straw, which Kolmarr had lighted, he comprehended the whole matter, and was comforted. Then bringing Margaret, who was lamenting very loudly, to the same spot, he showed her the ashes, and told her how foolish it was to mourn so for a wicked man, who had died horribly through his own plotting against her life.

"The devices of the bloody man," said he, "have fallen upon his own head. Consider this, therefore, as the good deed of Providence, which, pitying your distresses, has ordained you a happier life hereafter; and for your maintenance, if God should fail to provide you, I will see to it myself."

In this manner, comforting her judiciously, Margaret dried her tears, reflecting, as many women do, but with less reason, that she must needs be happier as a widow than she had ever been as a wife. As for what he had promised, her kinsman faithfully kept his word, sending her from time to time a portion of his gains; so that, with her old trade of seamstress, and the property of Kolmarr, she was maintained in comfort, and never knew want all the rest of her days.

THE TWO FAITHFUL LOVERS OF SICILY.

"Our bark at length has found a quiet harbor,
And the unspotted progress of our loves
Ends not alone in safety but reward."
THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

IN the Island of Sicily there lived a beautiful girl called Biancafiore, whose father was a farmer of the imposts in that kingdom; she had several lovers, but the happiest one was Tebaldo Zanche, a young person of gentle birth but of indifferent estate, which caused him to be more favorably regarded by Bianca than her father desired, who had set his heart upon matching her with a certain wealthy merchant of Palermo. The power of a parent in those days being much more despotic than in our temperate times, the poor, wretched girl was finally compelled to bestow her hand on the merchant, whereupon Tebaldo instantly took leave of his country, and with a hopeless passion at heart wandered over Europe.

As soon as she was married, Bianca was taken by her husband to his country-house, which was situated on the sea-coast, towards Girgenti, his chief delight being to watch the ships, as they fared to and fro on their mercantile embassies, whereas they only recalled to Bianca the small white sail which had disappeared with the unfortunate Tebaldo. This prospect of itself was sufficient to aggravate her melancholy, but her residence on the sea-shore was yet to expose her to still greater miseries.

It was not uncommon in those days for the Barbary cruisers, those hawks of the Mediterranean, to make a sudden stoop upon our coasts, and carry off with them, besides other plunder, both men and women, whom they sold into slavery amongst the Moors, in default of ransom. In this manner,

making a descent by night when Mercanti was absent at Palermo, they burnt and plundered his house, and took away Bianca; whose horror you may well conceive, when, by the blazing light of her own dwelling, she was carried off by such swarthy barbarians, whose very language was a sphynx's riddle to her, and might concern her life or death, and then embarked upon a sea of fire; for there happened that night a phenomenon not unusual in the Mediterranean, namely, the phosphorescence of the waters, which, whether caused by glowing marine insects or otherwise, makes the waves roll like so many blue burning flames. Those who have witnessed it know well its dismal appearance on a gloomy night, when the billows come and vanish away like fluxes of pallid fire, and withal so vapor-like and unsubstantial, that apparently the vessel, or any gross corporal substance, must needs sink into its ghastly abyss. With such a dreary scene, therefore, and in the midst of those tawny-colored, infidel Moors, with their savage visages, and uncouth garments, and glittering arms, it is no marvel if Bianca thought herself amongst infernals and the demons of torture on the sulphurous lake.

On the morrow, which scarcely brought any assuagement of her fears, they had lost sight of Sicily, and at last she was disembarked at Oran, which is an African port, over against Spain. Meanwhile Tebaldo was landing at Palermo, where he learned, with a renewal of all his pangs, the fate of his beloved mistress. Forgetting all his enmity, therefore, he repaired presently to Mercanti, to concert with him how to redeem her out of the hands of the accursed Moors, a proceeding which he would not have paused for, had fortune put it in his power to proceed instantly to her ransom.

The merchant lamenting his years and infirmities, which forbade him to go in search of his wife, Tebaldo readily offered himself to proceed in his behalf; adding, "that it was only through the poverty of his means that he had not sailed already at his own suggestion, but that if Mercanti would furnish him with the requisite sums, he should hope to restore the unfortunate Bianca to his arms." The merchant wondering very much at this proposal, and asking what securities he could offer for such a trust: —

"Alas!" quoth Tebaldo, "I have nothing to pledge for

my performance, except an unhappy love for her, that would undergo thrice-told perils for her sake; I am that hopeless Tebaldo Zanche, who was made so eminently miserable by her marriage: nevertheless, I will forgive that, as well as all other mischances, if I may but approve my honorable regard for her, by this self-devoted service. There are yet some reasonable doubts you may well entertain of my disinterestedness and fidelity on such a mission, and I know not how to remove them; but when you think of the dangerous infidels in whose hands she now is, I have a hope that you may bring yourself to think her as safe at least in mine."

The passionate Tebaldo enforced these arguments with so many sincere tears and solemn oaths, and, besides, depicted so naturally the horrible condition of the lady amongst the Moors, that at last the merchant consented to his request, and furnishing him with the proper authorities, the generous lover, with a loyal heart which designed nothing less than he had professed, set sail on his arduous adventure.

Let us pass over the hardships and dangers of such an enterprise, and above all its cruel anxieties, the hopes which were raised at Tunis being wrecked again at Algiers, till at last he discovered Bianca amongst the slaves of a chief pirate at Oran, who, despairing of a ransom, began to contemplate her as his own mistress. Tebaldo's bargain was soon made; whereupon the lady was set at liberty, and, to her unspeakable joy, by the hands of her own beloved Zanche; yet when they remembered the final consequence of her freedom, the brightness of their delight was quenched with some very bitter tears. The generosity of their natures, however, triumphed over these regrets, and with sad hearts, but full of virtuous resolution, they re-embarked together, in a Genoese carrack for Palermo.

And now their evil fortune still pursued them, for falling in with a Sallee rover, although they escaped a second capture by the fast sailing of their ship, they were chased a long way out of their course into the Straits of Gibraltar, and the wind turning contrary, increased towards night to a violent tempest. In this extremity it required all the tenderness of Tebaldo to encourage Bianca whose low-spirited condition made her more fearfully alive to the horrors of the raging sea; which indeed roared round them as if the watery desert had hungry lions

of its own as well as the sandy wastes of Africa, but ten times more terrible; the ship's timbers, besides, straining as if they would part asunder, and the storm howling through the cordage, like the voices of those evil angels who, it is believed, were cast into the dreadful deep.

When the daylight appeared there was no glimpse of any land, but the ship was tossing in the centre of a mere wilderness of sea, and under the pitch-black and troubled clouds which were still driving by a fierce wind towards the south. The sails were torn into shreds, and the mariners, ignorant of where they were, let the ship drift at the mercy of the unmerciful elements which slacked not their fury because the prey no longer resisted, but assaulted the helpless bark with unmitigated rage.

It could be no great wrong of Tebaldo and Bianca, if, at such a time, they exchanged one embrace together in everlasting farewell. They then composed themselves to die calmly as became them in each other's company; not with any vain shrieks or struggles; but heroically, as they had lived and loved. Thus sitting together in a martyr-like mood, and listening to the awful rushes of the waters across the deck, they heard a sudden noise overheard which caused Tebaldo to look forth, and, lo! there were the drunken mariners putting off from the ship's side in the long boat, being beguiled to their fate by a glimpse of land which none but their experienced eyes could yet discover. However, they had not struggled far with their oars, when three monstrous curling billows, a great deal loftier than any of the rest, turned the boat over and over, washing out all the poor, gasping souls that were therein, whom the ensuing waves swallowed up one by one, without letting even their dying cries be heard through the bewildering foam.

After this sacrifice, as though it had appeased the angry Deity of the ocean, the storm sensibly subsided; and in an hour or two, the skies clearing up, Tebaldo perceived that they were off a small solitary island, — the ship soon after striking upon a coral reef, about two hundred fathoms from the shore. The skies still frowning with a rearward storm, Tebaldo lost no time in framing a rude raft, with spars and empty barrels; upon which placing Bianca with such stores and implements as he could collect, he paddled towards the land where they landed safely upon a little sandy beach.

Their first act was to return thanks to God for their miraculous preservation: after which they partook of a repast, that after their fatigues was very needful; and then ascended a gentle, sloping hill which gave them a prospect of the island. It was a small, verdant place without any human inhabitants, — but there were millions of marine birds upon the rocks, as tame as domestic fowls, and a prodigious number of rabbits; the interior country, besides, seemed well wooded with various trees; and the ground furnished divers kinds of herbs, and some very gigantic vegetables, together with many European flowers, the transportation of which to such desolate and insular places is a mystery to this day.

The weather again turning boisterous, they took shelter in a rocky cavern which the kind hand of nature had scooped out so commodiously that it seemed to have been provided with a foresight of their wants. Thus, with their stores from the ship, they were insured against any great present hardships — but one. Many unlucky lovers, I wot, have sighed for such an island, to take refuge in from the stern-hearted world; yet here were two such fond persons in such an asylum, betwixt whom fate had set up an eternal bar! Such thoughts as this could not but present themselves very sorrowfully to the minds of Tebaldo and Bianca; nevertheless, he served her with the most tender and devoted homage, and as love taught him, contributed, by a thousand apt contrivances, to her comfort and ease.

In this manner suppose them to spend five or six days — the cave being their shelter, and Tebaldo, by fishing, or fowling, or ensnaring the conies, providing a change of food; so that, excepting the original hardship of their fortune, the lovers had little cause to complain. Their solitary condition, however, and the melancholy of Bianca, led to many little acts of fondness from Tebaldo, which were almost as painful to exchange as to withhold. It was no wonder, then, if sometimes in the anguish of his heart, some expressions of impatience burst from his lips, to which she answered with her tears.

At last, one day when they were sitting on a gusty rock which overlooked the sea, they both turned at once towards each other, with adverse faces and so despairing a look, that they cast themselves by common consent into each other's arms. In the next moment, however, forcing themselves

asunder, Tebaldo began as follows, whilst Bianca covered her face with her hands: —

"I can bear this cruel life no longer! better were we far apart, as when you were living in Sicily, and I roaming for unattainable peace all over the world. The restraint of distance was dreadful but involuntary, and nothing so painful as this! Your tears flow before my sight, yet I must not kiss them away without trembling, nor soothe your audible grief upon my bosom — nor mingle my sighs with yours, though we breathe the same limited air and not in a distant clime. We were made for each other, as our mutual love acknowledges; and yet here, where there be none besides ourselves, we must be several and estranged. My heart is torn asunder by such imperative contradictions. Methinks there be but us two real creatures in the world, and yet the horrible phantom of a third steps in between and frowns us miserably apart! Oh, Bianca! I am crazed with doubts I dare hardly to name; but if fate did not mean to unite us in revocation of its former cruelty, why should we be thus thrown together, where there are none besides? As eternal a bar as was set up between us, is now fixed between you and your husband; nature herself, by this hopeless separation, divorcing you from all other ties. God knows with what scrupulous exactness I have aimed at the fulfilment of my promise — but it were hard to be bound to an impracticable solution. It was true we might not thus think of each other in Sicily — but we meet here as if beyond the grave. If we are, as I believe, in the forlorn centre of the vast ocean, what reasonable hope is there of our redemption: — since then, we are to spend the rest of our days together in this place, we can wrong no one, but redress a great wrong to ourselves, by the stricter union of our fates, which are thus far already married together until the tomb.

The miserable Bianca wept abundantly at this discourse: however, she begged that Tebaldo would not mention the subject for at least seven more days, in which time she hoped God might save them from such a step by sending some ship to their succor. She spent almost all this interval in watching from the coast, but still there came no vessel, not so much even as a speck on the horizon, to give her any hope of return. Tebaldo then resuming his arguments, she answered him thus: —

"O, my dearest Tebaldo! let us rather die as we have lived, victims of implacable fate, than cast any reproach upon our innocent loves. As it is, no one can reprove our affection, which, though violently controlled, we have never disavowed; but it would kill me to have to blush for its unworthy close. It is true that in one point we are disunited, but there is no distance between our souls. We may not indeed gratify our fondness by caresses, but it is still something to bestow our kindest language, and looks, and prayers, and all lawful and honest attentions upon each other; nay, do not you furnish me with the means of life and everything that I enjoy? which my heart tells me must be a very grateful office to your love. Be content, then, to be the preserver and protector, and the very comforter of my life, which it is happiness enough for me to owe to your loving hands. It is true that another man is my husband, but you are my guardian angel, and show a love for me that as much surpasses his love as the heavenly nature is above the earthly. I would not have you stoop from this pitch, as you needs must, by a defect of virtue and honor; still, if you insist, I will become what you wish, but I beseech you consider, ere that decision, the debasement which I must suffer in your esteem. Nevertheless, before such an evil hour, I hope God will send some ship to remove us, though, if I might prefer my own sinful will before His, I would rather of all be dead."

The despairing lovers at these words wished mutually in their hearts that they had perished together in the waves that were fretting before them, when Bianca, looking up towards the horizon, perceived the masts and topmost sails of a ship, whose hull was still hidden by the convexity of the waters. At this sight, though it had come seemingly at her own invocation, she turned as pale as marble, and with a faltering voice bade Tebaldo observe the vessel, which, with a death-like gaze, he had already fixed in the distance, — for doubtless they would rather have remained as they were till they died, than return to the separation which awaited them in Sicily; however, the ship still approached with a fair wind, and at last put out a pinnace, which made directly towards the island.

And now Tebaldo became a bitter convertite from his own arguments, confessing that it was better to breathe only the

same air constantly with Bianca, than to resign her companionship to another; neither did she refuse to partake in his regrets: and more tears were never shed by any exiles on the point of returning to their native land. With heavy hearts, therefore, they descended, hand in hand, like the first pair of lovers when they quitted their paradise, to whom, no doubt, these sad Sicilians inwardly compared themselves, as they walked lingeringly to meet the boat, which belonged to a vessel of Genoa, and had been sent to obtain a supply of wood and water. The mariners wondered very much at their appearance, and especially at Bianca, who wore a fantastical cap, made of rabbit skins, with a cloak of the same motley fur to defend her from the sharp sea air; and as for Tebaldo, his garments were as motley as hers, being partly seaman's apparel and partly his own, whilst his beard and mustaches had grown to a savage length.

The sailors, however, took them very willingly on board, where they inquired eagerly concerning Mercanti; but although the captain knew him well, having often carried his freightages, he could give no tidings of his estate. He promised, notwithstanding, to touch at Palermo, whither the ship made a very brief passage, to the infinite relief of the lovers; for now, after all their misfortunes, they were about to return to the same miserable point where they began. Bianca, therefore, spent the whole time of the voyage in grieving apart in her own cabin, not daring to trust herself in sight of Tebaldo; who, on his part, at the prospect of their separation after such an intimate communion of danger and distresses, was ready to cast himself into the sea.

Suppose them, then, arrived at Palermo, where Tebaldo, with a sadder heart than he had foreseen, proceeded to complete his undertaking, by rendering up Bianca to her husband. He repaired, therefore, to the house, and inquired for Mercanti; whereupon, being shown into his presence: —

"I am come," said he, "to render up my trust, and would to God that my life were a part of the submission. I have redeemed your wife, at the cost of your ten thousand florins and some perils besides; for which, if you owe me anything, I leave her my executor, for I have nothing left me now but to die."

The merchant, looking somewhat amazed at his discourse, then answered him thus: —

"If the lady you speak of is the wife of my brother, Gio. Mercanti, he has been dead these three months; but I shall rejoice to see her, and, likewise, to make over the properties that belong to her by his bequest. And for the eminent service you have rendered to her, for my late brother's sake, I will gratefully repay you; his last words having been full of concern for his dear lady, and of confidence in the integrity of the Signor Tebaldo Zanche, which name, I doubt not, you have made honorable in your own person. I beseech of you, therefore, to lead me instantly to my kinswoman, that I may entertain her as she deserves."

The overjoyed Tebaldo, without waiting to make any answer to these courtesies, ran instantly on board ship to Bianca; who now, without any reserve, cast herself into his loving arms. She did not forget, however, the tears that were due to the generosity of her dead husband, but mourned for him a decent season; after which, with the very goodwill of her parents and all parties, she gave her hand to the faithful Tebaldo. Thus, after many trials, which they endured nobly, they were finally made happy, as their long misfortunes and virtue well deserved; and their names are preserved unto this day, as the Two Faithful Lovers of Sicily.

THE VENETIAN COUNTESS.

"The fire straight upward bears the souls in breath:
Visions of horror circle in the flame,
With shapes and figures like to that of death."

ALABAM.

THE face of the Countess Rovinello, in the portrait which is still in the family palace at Venice, bears many signs of that stern and gloomy disposition which produced such bitter fruits in the end to herself and to others. The nose, more Roman than aquiline, resembling the features of the Cæsars, denotes forcibly her masculine firmness and determination of purpose; her dark eyes and lowering brow the pride of her heart, scarcely lower than that of the fallen Angel; and her puckered, curling lip the scorn and cruelty of her humor. Ambitious, inflexible, and haughty by nature, she was by education subtle, unmerciful, and a bigot; the confessor Landino, a Jesuit, being constantly at her elbow, and holding the secret direction of all her affairs.

This man, coming one day into her chamber, discovered the Countess in a fit of uncontrollable rage, a thing in her very unusual; for she disdained, generally, to show any outward signs of her emotions. Mistrustful, therefore, of her own voice, lest it should falter, she held out an open letter, her hand quaking all the time like an aspen-leaf, and made a motion for Landino to read it; who, as soon as he had glanced at the writing, gave back the paper with these words:—

"This affair is old news with me. The blind passion of your son for the young English heretic was well known to me months ago, and nothing has been omitted to break off so scandalous a match. I have many skilful agents in England, but for this once they have been frustrated in their endeavors."

"Father," returned the offended Countess, "you are prudent and wise in most cases; but would it not have been as well to have shared your information with myself. The authority of a mother, in such a matter, might have had some weight in the scale."

"We have not failed," said Landino, "to menace him in the name of the Holy Church, the mother of his soul, whose mandates in authority exceed those of the mother of his body. As for your ignorance, it was a needful precaution, that any acts of severity might seem the inflictions of the spiritual parent rather than your own."

The Countess nodded her head gravely at this speech, to signify that she understood the hint of Landino, notwithstanding she felt anger enough at heart to have made her agree to any measures, however cruel, for the prevention of so hateful a marriage. Her great confidence, however, in the skill and subtlety of the confessor, assured her that no means had been omitted for that design, and now it only remained to concert together by what means they could separate the young people from each other. In the mean while, the artful Landino had craft enough to discover that the Countess meditated a match for her son, which would not have suited certain political views of his own; accordingly he changed his game, resolving that the marriage of Rovinelli and the young English lady should stand good, trusting that he could afterwards mould it to his purpose.

"What you say of separating them," he said, "is well enough, as far as the mere punishment of the parties is concerned; but we must look beyond that, to other considerations. Nothing would be more easy, as you know, than to annul the marriage, for which the Holy Church hath ample power and a sufficient good will; but it will be a more difficult thing to disentangle their affections from each other. Granted, then, though you should even tear away your son by force from the arms of the heretic, it will be impossible to drive him against his will into any other alliance. As for the girl, she is of gentle birth and a large fortune; and for loveliness might be one of the angels, seeing which, it is a pity but to think on the peril of her immortal soul. Such a woman, as the wife of your son, brings us endless sorrow and shameful annoy, whereas such a convert would tend to our infinite honor, and

at the same time prevent the misery of the young people here, as well as the perdition of a soul hereafter."

The Countess understood clearly the drift of this discourse; and after some further arguments, it was agreed that she should receive the young people with an apparent kipdness, and induce them to reside with her for some time at the palace, during which, she was to exert her joint influence with Landino, to convert the young lady to the Roman Catholic faith.

It was with many justifiable misgivings that Rovinello contemplated the introduction of his beautiful bride to his mother, for he knew her implacable nature. Notwithstanding, with the fond imagination of a lover, he hoped that the loveliness and gentle manners of his mistress would finally overcome even the most stubborn of prejudices. Trusting in this delusion, he took his wife to the palace of the Countess, who was sitting, when they entered, on a couch at the further end of the apartment; but Rovinello could perceive a look on her countenance that filled him with despair; for her dark eyes were fixed upon him quite motionless, like those of a statue, and her lips were utterly white through passionate compression, Notwithstanding that the young pair had advanced to the middle of the chamber, she never rose from her seat till Rovinello, coming up to her very feet, with a faltering voice presented the young lady to her notice.

The inflexible Countess, in return, merely fixed her eyes on the Englishwoman, who at this strange reception began to shake all over with fear; and the more, because she felt the hand of Rovinello trembling within her own. After a long silence, more dreadful than any words, the timid creature, plucking up her courage a little, began to speak as follows, with great sweetness of tone and manner: —

"Pray, madam, do not scorn to receive me as your child, for I have no parent in this far-off land, unless the mother of my dear Rovinello. I cannot bear to think that I am hateful to any one that regards him with affection; pray, therefore, do not spurn me thus from your heart."

At the last of these words the Countess rose up, and with a tone at once calm and stern, and a befitting look, desired the young lady to kneel down and receive her blessing. The obedient girl, with bended knees and clasped hands, stooped

down as she was commanded, at the feet of the haughty Countess; and in this position heard, but only half comprehended, in Latin, the following sentences: —

"From my mouth and from my heart, I curse thee, wicked heretic. I commend thee to flames here, and to flames hereafter. Amen. Amen."

I have said that the Englishwoman did not quite comprehend these words; but she saw by the ghastly countenance of Rovinello that they were very horrible. As for that unhappy gentleman, he let go the hand of his wife, and grasping his forehead between his palms, as though it were about to burst asunder, he staggered a step or two apart, and leaned quite stunned and bewildered against the wall of the chamber. His cruel mother noticing this movement, cast a fiercer look than ever towards the speechless lady, and then turning towards Rovinello, addressed him thus: —

"Son, thou hast come home to me this day after years of travel; but in such a manner that I would rather behold thee crucified;" and with that she pointed to a large ebony cross, whereon was the figure of our blessed Saviour curiously carved in ivory; the holy blood-drops being represented by rubies, so as to form a more lively effigy of the divine sacrifice.

It was made evident by these speeches, that the implacable temper of the Countess had overcome all the counsels of Landino, who entered just this moment, to perceive that his arguments had been in vain. He reproved her with some asperity, for her unchristian spirit, and her temper being by this time cool enough to be restrained by policy, by dint of much dissembling there was an apparent reconciliation between all the parties. Thus, it was arranged as had been concerted beforehand, Rovinello consenting, with great satisfaction, to pass some months with his wife in the palace of his mother.

The unhappy Englishwoman, however, though now living under the same roof with the Countess, and caressed by her every day, began soon to find this reconcilement more intolrable than the former estrangement. At length, Rovinello seeing her grow more and more dejected, her beautiful eyes being filled with tears whenever he returned to her, after even an hour's absence, began to inquire the cause.

"Alas!" she said, "I have cause enough to weep; for I am treated here with such a cruel kindness, that but for your

dear love, I should wish myself a hundred times a day in my peaceable grave ; — for I am assured every hour, that the souls of my dear honored parents are at this very time suffering unspeakable torments; a saying which, whether true or false, ought to cost me a great deal of misery or displeasure. To aggravate these feelings, the confessor Landino exhorts me so constantly to secure myself from the like perdition, that satisfied with a heart to love thee withal, I wish, sometimes, that I had no soul at all to care for."

Having spoken thus with some bitterness of manner, she again fell a weeping; whereupon, Rovinello, touched with her tears, declared that her peace should no longer be assailed by such arguments ; and in truth, having sojourned some years in England, his own sentiments on such matters partook of the liberality and freedom which belong seemingly to the very atmosphere of that fortunate country. Accordingly, after making various excuses to his mother, he set off with his lady to a country-seat, which was situated on the sea-coast; and here they lived together for some months very happily.

At the end of that time, Rovinello received one day a letter which required his immediate attendance at Rome, and taking a very tender farewell of his lady, he departed. His affairs detained him four or five days at the capital, and then he returned home with all possible speed, indulging in a thousand fanciful pictures by the way, of his wife's joyful endearments at his return ; whereas, when he reached the house, he was told that she had been carried off by force, no one knew whither; the servants being taken away likewise in the middle of the night. A Moorish turban, which had been left in one of the rooms, supplied the only clue for discovery of her destiny, for in those days it was a common thing for the Algerine rovers to make a descent on the Italian coasts. The distracted Rovinello, therefore, went instantly on ship-board, and required to be carried over to Africa, intending at all perils to ransom his dear lady, or partake of the same captivity. There happened to be a neutral ship in the port, so that he engaged a vessel without much difficulty; but he had been barely out to sea a few hours, when fresh thoughts flashed on his mind, now at leisure for deliberate reflection, and made him alter his course. It was ascertained from other vessels they fell in with, that no Barbary ships had been seen latterly

near the coast, and besides, the very partial plunder of his own mansion, in the midst of many others, made it seem an improbable act to have been committed by the pirates; he ordered the helm, therefore, to be put down, and returned immediately to the shore.

And now a dreadful question began to agitate his mind, which, whether with or without reason, was very afflicting to entertain, for it seemed impossible at the first glance, that any womanly heart could be so obdurately cruel and tiger-like, as wilfully to disjoint the married love of himself and his lady by a deed so atrocious; but when he recalled the stern temper of his mother, and above all her horrible malediction, his heart quite misgave him, and delivered him up to the most dreadful of ideas. It was rumored, indeed, that Landino had lately been seen in the neighborhood, and there were other suspicious reports afloat amongst the country people; but these things were very vague and contradictory, and all wanted confirmation.

The miserable Rovinello, with these suspicions in his bosom, repaired instantly to Venice, but the Countess was either guiltless or else dissembled so plausibly, that his thoughts became more bewildering than ever, and at length, through grief and anxiety, he fell into a raging fever. His mother attended upon him with the most affectionate assiduity, almost to the removal of his doubts; and especially as she seemed to consider his bereavement with a very moderate but sincere sorrow; whereas, to judge by the common rule, if she had disposed herself of the unhappy Englishwoman, she should have been constant and violent in her expressions of condolence

In this manner several weeks passed away, Rovinello being very languid from his illness; at last, one day, after being more agitated than common, he desired to take an airing with his mother in her coach, and was observed to be particular in giving instructions to the driver as to his route. The man, attending to his commands with exactness, began to drive very slowly towards a certain spot, and at length stopped immediately in front of those terrible Lion's Heads of the Inquisition, which have heretofore swallowed so many secret denunciations. The Countess asking with some terror, why he lingered at that spot, "I am come here, mother," he said, to await the result of a very curious speculation."

With these words, he rivetted his intense eyes upon those of the Countess, who very suddenly turned aside, and called out to the driver to go on; but the man remained still, according to the direction of Rovinello. The latter had now raised his lean hand to the coach window, and pointed to the gaping jaws that received the accusations.

"Mother," said he, "pray fix your eyeballs steadfastly upon mine; and now tell me, have you never fed yonder cruel Lions?"

Hereupon he looked steadfastly upon the eyes of the Countess, which seemed instantly to reel in their sockets, and her cheek turned as pale as ashes. Rovinello, convinced of the guiltiness of his mother by her looks, did not wait for any other confession, but plainly saw his lady, as though through the solid stone walls, in the dreary dungeons of the Inquisition. In the mean time, his hand had dropped from the window to his cloak, where he had concealed a small pistol, loaded with two balls; and setting the fatal engine against his heart, without another word he discharged it into his bosom, before the very eyes of his unnatural parent.

The servants getting down at the report, ran instantly to the door of the carriage, which was filled with smoke, so that at first they could not perceive the nature of the calamity; at length they discerned the Countess leaning quite senseless against the back of the coach, her clothes bedabbled with blood, and the body of Rovinello stooping forward upon her knees. It was plain that he was quite dead, wherefore, placing the body upon a kind of litter, some of the people carried it home to the palace. The miserable Countess was driven back to the same place, where she continued for many hours in frantic transports of horror and remorse; and when she became calmer, it was only from her strength being so exhausted that she could neither rave nor writhe herself any longer. As for the confessor Landino, he was never suffered to abide an instant in her presence, though he made many such attempts, — the mere sight of him throwing the wretched Countess into the most frightful ecstasies.

Some days after the catastrophe of Rovinello, there was a procession through the streets of Venice which excited a lively interest amongst all classes, being nothing less than the progress of certain wicked heretics to the stake, where they were

to be burnt, in order that the Christian spirit might revive, like a Phœnix, out of the human ashes. There had not been a festival of this sort for some time before, so that the people prepared for it with great eagerness, all putting on their holiday clothes, and crowding into the streets, almost to their mutual suffocation; the day being very warm, but otherwise as fine and serene as could be desired for such a ceremony.

The number of the wretched criminals was nine, of whom there was one woman. Their heads were all shaved, and their feet bare, with fetters round the ankles and wrists of each person. They were dressed in long, yellow penitential robes, painted all over with fiery tongues, or flames, except on the back where there was a large blood-red cross. Their caps were of the same colors, tall and pointed, in shape somewhat like extinguishers, though not intended for that use, and each of the wretches held in the left hand a lighted taper; though this part of the show was rather dimmed by the brightness of the noontide sun. Certain bareheaded friars walked by the side of the criminals, holding up the cross at every few paces before their melancholy eyes, and exhorting them to suffer patiently, and without any impieties, to which the doleful creatures made answer only by their boisterous lamentations.

There were two of the procession, however, who differed in this particular from the rest, the first of them having become an Atheist, it was said, since his imprisonment by the Holy Office. This obdurate man, marched along erect and silently, without either sigh or groan, to the sacrifice, having first cast his taper in scorn amongst the populace who would fain have torn him in pieces for this act of contempt, but for the consideration that he was going to make a more adequate expiation.

As for the other person who did not join in the clamorous outcries of the rest, this was a female, young and beautiful, and, indeed, the wife of the unfortunate Rovinello, though that circumstance was unknown to the generality of the spectators. Her luxuriant hair had all been cut off, and she wore the same cap and robe of humiliation with the others, but in going barefoot, her tender, small white feet were tipped with bloody red, like the morning daisies, through trampling on the rugged flinty-hearted stones. Thus she marched beside the Atheist, not a whit more desponding than he, but with a better hope,

looking often upward towards the merciful skies which contained the spirit of her beloved Rovinello. The multitude beheld her meekness and devout submission, for so it seemed to them, with great satisfaction, nor did the friars omit to point her out frequently, for the edification of the bystanders.

And now, being come to the appointed spot which was a convenient, open space, the usual preparations were made for the burning. In the middle of the area stood four goodly stakes which as well as the faggots had been smeared over with pitch and tar that they might blaze the fiercer. The Chief Inquisitor, with the brethren of the Holy Office, were comfortably seated in front, to overlook the spectacle, and on either side the court and the nobility, according to their degree; meanwhile the common rabble got such places as they could, some of them even being hoisted up on the shoulders of their fellows. And truly it was a goodly sight to look round on such a noble assemblage in their robes of state, the very common people having their holiday suits on, and piety and contentment shining together on every countenance.

After sundry tedious formalities, the abominable Atheist, being the chiefest heretic, was placed foremost, immediately under the eyes of the Grand Inquisitor, who desired nothing so much as the glory of his conversion. The priests of the Holy Office therefore used a thousand arguments to persuade him of his errors; but the desperate man refused to listen to their discourse, replying, when opportunity offered, only by the most scornful expressions. Thus, although there were three friars constantly exhorting him at one time, namely, two Carmelites and a Benedictine, they might as soon have persuaded the north wind to blow southward, as the current of his impiety to take another course.

In order to save him from the guilt of further blasphemies, the Grand Inquisitor made a sign for the faggots (the priests having first duly blessed them) to be heaped around his feet, hoping by this preparation to terrify him into recantation, whereas the unshrinking heretic looked on with the greatest composure. Observing that he smiled, the Grand Inquisitor demanded the cause of his mirth — for they were near enough to hold a conference together.

"I am thinking," said he, "how yonder bald-pated monks, who are flinching from the heat of the sun, will be able to

bear the fiery circles of glory which they promise themselves about their crowns."

At this scoffing answer, his case seeming truly desperate, and his heresy incurable, the fire was ordered to be applied without further delay to the faggots, which kindling up briskly, the scornful countenance of the Infidel was soon covered over by a thick cloud of smoke. As soon as the flames reached his flesh, a sharp cry of anguish was heard through the upper vapor, and a priest stepping close in to the stake, inquired if the criminal yet repented of his damnable errors.

"I called out," said he, "only for a little of your holy water."

The friar, overjoyed at this triumph, stepped back with all haste to get some of the sanctified element, and began to sprinkle him.

"Nay," quoth the relapsing heretic; "I meant it only to be bestowed on these scorching faggots."

At this fresh contempt the wood was stirred briskly up again, and sent forth redoubled volumes of fire and smoke, so that it was evident he would soon be consumed. The flames lapping him quickly all round, and driving the smoke into the upper region, the burning figure could plainly be distinguished in the midst, now thoroughly dead, the wretched man having been stifled in the beginning of the fire. Notwithstanding, on a sudden there was a loud shout from the people, "He is praying! he is praying!" and, lo! the scorched black carcase was seen plainly to lift its clasped hands towards the skies. Now the case was this that the cords which confined his arms being burnt asunder by chance, before those which bound his wrists, his arms by the contraction of the sinews were drawn upwards, in the manner I have described, — however, the multitude fancied quite otherwise, and the Atheist is affirmed to have become a convert to this very day.

A couple of wicked, perverse Jews having been disposed of in the like way (the rest of the criminals, save the female, being recusants who had been brought to the stake only for the sake of example) — there remained but the young English woman to be dealt with. During the burning of the others, she had remained tied to the stake with the faggots about her feet, and the confessor Landino by her side, who promised himself much glory from her conversion, whereas

she never condescended to listen to his harangues, but with eyes turned upward, and her mind absent, and in a better place, continued her secret prayers with much fortitude and devotion. The dreadful firebrand which was made of three torches twisted into one, to typify the holy mystery, being brought in readiness to kindle the fire, Landino besought her to consider whether her tender body could endure such torments.

"By the help of God!" she replied, "I will. The smoke of your last offering is already in the skies, and my spirit is fain to follow."

The Grand Inquisitor, hearing this answer delivered with such a resolute tone and look, made a sign to Landino to let him speak.

"Miserable child!" he cried, "do you believe that the souls of heretics enjoy, at the very first, that blessed ascension? Wretched, wretched creature, you will learn otherwise in purgatory!" and he made a sign for the torch to be thrust into the pile.

"At least," interrupted Landino, "at least confess the tender mercy of the holy church thou contemnest, who thus, by this charitable purgation of thy body, redeems thy soul from everlasting perdition; by these flames temporary, absolves thee from flames eternal."

"My parents," replied the lady very meekly, "were both Protestants; and it seems most becoming, at this last hour of my life, to continue in that faith whereunto they bred me. As for your flaming charity, I pray God that it may not be repaid to you in kind, at the great day of judgment;" with which answer she closed her eyes, and set herself steadfastly as if she would hear no more speeches.

The Confessor Landino, who heretofore had been unable to make any impression on her firmness, hereupon gave up all hope of prevailing over her quiet but constant spirit; but as for the Grand Inquisitor, he was quite beyond his patience. "Let her be burned!" he cried; which command was performed without delay.

At the first sharp pang of the cruel flames, a sudden flush, as though of red-hot blood, mounted up into the marble cheeks of the unfortunate lady, and she drew her breath inwards with a very long, shuddering sigh. The reflection of the increas-

ing fire soon cast the same ruddy hue on the countenances of all the spectators, for the flames climbed with merciful rapidity up her loose feminine garments. Those who were nearest saw her head drop suddenly, as she choked, upon her bosom; and then the cords burning through and through, the whole lifeless body tumbled forward into the embers, causing a considerable flutter of dust and smoke; and when it cleared away, there was nothing to be seen but a confused heap of ashes and dying embers.

Thus perished that lovely, unhappy English gentlewoman, in her prime of youth, far away from all that regarded her with love, and with few that looked on her with any degree of pity. And now the people were about to depart with mutual congratulations, when suddenly there arose a great bustle towards the quarter of the Grand Inquisitor, and in a few moments the Countess Rovinello, in deep mourning, was seen kneeling at his feet. Her face was quite haggard and dreadful to look upon, and her dress so disordered as to make her seem like a maniac, but her gestures were still more frantic-like. Whatever her suit might be, the Inquisitor seemed much ruffled, and got up to depart; but she seized hold of his gown and detained him, whilst she continued to plead with great earnestness.

"You are too late!" he said, and withal he pointed his wand of office to the heap of black ashes that stood before him.

The Countess, letting go her hold, went and gazed for a minute on the cinders; then stooping down and gathering up a handful of the dust, she returned, and before he was aware, strewed some on the head of the Inquisitor, and the remainder upon her own.

"Let these ashes," she said, "be in token of our everlasting repentance."

After this awful ceremony, — neither of them without signs of remorse in their countenances, — they separated to console themselves as they might for their parts in this melancholy tragedy.

A TALE OF THE HAREM.

"Imprisoned songster, my unhappy fate
Is, like thy own, disconsolate;
Thou art a prisoner, I a prisoner too,
Thou singest, and I sing."

SPANISH ROMANCES.

IN the maritime warfare between the Genoese and the Turks, though the Mussulmen were worsted in nine battles out of ten, it happened sometimes that one or two galleys of our own were taken by the Infidels; and through one of these mishaps an Italian gentleman, named Benetto, who was a singing-master, and on his passage to England, became a captive to the enemy. Being a very resolute man, he fought till there were more slashes in his clothes than had been fashioned by the tailor; but the crew being mastered by a superior force, the musician was put in chains on board of the Turkish ship. The latter having been well mauled in the engagement, with many iron pellets sticking in her sides, and her tackling in a state of great disorder, made all the sail she could into port, where the captives were disposed of as slaves to the highest bidder.

Now it chanced luckily for Benetto that he was purchased by an agent of the Sultan of Constantinople, and sent to work as an assistant in the gardens of the seraglio; whereas others, being bought by avaricious people, underwent a variety of changes, passing from one master to another, but without any difference for the better in their condition. The fortunate Benetto, on the contrary, led an easy life enough, having only to tend upon the flowers and shrubs for the gratification of the ladies of the harem; and what proved a great comfort to him was, that he had no mistress to mourn for in a distant country;

so that, though he sighed sometimes for liberty, he never gave himself up to despondency like the rest of the captives.

Thus he continued to dig, and water the plants very contentedly, as though he had been born for that task, being a man of that happy, cheerful disposition which can accommodate itself to any circumstances; and besides, the superintendent of the pleasure-grounds was of as pleasant a humor as himself, which tended very materially to his ease. And truly it was well that Benetto kept up a better heart than the captive Jews in Babylon; for he had by nature a melodious voice, improved by art to great perfection, the science of music having been his peculiar study; and oftentimes he beguiled himself after his day's work by singing over his most favorite airs.

The apartment of the ladies of the harem stood, luckily, at such a convenient distance, that Benetto's voice found its way through the windows, which were sure to be left open every night, for the sake of the warbling of the nightingales that harbored amongst the trees. The discourse of the ladies turning one evening on the ravishing notes of that bird, and its amours with the rose, there came a deep sigh from the bosom of one of the Sultanas, a Circassian, and she affirmed that there was a voice more enchanting than that which had been so much commended.

"As for the bird it belongs to," she said, "to judge from his tune, he must be of a most delicate figure and plumage; for though I cannot make out a single word, there seems a most passionate meaning in whatever he sings."

At this speech, one of the ladies burst into tears, and leaned down her beautiful face between her hands; for she was an Italian by birth, and remembered well the sweet, languishing, and love-breathing ditties of her native land; the rest of the women crowding about her at these symptoms of emotions, and inquiring the reason: —

"Alas!" she sobbed, "the songs that you hear come from no bird, but from a human voice, which belongs to some unfortunate captive from my own dear country beyond the sea. I wonder not that you found it so touching, for that kind of melody belongs naturally to our clime. The songs there are so full of love and tenderness, that the amorous rose, instead of merely opening her bosom as she does to the song of the

bulbul, would put forth wings in place of leaves, to fly after the musician."

Nor did the fond lady speak beyond her feeling in this matter, so dearly does memory exaggerate the merits of things beloved. Anon the clear voice of Benetto sounded again upon the distant wind; and when it was silent, the mournful lady responded with a canzonet so exquisitely pathetic, that the listeners, though they did not comprehend even one syllable of the words, were melted instantly into tears. The singer herself, coming at last to a certain passage, which seemed to cause the very breaking of her heartstrings, was so overcome that she could proceed no further; but, with a throat swelling with grief instead of harmony, cast herself upon a sofa, and gave way to an ecstasy of tears.

In the mean time, Benetto, hearing the voice in the garden, had drawn near to the window, and recognized the song to be one of the compositions of Italy, which set his heart aching more seriously than ever since he had been a captive. However, he soon plucked up his spirits; and congratulating himself that there was one person at least in Constantinople to take part with him in a duet, he concerned himself only to contrive how to get admitted to the concert.

Accordingly, choosing the best of his pieces, he sang them in the garden every night, with the tenderest expression, the ladies being always confined after dusk within the palace. At last, the Sultan happening to hear his music, had a mind to enjoy it nearer; so, sending a slave to fetch the gardener into an antechamber, which was separated from that of the ladies only by a silken curtain, Benetto was commanded to sing some of his best songs. As he executed them in very excellent style, the Sultan, who had a good ear enough for an Infidel, was exceedingly pleased with the performance. Commending the musician, therefore, in very gracious terms to Angelina, for that was the name of the Italian lady, she made bold to answer him as follows: —

"Sire, I agree with your Majesty, that the slave has a sweet voice, and an agreeable style of singing; notwithstanding, there are several of the airs, and especially one piece, which, as far as I remember of the music, are capable of much tenderer expression. By your Majesty's leave, if I might hear that song once or twice over, I think I could

remember the variations, which I think would afford your Majesty an increase of pleasure."

The Sultan, who was passionately fond of her voice, immediately commanded Benetto to sing over again the last song, and which was an air capable of very melancholy cadences. Now Angelina was an improvisatrice, and could compose verses at pleasure, so when it came to her turn to sing, she set extempore words in Italian to the music, which spoke to the following effect: —

"Ah, Florence! fair Florence! city of my heart. shall I never behold thee again?

"There are marble walls between us, and gates of brass, — but my thoughts go wandering up and down thy familiar streets!

"Methinks I see my beloved home, with the very flowers that I left growing upon the terrace!

"Methinks I see thee, gentle Arno, shining merrily in the sun!

"Alas! my tears wash out this dream, like the colors on a cloud full of rain.

"I look again; and behold, there is nothing left but my prison wall!"

When she had done singing, Benetto, taking the hint, replied in the same manner, but with less eloquence; telling her, in plain language, to keep up her heart, and that by God's help she should one day see Florence again. The concert being then ended, he was dismissed, with a piece of gold as a mark of the approbation of the Sultan.

The next day, when the superintendent of the pleasure-grounds was walking about the royal gardens, Benetto came up to him and asked for a saw, in order to cut down a certain noxious tree. The superintendent desiring to know which it was, Benetto pointed out a particular tree, with a number of horizontal branches growing very closely together, but the Turk would by no means suffer it to be cut down. It was of so rare a kind, he said, that he did not know even its name; but Benetto, who had his wits about him, and knew that there was no other tree in the garden so likely for his purpose, did not give up the matter without another trial.

Accordingly, taking care never to bestow any water upon the plants within a certain distance of the tree, there being at the same time a long drought, they soon sickened and withered up; whereupon leading the superintendent to the spot, he pointed out this effect.

"This baneful tree," said he, "of the name of which you are so ignorant, is without question the deadly Upas of the island of Java, which is of so poisonous a quality that it will not suffer any vegetable to grow under the shadow of its branches. Look how the herbs round it have all perished, as if they had been scorched up with fire; and, as I have read, the human life is quite as liable to be affected by its pernicious atmosphere. Thus, if any of the ladies of the Harem should by chance fall asleep under it, I doubt it would be as fatal as the tree of knowledge to their grandmother. We might as well chew the deadly leaves, as that anything of this kind should happen; for our death would be as certain in one case as in the other. For my own part, though the least splinter of this cursed wood is mortal if it should enter into the flesh, I will cheerfully undertake the hazard of cutting down this dangerous trunk, rather than have such a dreadful responsibility hanging continually over my head."

The good-natured superintendent agreeing with the prudence of this recommendation, Benetto got permission to cut down the tree as fast as he would, which he did not fail to perform; and after lopping away all the branches on two sides of the stem in the manner of an espalier, he set down the tree carelessly in a by-corner of the garden.

The same evening Benetto was sent for as before, to sing in the antechamber; and beginning with the same melancholy air, there came a voice suddenly through the silken screen, commanding him to desist.

"I have been thinking," said the Sultan, as he turned to Angelina who was sitting beside him on a sofa in the inner room; "I have been thinking that I should like now to hear some lively tune: the songs I have heard hitherto, though very beautiful, were all of a melancholy cast; and I am curious to know whether the genius of your music will admit also of comical expression."

"I can assure your Highness," said the lady, "there is no country that can boast of such pretty, little laughing canzonets

as my own, for though we have borrowed many strains from the nightingale, we have others that warble as merrily as the carol of the morning lark.

"You make me impatient to hear one," replied the Sultan; whereupon an attendant was sent to convey this command to Benetto who immediately struck up a very lively tune; and, as he had good news to communicate, he sang with unbounded gayety and spirit. The words ran thus: —

"Ladders there are none in this place, neither of ropes nor of wood!

"But I have a pretty tree, with many branches, that will stand upright against a wall!

"What if I should place it against a lady's prison, in the middle of the night?

"Shall I see a vision, like Jacob, of a figure stepping down my ladder, who looks like an angel of light?"

The lady, being overjoyed at these welcome tidings, sang with an equal glee, and made answer by the same tune in a similar way.

"O joy of joys! — To hear this grateful news, there seems now but a mile, paved with wishes, between Florence and me.

"I feel myself already, like a bird with wings, amongst those pleasant boughs!

"Step by step, as I descend, I pluck the sweet apples of liberty, which relish even as the fruits of my own dear land!"

It happened that the piece they had been singing had a pretty, little burden at the end for two voices; so that when the lady came to that part, Benetto joined in with the proper chorus of the song, to the great admiration of the Sultan who ordered him a piece of gold on his dismissal which seemed to make the captive defer his plot for another night.

On the following day, about noon, when the superintendent as usual came into the gardens, he was amazed to see Benetto working at a parterre with an extraordinary kind of hoe, the handle of which, rudely fashioned and rough, could not be less

than a dozen feet long. The jolly Turk, tucking his hands in his sash, fell to laughing immoderately at this whimsical sight, for Benetto wielded his implement with considerable awkwardness; at last, fetching his breath again, he inquired the reason of such an extraordinary appearance.

Benetto, without turning his head aside, answered very sedately, that it was the universal custom of his country to use hoes with handles of that length.

"Now God forgive me!" answered the Mussulman; "but you have made me long to travel, since there are such wonderful scenes to be enjoyed abroad:" and with that he fell into a fresh convulsion of laughter.

In the mean time Benetto continued his work with inflexible gravity, though the exertion he used to handle the hoe with dexterity made the sweat-drops start out like great beads upon his forehead. At last, being fain to obtain a pause, he explained to the Turk who had done laughing, that it was common in Italy to employ those long-handled hoes, in order to reach the weeds in the middle of a parterre without trampling amongst the plants.

"There is some reason in what you say," returned the superintendent; and taking the tool out of the hand of Benetto, he made aim at certain weeds in the middle of the bed; but at the very first stroke he mowed down a whole cluster of flowers.

Thereupon bursting into a fresh fit of mirth at his own clumsiness, the merry Turk thrust the wonderful hoe back again into the hand of the gardener, who resumed his labor with great earnestness; the Mussulman in the mean while walking away, but often turning his head over his shoulder to look back at Benetto who, as soon as the old fellow had gone out of sight, laid down the ponderous hoe with very great good will, and began to chuckle in his turn.

When the hour for music was come, he was summoned again to the antechamber where he had the boldness, whilst he waited, to steal a peep through a crevice of the silken curtain, and discovered that his countrywoman was quite as beautiful a person as his fancy had suggested. He had taken care to compose some fresh words for the occasion, as well as to set them to another air which he had not sung on any of the preceding nights: it had also a part for two voices which the lady happened to know, and the Sultan was so delighted with the

liveliness of the music that he made them sing it to him several times over. At last, just as they were commencing the chorus for the fourth time, his face very suddenly altered, from the greatest pleasure to a look of gloom; and he turned his brows with such a frown upon the lady that she stopped short in the middle of a note.

"How is this?" said he: "I understand nothing of the language, but I can perceive that you sing different words to the music every time that it is repeated."

Angelina blushed and hung down her head at this abrupt question, for she could invent verses with far more facility than excuses. At last she told him that it was usual in Italy to leave the words of such airy little songs to the fancy of the singers, and that, except when those happened to be persons of wit and genius, the verses were always composed of the most commonplace expressions.

The Sultan listened to this explanation with a very grave look, and after meditating a while, spoke thus: "Madam, you must not take it ill of me, but hereafter I shall desire the Dragoman (or Interpreter) to partake with me in the delight of hearing you. He is as fond of music as I am, and will be able to satisfy me whether the poetry of what you sing is answerable, in sentiment, to the music.

The lady and Benetto both suspected, from these expressions, that the Sultan entertained some mistrust of them; and therefore, when they sang again, it was with some quaverings which did not belong to the composition. The Sultan at length signifying that he had heard enough, the singers desisted, and Benetto was dismissed, for this once, without any piece of gold, the Sultan intending secretly to reward him on the morrow with two hundred stripes of the bastinado.

As soon as Benetto found his opportunity, he repaired therefore to the garden, convinced that it was time to put his design into execution. The skies fortunately were full of clouds, making the night very obscure, except at some intervals, when the moon broke through the vapors; so that he set about his work in the gloom with the greater confidence. Having learnt at least the art of transplanting during his service in the gardens, his first step was to convey the tree which has been already mentioned towards the apartment of Angelina.

Now, her chamber opened upon a long gallery or balcony on the outside of the harem, againt which Benetto rested the tree as securely as he could: nor was this an easy performance, for it was as heavy as he could well carry, so that his joints even cracked beneath the weight. After resting awhile to regain his breath, he began to mount up his extempore ladder; and as the branches were very close together, as the ascent was quite an easy affair. Thus, he was able to look in at the lady's window in a very few seconds; but, alas! though he had not wasted a minute that could be saved, he was already too late as will presently appear.

It is a barbarous custom with the Turks, when they conceive any jealousy or disgust of their mistresses, to tie them up in sacks and cast them into the water; the sea which is the object of marriage with the Venetian Doges, being to the Ottoman Sultans the instrument of divorce, As soon, then, as Benetto looked in at the window, his eyes were shocked by the sight of three black savage-looking slaves, who were preparing for this cruel ceremony, the victim being no other than his own unfortunate countrywoman. Her mouth having been gagged beforehand, she could not utter any cries; but with her hands she made the most piteous supplications to the cruel Moors, two of whom held the mouth of the gaping sack wide open, whilst the other with his rude, profane hands endeavored by force to bind her delicate limbs.

The terrified Benetto, who comprehended this scene at the first peep, felt such a shock as a sleeper who oversteps a precipice in his dream. A sudden swimming in his head made him ready to tumble off the tree; but luckily his body was leaning against the railwork of the gallery, so that he could not fall: in the mean time he was quite exposed to view from the window, but the blacks were so thoroughly employed that they had not time to cast a look that way. After a minute or two, resuming his presence of mind, he bent down his body so as to be concealed behind the gallery, and in this uneasy posture deliberated within himself how he ought to proceed. His first impulse was to rush in upon the ruffianly slaves; but recollecting that he had no weapon, and that such an assault could but delay the fate of the lady for a few moments, he resolved on a more prudent course.

Taking down his ladder, therefore, which now seemed twice

as burdensome as before, and his heart a great deal heavier, he set up the tree against the wall of the garden, on the side next the water, whose murmurings through the stillness of the night he could sufficiently distinguish.

It took him but a few moments to clamber to the top of the wall, by the help of the friendly tree; which, however, was too cumbersome to be dragged up after him in order to effect a descent on the other side. In nine cases out of ten, this would have been the natural oversight of a man intent upon the first step of his escape; whereas the ingenious Benetto had foreseen and provided against this difficulty. In a few minutes, therefore, he was safely landed on the other side; and, without doubt, the superintendent, who ridiculed the gardener's long hoe, would have changed his tone to see it hanging on the outer part of the wall, for the accommodation of Benetto; for by this means he let himself down with ease, the handle reaching within a few yards of the ground.

And now the moon, breaking away through a sullen cloud, behind the chinks of which she had sometimes just glimmered like a bright fish entangled in a net, began to touch every object as with a silver wand: Benetto found it necessary, therefore, to shelter himself, like a man who shunned his own shadow, by going into the obscurest places, creeping on in this manner from tree to tree and from wall to wall, till he reached the water-side: but in what direction he should next proceed, in order to intercept the lady, was a question that got no better answer than those which are addressed to the echo.

Whilst he was thus wandering, the three black slaves, having tied up the unfortunate lady in the sack, proceeded with their burden, as they were directed, towards a lonely place on the banks of the Bosphorus, in order to bestow her in her last bath with the greater privacy. Now it happened, through the goodness of God, that there was an English ship of war then lying off at anchor, having brought over an ambassador to the Sublime Porte; and some of the sailors and junior officers, desiring a frolic, had put off secretly in the ship's boat, and landed about the same spot.

These jovial men wandering about the shore, it fell out that they encountered with the blacks; and being minded to joke with them, some of the sailors inquired by signs what they carried in that poke. The slaves, not caring to disclose the

truth, made answer that it was some rotten wheat which they were going to cast into the sea; and with that, they endeavored to get away, not caring to have to do with drunkards, for the mariners rolled about a good deal, as they are apt to do on the dry land. Now the lady, who, though gagged, had yet the use of her ears, had overheard the question of the sailors; and whilst the slaves were answering, she began to wriggle herself about in the sack as violently as she could. The sailor who stood nearest, observing this motion, did not fail to notice it to his comrades, and they became speedily as curious as himself to ascertain what it was that struggled so in the sack. The blacks however, who relished them very little, still endeavored to break away, whereas the strangers were equally bent upon their own satisfaction, so that the parties came in a little while to blows. The sturdy seamen prevailing, and getting possession of the sack, they soon discovered, with great indignation, the nature of its contents; whereupon the cowardly blacks, not waiting for the buffets which they were certain to receive, took instantly to their heels, and were out of sight in a minute.

The English sailors, who can melt upon a proper occasion as readily as their own pitch and tar, were infinitely concerned at the condition of the poor lady; wherefore, after releasing her limbs, as well as her tongue, which was not backward in thanks to her deliverers, they rowed back with all diligence to the ship, where Angelina was treated with every kind of tenderness and attention.

The discomfited blacks in the interim had got under the shadow of a high wall, where they sat down to take breath; and after weeping together for a while, they all opened their mouths at once with the same question, to ask what was to be done.

"For my part," said one, "I am not weeping thus merely because the lady has escaped, for we could easily devise a lie together and declare that the job was done. But, alas! I know that the chief of the eunuchs, old Abdalla, is so careful, that he will be waiting for us at the ducking-place, to see with his own eyes that she is thrown in."

The slaves, knowing this to be the most likely case, began to shed tears again, and howled in a low tone very dismally, for they felt that their heads were only fastened by a pack-thread

to their shoulders. At last, Mezrou, who was the eldest, spoke as follows: —

"Our case," said he, "is indeed critical — so that my neck smarts already to think of the result. On the one hand, if we tell any lie, there is that accursed old chief of the eunuchs to detect us; and on the other, if we confess the simple truth, our heads will still fly off, because we did not fight with those sea-devils to the last extremity. I see therefore but one way to escape out of this scrape, which is, by putting some trick upon Abdalla. And now I think of it, there is a certain Frank lives hereabouts, who keeps a great sow pig in his back-yard; and at the next house there is a baker, where we may obtain a sack. Now, if the swine were tied up fitly, and her head well muffled in my sash, so as to keep her from either grunting or squealing, I think the deception might pass; but but it must be dispatched very quickly."

The other slaves thinking favorably of this scheme, they ran off together to the house of the baker, who was in bed; but they obliged him to get up and give them an empty flour sack; after which, going to the pigsty of the Frank, they secured his sow in the sack, with a little difficulty. Then taking up the burden between them, which was full as lively as the other had been, they trotted gayly down to the water-side, where they soon perceived some person pacing to and fro, whom they took at the first glance for Abdalla. Going straight up to him, therefore, without any mistrust, they all called out together, that they had brought the lady to be drowned, which was agreeable news enough to the man, for in truth it was no other than Benetto, who had been wandering up and down the shore in the greatest uncertainty and despair.

The words, then, had nô sooner got clear of the thick foolish lips of the blacks, than the musician began to deal about him so roundly, that the foremost was laid sprawling in a twinkling upon the earth, The other two, at this sight, foreseeing that they should have use for all the hands they had, immediately pitched down the sack with very little ceremony; and any one may conceive how this action increased the fury of Benetto.

The battered swine resenting the outrage as much, and feeling herself more at liberty, began at the same moment to struggle vehemently within the sack, so that she partly re-

leased her nostrils from the sash, and began to call out with all brutal breath for liberty.

Thus the rage of Benetto, whenever he began to faint, was roused up again by these half-stifled cries; which, struggling partly through the canvas and the linen, were equivocal enough to be mistaken for the voice of Angelina, even by the ear of a musician. These excitements lending him treble courage and vigor, he was quite a match for the three slaves together, notwithstanding they fought lustily; and doubtless something tragical would have ensued but for the thriftiness of the baker.

This careful man, grudging to lend a new sack to strangers, had picked out an old one, the canvas of which was very rotten and full of patches; so that as Benetto glanced his eyes every now and then towards the sack, to give himself fresh encouragement, on a sudden the cloth ripped up with a smart report, and the huge sow, jumping briskly out, went cantering off homewards, with the sash round her head, and grunting all the way to denote her satisfaction.

The blacks, through this accident, having nothing to contend for, gave over the contest; and after a little grinning scampered away after the pig, to make up what story they could to the chief of the eunuchs.

As for Benetto, he stood as if rooted to the spot, and stared on the remains of the sack like one who had just witnessed some great stroke of enchantment. No sight, in truth, could have caused him such an astonishment, unless, indeed, the spectacle of a sow turning before his eyes into a lady, for he had made certain of Angelina being within the sack, even to the seeing of her, in fancy, through her veil of canvas. At last, coming to his senses, and catching sight of the English vessel, his thoughts began to turn upon his own safety; and stripping off his jacket and turban, he began to swim towards the ship, though with great difficulty, on account of his bruises.

It would not be easy to describe his transports, when he came on board and discovered Angelina: wherefore, let that topic be left untouched, as well as the mirth which prevailed at the relation of his adventures. The ship setting sail immediately for England, after a prosperous passage the two happy Italians disembarked at London, where Benetto, by his skill in music and excellent singing, acquired an immense fortune

in a very few years. In the mean time he espoused Angelina, and finally returned with her to Florence, where they lived for many years in great happiness and very merrily; for neither of them could ever smell pork, or pass by a hogsty, without an inclination to laughter.

As for the three black slaves, they wore their heads some years longer than they expected; the lie they made up being credited by Abdalla, the chief of the eunuchs, who had never stirred out from the palace. The superintendent of the pleasure-grounds was however more unlucky, for he suffered some hundred stripes of the bastinado on the soles of his feet, for allowing the innovations of Benetto. In consequence, there are no more upas-trees to be found in the royal gardens; and the slaves labor, even unto this very day, with hoes that are but a yard long in the handle.

THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye."
LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

IT is a deplorable custom with spendthrifts, when their purses are empty, to replenish them at the cost of the dryads, often cutting down the very trees that have sheltered the most venerable of their ancestors, as well as the timber which wants many years of its proper growth, according to the pressure of their wants. Many foolish persons, again, under false pretences of taste, will root up the sheltering woods and copses, that made comfortable fences against the inclement wind, thus letting in the unmitigated tempest to rage against their bleak naked mansions; both parties being equally mischievous in their way. There are other persons, however, who cut down their oaks, and chestnuts, for much better reasons, as you shall presently hear.

A certain Hidalgo was walking in a lonely plain, in the neighborhood of Granada, when he was suddenly attacked by a small, wild Spanish bull. The spiteful creature, with red, sparkling eyes, and a body as black as any coal, made a run at the gentleman so nimbly that he had barely time to save himself by climbing up a large chestnut tree; whereupon the wicked beast began to toss about the loose earth with great fury, instead of the human clay he had intended to trifle with.

There is no such creature in the world as your bull for a revengeful memory, for he will cherish affronts or dislikes for a considerable while; and besides, he takes great pleasure in any premeditated mischief, which he will pursue with a vast deal of patience. Thus, whenever the Hidalgo set his foot upon the ground, the wily animal, who had kept at a con-

venient distance, immediately ran at him again, so that he was forced to betake himself to the tree with the utmost alacrity. Then the bull would stray farther off, still keeping a wary eye towards the tree; but feeding in the mean time so quietly, that every thought of malice seemed to have quite gone out of his round, roguish head; whereas he was ready at a twinkling for a fresh career, his perseverance excelling that of grimalkin, when she sits watching at a mouse's street-door.

The impatient Hidalgo, weary at heart of this game, where all his moves tended to no purpose, at last gave up the point, and removed higher up in the tree, in order to amuse himself with the surrounding prospect which was now enlivened by the oblique rays of the declining sun. I will wait, said he, till night makes a diversion in my favor, and, like the matadore, hangs her cloak on this wild devil's horns; so turning himself about, from side to side, he began to contemplate the various objects in the distance.

Whilst he was thus occupied, with his eyes turned towards the east, there came two men on foot from the opposite quarter, who, passing beyond the tree, approached the browsing bull without any kind of mistrust. The dissembling creature allowed them to come pretty near without any suspicion; and then suddenly charging at the two men they were obliged to run to the tree as the only shelter, and with great difficulty clambered out of reach of his mischievous horns. The animal, being thus foiled for the second time, revenged himself on the hat of one of the travellers, which had been dropped in the race, and then began to feed again at the usual distance.

The two peddlers, for so they seemed, made several attempts, like the Hidalgo, to get away, but the bull still intercepted them in the same manner; so that at last they were fain to dispose themselves as comfortably as they could on a lower branch, and await the pleasure of the animal to proceed on their way. The Hidalgo being a shy, reserved man by nature, as well as very haughty on account of his nation and his birth, did not choose to make any advances towards his fellow-lodgers in the tree, who by their dress were people of the common sort. The two men, on their part, knew nothing of a third person being perched above their heads; wherefore, to pass away the time, they began to talk over their affair

together, with as much confidence as if they had been sitting in the middle of the great Arabian Desert.

At first the Hidalgo, being much occupied by his own reflections, did not listen very attentively to their discourse; besides, he had a great contempt for the conversation of such vulgar persons, which would have prevailed over any common curiosity; however, as some sentences reached him against his will, he happened to overhear a name passing between them that made him prick up his ears.

"I am afraid, Gines Spinello," said one of the voices, "that this cursed creature will spoil our sport for to-night."

Now it was no wonder that the gentleman became so much interested in their conversation, for the fellow just mentioned was a notorious robber, and the terror of the whole province. The Hidalgo, therefore, felt a natural curiosity to behold so remarkable a character; and peeping down very cautiously between the leaves, he saw the two men sitting astride, with their faces towards each other, on the lowermost bough. They were so much below him that he could not judge of their physiognomies; but of course the very hair of their heads seemed, to his fancy, to partake of a very ruffianly expression.

"As for that matter," returned Spinello, "our job to-night is a trifling one that may be dispatched in two hours. What frets me more is to be obliged to sit thus, cock-horse, upon a cursed branch; for I have always a misgiving at getting up into a tree, since nothing has proved so fatal to several of our gang."

The other, laughing heartily at these expressions which he supposed to allude to the gallows, Gines interrupted him in a very grave tone.

"I mean no such matter," said he, "as you conclude. The gibbet indeed has made an end of some of us; but the trees I mean, were as much growing and flourishing as this. It was a chestnut, too, that cost so dear to poor Lazarillo; wherefore, I would rather that this tree had been a cypress, or a yew even, or of some other kind."

"For my part, chestnut or not," said the other, "I feel myself much beholden to this good plant: notwithstanding, I should like to hear what happened to Lazarillo, and the others of the gang."

The Hidalgo by this time was quite as much interested in the mishap of Lazarillo: so laying himself along the bough,

and grasping it with both his arms, he stooped his head sideways as low as he could, to listen to the story that Gines was going to relate.

"You are aware," said Spinello, "that when we have no affair of moment upon our hands which requires us to go in company, it is usual for some of the cleverest amongst us to go abroad singly, on little adventures of their own. Thus it befell Lazarillo to take it in his head to pay a visit to a certain Hidalgo who resides not a long way from this spot. There was a clump of chestnut trees in front of the house, all of them of wonderful bulk, having stood there a great many years, and it was the season when they were in full leaf. Lazarillo, coming a little too soon, and seeing a great many lights in the windows, clambered up into the greatest of these trees which stood nearest to the house, in order to hide himself till dark, as well as to observe what was going on within the house. The boughs being very broad and smooth, he found his nest comfortable enough; and, besides, he was very well diverted to watch the motions of the servants, for some of the branches grew against the chamber windows, so that he could even see how the people bestowed the plate and valuables against the night. Whilst he was amusing himself in this way, the Hidalgo, who had been out sporting, came homewards with his fowling-piece in his hand; when just at this nick there flew up some large kind of bird, and made off directly for the tree."

"Well, wherefore do you stop?" asked the other rogue very eagerly, for at these words Gines had made a tolerable long pause.

"I was thinking," said Gines, "that I heard a rustling overhead; but it was only some breeze amongst the leaves. I suppose the Hidalgo was willing to discharge his gun before he entered the house, for it was loaded with very large shot which are never used to kill birds with; however, he fired after the fowl into the very middle of the leaves, and the devil guiding the lead, some of it went into the body of poor Lazarillo who tumbled in a trice to the ground. If the shot had not killed him, the fall would have broken his neck, so that he was stone-dead upon the spot: however, to make sure of that matter, our governors made a point of hanging him afterwards upon another tree."

Herewith Gines vented a thousand horrible imprecations against the unfortunate sportsman; who had the evil luck to be sitting at that very moment above his head. The unhappy Hidalgo, though he was miserably terrified, dared not even to quake — the least motion causing a rustling amongst the leaves, or a creaking of the bough; and getting cramped, as any one must, to ride so long on a wooden chestnut horse, without a saddle, yet he could not venture to stretch a limb to relieve himself. In the mean time, fear caused such a boiling noise in his ears, as if of the devil's cauldron at a gallop, that he could not make out the history of the other robbers who had perished by means of the trees. The two rogues, on the contrary, finding themselves very much at their ease, continued to gossip together with great coolness, though the bull had now removed to a considerable distance. The Hidalgo, at last, resuming the use of his faculties, overheard as follows: —

"As for the chestnut trees," said Gines, "you will see the stumps of them to-night, for the Hidalgo did not choose to leave a perch for any more such birds so near his house. But there are other ways to know what goes on within, as well as by looking through the windows; and we shall soon see whether the people of this random shooter are more properly his servants or my own."

At this insinuation, the wretched person who sat aloft could not help uttering a half-stifled groan, which would have infallibly betrayed him, if it had not passed for the grumbling of the bull. Notwithstanding, he had to endure still worse tidings; to conceive which, suppose Gines to describe the abominable plot he had laid for the murder of the Hidalgo — two of his servants being in the pay of the banditti, and engaged to admit them in the middle of the night. The rogues did not omit, moreover, to dispose of the two daughters of the unfortunate gentleman overhead; and as their inclinations pointed differently, the one choosing the youngest, and the other the elder lady for a mistress, they soon came to an amicable understanding on this part of the design. Thus the Hidalgo, who had always intended to match his children as he would, without question even of the girls themselves, was obliged to hear them disposed of beforehand, and without having any voice whatever in the affair.

The encroaching dusk closing round, in the mean time, till the horizon was confined within a very narrow circle, the two villains at last dismounted from the bough, and proceeded on their way without any interruption from the bull, who was now scarcely visible, amid the distant shadows. As soon as the rogues were out of sight, the Hidalgo scrambled down the trunk, to the infinite relief of his limbs, which from long confinement to the same posture had grown as rigid and almost as crooked as the boughs they had embraced: however, the thought of what was to take place at home soon enforced a suppleness in his joints, and he departed with a brisk shuffling pace, from what had been to him such a very bitter tree of knowledge.

The dreadful fear which had lately possessed his bosom, turning, now that he was in safety, to the most revengeful feelings, he vowed as he went along, that Gines and his gang should suffer in retaliation by the most exquisite torments. In this furious mood, with clenched hands and teeth, and terrible emphatic steps, he entered his own house, and repaired straight into the apartment of his daughters; who, seeing the flaming beacons of wrath in his countenance, were ready to swoon with dismay. It alarmed them the more, that they had not expected him to return for the night, and being ignorant of the true occasion, they were led, by certain misgivings of their own hearts, to impute his anger to a very different cause, wherefore coming together with clasped hands, to kneel down at his feet, they besought him with many tears to be more calm and temperate.

At another time, this strange conduct would have astounded the Hidalgo, whereas, having other concerns in his mind, he did not stop to sift out the mystery, but, in as few words as he could, explained the danger that was hanging over their heads. The two terrified maidens, at this horrible report, instantly forgot all other fears, for the mere words conjured up the figures of the banditti upon the vacant air; but when the Hidalgo came to speak of the design of the robber and his comrade, how they were to make mistresses of the two ladies, they sent up together, as if from one throat, a shrill involuntary scream. Anon, running hastily to different closets, for the greater danger always swallows up the less in this manner, they dragged forward a brace of young comely gallants, who, on their part,

seemed ready enough to protect them from Gines and his associates.

The two champions, as well as the Hidalgo, were somewhat disconcerted by this abrupt introduction to each other, and the pale lily of fear that had blown on the cheeks of the damsels, was burned up by a deep crimson blush. At last one of the cavaliers, addressing himself to the Hidalgo, began to speak for both after this manner:—

"Sir, I know that you cannot behold us with any welcome; and yet, for my own part, I am heartily thankful that we are here. Notwithstanding the ungracious method of our introduction, we beg so much favor of you, as to be considered gentlemen for the present, and respecters of good manners; who desire nothing better than to make amends, by our timely services, for an untimely intrusion. By your good leave, therefore, we will help to defend these ladies against the robbers,—and as we are men of honor, it shall be left to your own discretion, whether you will bestow them upon us hereafter."

As the young gentleman spoke this with an air of great modesty and sincerity, the Hidalgo thought fit to accept of the assistance that was offered; whereupon they began to consult together on the steps which should be adopted in such an extremity. Accordingly, it was concerted to send for the two traitorous servants, one by one, into the chamber, where, as soon as they entered, they were seized, and bound hand and foot before they could think of any resistance. The wretched men, finding themselves in this dreary plight, and that their lives were at command, began readily to confess all they knew of the plot; adding several particulars which had not been touched upon by Spinello. Amongst other news, it came out that the banditti had deposited their arms in readiness in a certain hollow oak, which stood in the rear of the house; whereupon the Hidalgo made a vow, inwardly, to cut down that dangerous tree, as he had done before by the chestnuts.

It was towards midnight, when Spinello, with his comrades, approached for the execution of their design. The night was very boisterous, with frequent gusts of wind, that drove the low black clouds with great rapidity across the sky. Thus every now and then there was a short bright glance of the moon, followed, at a few minutes interval, by the most profound shadows; and, by the help of those snatches of light,

the desperate Gines led on his fellows, who were about half a dozen in all, towards the hollow tree.

Now it happened, just as he came up, that a fresh cloud came over the face of the moon, so that the mark he aimed at was quite swallowed up in the gloom. Groping his way, therefore, with his hands, he began to feel about the ragged stem for the entry to the magazine; but he had no sooner thrust his arms into the opening, than they were seized by some person who was concealed within the hollow trunk.

I know not whether Gines recalled, at this moment, his superstition about a tree, but he set up a loud yell of dismay. The Hidalgo, who lay close by in ambush, with his party, instantly discharged a well-aimed volley at the rest of the banditti, who finding themselves betrayed, and without arms, took at once to their heels, leaving two that were miserably wounded, upon the grass. By this time, Spinello, recovering his courage, made a desperate struggle to get away; but, before he could disengage his arms, the Hidalgo came up with his assistants, and the robber was quickly overcome and secured. Of the other two men, one was already dead, the bullet having lodged in his breast: as for the second, his leg-bone was broken by a ball just above the ankle-joint, and it happened that this was the very same rogue who had gossipped with Gines upon the chestnut-bough.

It was a dreadful sight to behold the countenance of the latter, when he was dragged into the chamber, and how he foamed and gnashed his teeth at the two desponding varlets, who had been double traitors, he supposed, to both masters. Although he was so securely bound, those wretched men could not look upon him without an extreme trembling; however, when he was informed of the true cause of the discovery, he raved no more, remarking only, to the other robber, that his misgiving about the chestnut tree had been justified by the event.

The Hidalgo repairing afterwards, with the two young gentlemen, into the presence of his two daughters, there ensued many compliments between them, and joyful congratulations on the conclusion of the danger. At last, the Hidalgo growing more and more pleased with the graceful manners and conversation of his guests, his heart warmed towards them, and he began to wish that they were all but his sons.

"Gentlemen," he said, "a late welcome is better than none at all, and especially when it comes maturely from the heart. Pray accept of this apology for my tardiness, and for your great services I will try to make amends to you on the spot. Your gallantry and agreeable bearing persuade me that you are truly the honorable young persons that you have named to me; and I rejoice, therefore, for my own sake as well as yours, that my daughters remain at my disposal. If you are willing then, to accept of each other, I foresee no difficulties, — that is to say, provided you can both agree in your election, as readily as my other two robbers."

It would be hard to declare whether the two ladies were most happy or confused by this unexpected proposal; they therefore made off, with fewer words than blushes, to their own bedchamber; but the three gentlemen sat up together, for security, during the remainder of the night.

On the morrow the criminals were delivered to the proper authorities, and the process with such atrocious offenders being very summary, they were executed, before sunset, in divers places about the province. For the most part, they were suspended on lofty wooden gibbets; but the body of Spinello, in order to make the greater impression, was hung up on the very same Chestnut Tree that had led to his defeat.

THE FAIR MAID OF LUDGATE.

"O, she is sweeter than the rose
Now bathed among the balmly rain;
And I maun gang to yon town,
And see the lovesome maid again."
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE reign of King Charles the Second of England was marked by two great public calamities: the first of them, that memorable plague, which devastated London; and then followed that deplorable fire which destroyed such a large portion of the same devoted metropolis.

It happened shortly before the pestilence, that the King had a design to serve in the city; wherefore he rode that way on horseback, attended only by the Lord Rochester, and one or two gentlemen of the Court. As they were riding gently, in this manner, up the hill of Ludgate, towards St. Paul's, the Earl observed that the King stopped short, and fixed his eyes on a certain casement on the right hand side of the way. The gentlemen, turning their heads in the same direction, immediately beheld a young and beautiful woman, in a very rich and fanciful dress, and worthy indeed of the admiration of the monarch; who, with sheer delight, stood as if rooted to the spot. The lady, for a while, did not observe this stoppage, so that the company of courtiers had full time to observe her countenance and dress. She wore upon her head a small cap of black velvet, which fitted very close, and came down with a point upon her forehead, where, at the peak of the velvet, there hung a very large pearl. Her hair, which was of an auburn color and very abundant, fell down on either side of her face in large ringlets according to the fashion of the time, and clustered daintily about her fair neck and bosom, several of the locks, moreover, being bound together here and there

by clusters of fine pearls. As for her bodice, it was of white silk, with a goodly brooch of emeralds in the shape of strawberry leaves, which were held together by stalks of gold. Her sleeves, which were very wide, and hung loose from the elbow, were of the same silk; but there was a short undersleeve of peach-blossom satin, that fastened with clasps of emerald about the mid-arm. Her bracelets were ornamented with the same gem; but the bands were of gold, as well as the girdle that encircled her waist. Thus much the company could perceive, as she leaned upon the edge of the window with one delicate hand; at last — for in the mean while she had been steadfastly looking abroad, as in a revery — she recollected herself, and, observing that she was gazed at, immediately withdrew.

The King watched a minute or two at the window, after she was gone, like a man in a dream; and then, turning round to Rochester, inquired if he knew anything of the lady he had seen. The earl replied instantly that he knew nothing of her, except she was the loveliest creature that had ever feasted his eyes; whereupon the King commanded him to remain behind, and learn as many particulars as he could. The King, with the gentlemen, then rode on very thoughtfully into the city, where he transacted what he had to do, and then returned with the same company by Cheapside, where they encountered the Earl.

As soon as the King saw Rochester, he asked eagerly, "What news?" Whereupon the latter acquainted him with all he knew. "As for her name," he said, "she is called Alice, but her surname is swallowed up in that of The Fair Maid of Ludgate — for that is her only title in these parts. She is an only child, and her father is a rich jeweller; and so in faith was her mother likewise, to judge by this splendid sample of their workmanship."

"Verily I think so too," returned the Monarch; "she must come to court," and with that they began to concert together how to prosecute that design.

And doubtless the Fair Maid of Ludgate would have been ensnared by the devices of that profligate courtier, but for an event that turned all thoughts of intrigue and human pleasure into utter despondency and affright. For now broke out that dreadful pestilence which soon raged so awfully throughout

the great city, the mortality increasing from hundreds to thousands of deaths in a single week. At the first ravages of the infection, a vast number of families deserted their houses, and fled into the country; the remainder enclosing themselves as rigidly within their own dwellings, as if they had been separately besieged by some invisible foe. In the mean time, the pestilence increased in fury, spreading from house to house, and from street to street, till whole parishes were subjected to its rage. At this point, the father of Alice fell suddenly ill, though not of the pest; however, the terrified domestics could not be persuaded otherwise than that he was smitten by the plague, and accordingly they all ran off together, leaving him to the sole care of his afflicted child.

On the morning after this desertion, as she sat weeping at the bedside of her father, the Fair Maid heard a great noise of voices in the street; wherefore, looking forth at the front casement, she saw a number of youths, with horses ready saddled and bridled, standing about the door. As soon as she showed herself at the window they all began to call out together, beseeching her to come down, and fly with them from the city of death; which touched the heart of Alice very much: after thanking them, therefore, with her eyes full of tears, she pointed inwards, and told them that her father was unable to rise from his bed.

"Then there is no help for him," cried Hugh Percy. "God receive his soul! The plague is striding hither very fast. I have seen the red crosses in Cheapside. Pray come down, therefore, unto us, dearest Alice, for we will wait on you to the ends of the earth."

The sorrowful Alice wept abundantly at this speech, and it was some minutes before she could make any answer.

"Hugh Percy," she said at last, "if it be as you say, the will of God be done; but I will never depart from the help of my dear father;" and with that, waving her hand to them as a last farewell, she closed the casement, and returned to the sick-chamber.

On the morrow the gentle youths came again to the house on the same errand, but they were fewer than before. They moved Alice by their outcries to come at last to the window, who replied in the same way to their entreaties, notwithstanding the fond youths continued to use their arguments, with

many prayers to her, to come down, but she remained constant in her denial; at length, missing some of the number, she inquired for Hugh Percy, and they answered dejectedly, that he had sickened of the plague that very morn.

"Alas! gentle, kind friends," she cried, "let this be your warning, and depart hence in good time. It will make me miserable forever to be answerable for your mischances; as for myself, I am resigned entirely to the dispensation of God." And with these words she closed the window, and the melancholy youths went away slowly, except one, whe had neither brought any horse with him, nor joined in the supplications of the rest. The disconsolate Alice, coming afterwards to the window for air, beheld him thus standing with his arms folded against the door.

"How is this, Ralph Seaton, that you still linger about this melancholy place?"

"Gentle Alice," returned Seaton, "I have not come hither like the others, to bid you fly away from hence; neither must you bid me depart against my will."

"Ralph Seaton, my heart is brimful of thanks to you for this tenderness towards me; but you have a mother and sister for your care."

"They are safe, Alice, and far from this horrible place."

"Would to God you were with them! dear Ralph Seaton, begone; and the love you bear towards me set only at a distance in your prayers. I wish you a thousand farewells, in one word — but pray begone." And with that, turning away, with one hand over her eyes, she closed the casement with the other, as if forever and ever.

The next morning the young men came for the third time to the house, and there was a red cross but a few doors off. The youths were now but three or four in number, several having betaken themselves to the country in despair, and others had been breathed upon by the life-wasting pestilence. It was a long while before Alice came to the window, so that their hearts began to sink with dread, for they made sure that she was taken ill. However, she came forth to them at last, in extreme distress, to see them so wilful for her sake.

"For the dear love of God!" she cried, "do not come thus any more, unless you would break my heart! Lo! the dreadful signal of death is at hand, and to-morrow it may be

set upon this very door. Do not cause the curses of your friends and parents to be heaped hereafter on my miserable head. If you have any pity for me in your hearts, pray let this be the uttermost farewell between us."

At these words, the sad youths began to shed tears; and some of them, with a broken voice, begged of her to bestow on them some tokens for a remembrance. Thereupon she went for her bracelets, and after kissing them, gave them between two of the young men. To a third she cast her glove, but to Seaton she dropped a ring, which she had pressed sundry times to her lips.

The day after the final departure of the young men, the ominous red cross was marked on the jeweller's door; for, as he was known to be ill, it was supposed, of course, that his malady was the plague. In consequence the door was rigorously nailed up, so that no one could pass in or out, and moreover there were watchmen appointed for the same purpose of blockade. It was the duty of these attendants to see that the people within the suspected houses were duly supplied with provision; whereas, by the negligence of these hard-hearted men, it happened frequently that the persons confined within perished of absolute want. Thus it befell, after some days, that Alice saw her father relapsing again, for the lack of mere necessaries to support him in his weakness, his disorder having considerably abated. In this extremity, seeing a solitary man in the street, she stretched out her arms towards him, and besought him for the love of God to bring a little food; but the bewildered man, instead of understanding, bade her "flee from the wrath to come," and with sundry leaps and frantic gestures, went capering on his way.

Her heart at this disappointment was ready to burst with despair; but, turning her eyes towards the opposite side, she perceived another man coming down the street, with a pitcher and a small loaf. As soon as he came under the window, she made the same prayer to him as to the former, begging him for charity, and the sake of her dear father, to allow him but a sup of the water and a small morsel of the bread.

"It is for that purpose," said the other, "that I am come." And as he looked upward she discovered that it was Seaton, who had brought this very timely supply. "You may eat and drink of these," he continued, "without any suspicion, for

they come from a place many miles hence, where the infection is yet unknown."

The heart of Alice was too full to let her reply, but she ran forthwith, and fetched a cord to draw up the loaf and the pitcher withal, the last being filled with good wine. When her father had finished his repast, which revived him very much, she returned with the pitcher, and let it down by the cord to Seaton, who perceived something glittering within the vessel.

"Ralph Seaton," she said, "wear that jewel for my sake. The blessing of God be ever with you in return for this precious deed! but I conjure you by the Holy Trinity, do not come hither again."

The generous Seaton, with great joy placed the brooch within his bosom, and with a signal of farewell to Alice, departed without another word. And now her heart began to sink again to think of the morrow, when assuredly her beloved parent would be reduced to the like extremity; for during all this time, the negligent watchmen had never come within sight of the house. All the night hours she spent, therefore, in anguish and dread, which were still more aggravated by the dismal rumbling of the carts, that at midnight were used to come about for the corpses of the dead.

In the middle of the night one of these coarse, slovenly hearses, with a cargo of dead bodies, passed through the street, attended by a bell-man and some porters, with flaming torches, unto whom the miserable Alice called out with a lamentable voice. The men, at her summons, came under the window with the cart, expecting some dead body to be cast out to them, the mortality admitting of no more decent rites; but when they heard what she wanted, they replied sullenly, that they had business enough of their own to convey away all the carrion, — and so passed on with their horrible chimes.

The morning was spent in the same alternations of fruitless hope and despair, — till towards noon, when Seaton came again with the pitcher and a small basket, which contained some cold baked meat, and other eatables, that he had procured with infinite pains from a country place, at a considerable distance. The fair maiden drew up these supplies with great eagerness, her father beginning now to have that appetite which is one of the first symptoms of recovery from any

sickness; accordingly he fed upon the victuals with great relish. The gentle Alice, in the mean while, lowered down the empty basket and the pitcher to Seaton, and then again besought him not to expose himself to such risks by coming into the city; to which he made no answer but by pressing his hands against his bosom, as if to express that such errands gratified his heart; whereupon she made fresh signs to say farewell, and he departed.

In this manner several weeks passed away, the gallant youth never failing to come day after day with fresh provision, till at last the old jeweller was able to sit up. The gracious Providence preserved them all, in the mean time, from any attack of the pestilence, though many persons died every day, on both sides of the street, the distemper being at its worst pitch. Thus the houses became desolate, and the streets silent, and beginning to look green even, by the springing up of grass between the untrodden stones.

The prison-house of the Fair Maid of Ludgate and her father soon became, therefore, very irksome, and especially when the latter got well enough to stir about, and to behold through the window these symptoms of the public calamity, which filled him with more anxiety than he had ever felt, on account of his dear child, whose life was not secure, any more than his own, for a single hour. His alarm and disquiet on this account threatening to bring on a relapse of his malady, the tender girl found but little happiness in his recovery, which seemed thus to have been altogether in vain. And truly, it was a sufficient grief for any one to be in the centre, though unhurt, of such a horrible devastation; whereof none could guess at the continuance, whether it would cease of its own accord, or rage on till there were no more victims to be destroyed.

The plague, however, abated towards the close of the year, when the King, who had removed with his court to Windsor in the midst of the alarm, felt disposed one day to pay a visit to the metropolis. Accordingly, mounting on horseback, he rode into town, accompanied by the Lord Rochester, and the same gentlemen who had been his attendants on the former occasion.

The monarch was naturally much shocked at the desolate aspect of the place, which, from a great and populous city,

had become almost a desert; the sound of the horses' hoofs echoing dismally throughout the solitary streets, but bringing very few persons to look out at the windows, and of those, the chief part were more like lean, ghastly ghosts than human living creatures. In consequence he rode along in a very melancholy mood of mind, which the pleasant Earl endeavored to enliven by various witty jests but without any effect, for they sounded hollow and untimely, even in his own ear.

At last, arriving at the Hill of Ludgate, and the image of the Fair Maid coming to his remembrance, the King looked towards the house; and lo! there frowned the horrible red cross, which was still distinct upon the door. Immediately he pointed out this deadly signal to Rochester, who had already noticed it, and then both shook their heads, meaning to say that she was dead; however, to make certain, the Earl alighted, and knocked with all his might at the door. But there was no answer, nor any appearance of a face at any window. Thereupon, with very heavy hearts, they rode onwards for a few doors farther, where there was a young man, like a spectre, sitting at an open casement, with a large book like a Bible in his hands. The King, who spied him first, asked of him very eagerly, whether the Fair Maid of Ludgate was alive or dead, but the ghostly man could tell nothing of the matter, except that the jeweller had been the very first person to be seized by the plague in their quarter. Thereupon the King made up his mind that the fair Alice had perished amongst the many thousand victims of the pest, and with a very sorrowful visage he rode on through the city, where he spent some hours in noticing the deplorable consequences of that visitation.

Afterwards, he returned with his company by the same way, and when they came towards the jeweller's house, in Ludgate, there were several young men standing about the door. They had been knocking to obtain tidings of the Fair Maid, but without any better success than before; so that getting very impatient, they began, as the King came up, to cast stones through the windows. The Earl of Rochester, seeing them at this vain work, called out as he passed,

"Gentlemen, you are wasting your labor! The divinity of your city is dead; as you may know, by asking of the living skeleton at yonder casement."

At these words, the young men, supposing that the Earl had authority for what he said, desisted from their attempts, and the two companies went each their several ways; the King, with his attendants, to Windsor, and the sad youths to their homes, with grief on all their faces, and very aching hearts, through sorrow for the Fair Maid of Ludgate.

As for the gallant Ralph Seaton, he had ceased to come beneath the window for some time before, since there was no longer any one living within the house to drink from his pitcher, or to eat out of his basket. Notwithstanding, he continued now and then to bring a few pieces of game, and sometimes a flask also, to the father of Alice, who lived under the same roof, for the elder Seaton was a good yeoman of Kent, and thither Ralph had conveyed the old citizen as soon as he was well enough to be removed. The old jeweller outlived the plague by a score of years; but the Fair Maid of Ludgate, who had survived the pestilence, was carried off shortly afterwards by marriage, the title which had belonged to her in the city being resolved into that of the Dame Alice Seaton.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

"Now confess and know,
Wit without money sometimes gives the blow."
VALENTINE.

ABENDALI of Bagdad had three sons; the two eldest, very tall and proper youths for their years; but the youngest, on account of the dwarfishness of his stature, was called Little Agib. He had, notwithstanding, a wit and shrewdness very unusual to any, especially of his childish age; whereas his brothers were dull and slow of intellect to an extraordinary degree.

Now Abendali, though he had money, was not rich enough to leave behind him a competence for each of his sons; wherefore he thought it best to teach them in the first instance to scrape together as much as they could; accordingly, calling them all to him, on some occasion, he presented to each a small canvas purse, with a sequin in it, by way of handsel, and then spoke to them to this effect:—

"Behold! here is a money-bag apiece, with a single sequin, for you must furnish the rest by your own industry. I shall require every now and then to look into your purses, in order to see what you have added; but to that end you shall not have any recourse to theft, or violent robbery, for money is often purchased by those methods at too dear a rate; whereas the more you can obtain by any subtle stratagems, or smart strokes of policy, the greater will be my opinion of your hopefulness and abilities."

The three brethren accepted of the purses with great goodwill, and immediately began to think over various plans of getting money; so quickly does the desire of riches take root in the human bosom. The two elder ones, however, beat about

their wits to no purpose, for they could not start a single invention, except of begging alms, which they would not descend to; whereas the Little Agib added another piece of money to his sequin before the setting of the sun.

It happened that there lived at some distance from Abendali an old lady, who was bed-ridden, but very rich, and a relation of the former, though at some degrees removed. As she was thus lying in her chamber, she heard the door open, and Agib came in, but he was so little that he could not look upon the bed. The lady asking who it was, he answered, and said, "My name is Little Agib, and I am sent here by my father, your kinsman, who is called Abendali; for he desires to know how you are, and to wish you a thousand years."

The old lady wondered very much that Abendali was so much concerned for her, since they had not held any correspondence together for a long while; however, she was very well satisfied with his attention, and gave a small piece of money to Agib, desiring the slaves moreover to bring him as many sweetmeats as he liked. The brethren showing their purses at night to their father, the two eldest had only their sequin apiece, whereas little Agib had thus added already to his store.

On the following day, little Agib paid another visit to the sick lady, and was as well treated as before. He repeated the same compliments very many times afterwards, adding continually fresh moneys in his purse; at last, Abendali, passing by chance in the same quarter of the city, took it into his head to inquire for his kinswoman; and when he entered her chamber, lo! there sat little Agib behind the door. As soon as he had delivered his compliments, which the lady received very graciously, she pointed to little Agib, and said she had taken it very kindly that the child had been sent so often to ask after her health.

"Madam," said Abendali, who laughed all the while; "the little liar has not told you one word of truth. I know well enough why he came here; which was on none of my errands."

The Little Agib prudently held his peace till his father was gone: whereupon the old lady asked him how he could be so wicked as to deceive her with such multiplied lies.

"Alas!" said Agib, pretending to whimper very much, "I hope God will not punish me with a sore tongue for such

sinning. It is true, as my father says, that he never commanded me to come; but I was so scandalized at his shocking neglect, that I could not help calling upon you of my own accord, and making up those messages in his name."

The old lady hereupon was so much touched with the seeming piety and tenderness of Little Agib, that she bade him climb upon the bed and kiss her, which he performed; and because he had come so disinterestedly, and not, she believed, for the trifling pieces of money, she gave him a coin of more value, to make amends, as she said, for Abendali's injurious suspicion.

The same night, when he looked in Agib's purse, the old man saw that he had three pieces more; at which he nodded, as if to say I know where these came from: whereupon Agib, being concerned for the honor of his ingenuity, spoke up to his father "It is not," said he, "as you suppose; these two pieces I obtained elsewhere, than at the place you are thinking of;" and with that he appealed to his brethren.

"It is truth," said the eldest, "what he speaks. Observing that he had every night a fresh piece of money, whereas we that are his elders could get nothing at all, myself and my brother besought of Little Agib to acquaint us with his secret for making gold and silver; but he would not part with it, unless we gave him our two pieces, and thus we have no money whatever."

With that the elder brothers turned both at once on Little Agib, calling him a liar and a cheat; for that, when they called on the old lady, instead of giving them a piece of money or two, as he had reported, she said that she knew what they came for, and withal bade them to be thrust forth from the chamber.

During this relation, Abendali could not help laughing secretly at the cunning of Little Agib, who had thus added his brothers' money to his own; however, he quieted the two elder ones, by declaring that Agib had told them the truth.

About a month after this time, the Angel of Death called upon Abendali, and touching him on the right side, bade him prepare to die. Accordingly the old man sent for his sons to his bedside, and after embracing them tenderly one by one, spoke as follows: —

"My dear children, you will find all the money that I have

in the world in a great earthen pot, which stands in a hole of the wall, behind the head of my couch. As for its disposal my will is this, that it shall be equally divided between you two, who are the eldest. As for Little Agib, he has wit enough to provide for himself, and must shift as he can."

With these words he died, and the sons turned his face towards the East, — the two eldest setting themselves immediately to divide the money between them, in order to divert their grief; whereas Little Agib, having nothing to do, shed a great many tears. However, it happened so that the soul of the infirm kinswoman of Abendali took flight to God the same evening, and she left by her will a sum of money, that made Agib equal in means with his brethren; whereupon, having something likewise to occupy his thoughts, his eyes were soon as dry as the others.

After a decent season, the three brothers, desiring a change of scene, and to see a little of the world, determined to travel: accordingly, bestowing their money about their persons, they set forth in company, intending to go towards Damascus; but, before they had gone very far, they were set upon by a band of thieves, who took away all they had. The two elder ones, at this mischance, were very much cast down: but Little Agib, who was no worse off than he had been left by his father, kept up his heart. At last they came to a town, where Agib, who never had any mistrust of his wit, took care to hire a small house without any delay! but his brethren were very much dismayed at so rash an act, for they knew that there was not a coin amongst them all. Notwithstanding, Agib, by several dexterous turns, made shift to provide something every day to eat and drink, which he shared generously with the others, exacting from them only a promise that they would help him whenever they could.

At last even the inventions of Little Agib began to fail, and he was walking through the streets in a very melancholy manner, when he espied an old woman making over towards an artificer's with a brazen pan in her arms. A thought immediately came into his head: therefore, stopping the woman before she could step into the shop, and drawing her a little way apart, he spoke thus. "I doubt not, my good mother, that you were going to the brazier, to have that vessel repaired, and I should be loth to stop the bread from coming to any

honest man's mouth. Notwithstanding, I have not eaten for three days;" here the little hypocrite began to shed tears; —"and as I know something of the craft, if you will allow me to do such a small job for you, it will be a great charity."

The old woman, in reply, told him that she was indeed going to the brazier's on such an errand, but nevertheless, the vessel having a flaw at the bottom, she was very well disposed to let him repair her pan, as it would be an act of charity, and especially as he would no doubt mend it for half-price. The Little Agib agreed to her terms; whereupon leading her to the door of his house, he took the pan from her, and desired her to call again in a certain time.

The brethren wondered very much to see Agib with such a vessel, when they had not provision to make it of any use; but he gave them no hint of his design, requiring only of them that they would go abroad, and raise money upon such parts of their raiment as they could spare. The two elder ones, having a great confidence in his cleverness, did as they were desired, but the greater part of their clothes having been pledged in the same way, they could borrow but two pieces for their turbans, which were left as security.

As soon as he got the money, Agib ran off to the brazier, who has been mentioned before, and ordered him to repair the brass pan in his best manner, and without any delay, which the man punctually fulfilled. Thereupon Agib made him a present of the two pieces, which amounted to much more than the usual charge for such a job, and made haste home with the pan, where he arrived but a breathing space before the old woman knocked at the door. She was very much pleased with the work, for the pan had a brave, new bottom, perfectly water-tight, and neatly set in; but the moderate charge that was demanded by Agib delighted her still more, wherefore she began to hobble off, with great satisfaction in her countenance, when he beckoned to her to come back.

"There is but one thing," said he, "that I request of you, which is this; that you will not mention this matter to any one, for otherwise as I am not a native of the place, I shall have all the braziers of the town about my ears."

The old woman promised readily to observe his caution; notwithstanding, as he had foreseen, she told the story to every one of her neighbors, and the neighbors gossiped of it to others,

so that the fame of the cheap brazier travelled through the whole of her quarter. Thereupon, every person who had a vessel of brass or copper, or a metal pan of any kind that was unsound, resolved to have it mended at so reasonable a rate; and each one intending to be beforehand with the others, it fell out, that a great mob came all at once to the door.

As soon as Agib heard the knocking, and the voices, and the jangling of the vessels, for the good people made a pretty concert without, in order to let him know what they wanted, he turned about to his brothers, and said that the time for their usefulness was arrived. Thereupon he opened the door, and saw a great concourse of people, who were all talking together, and holding up towards him the bottoms of kettles and pans. Whenever he could make himself heard through the clamor, he desired every one to make a private mark of their own upon the metal, which being done, he took in the articles one by one, and appointed with the owners to return for them on the morrow at the same hour.

The things which had been brought made a goodly heap in the chamber, being piled up in one corner to the very top of the room, a sight that amused Agib and his brothers very much, for the latter made sure that they were to sell the whole of the metal, and then make off with the money, which was quite contrary to the policy of Agib, who remembered the injunctions of Abendali, as to the danger of such acts. However, there was no time to be wasted, having such a quantity of work before their eyes; accordingly, bidding his brothers perform after his example, Agib sat down on the floor with one of the brazen vessels between his legs, and by help of an old knife and some coarse sand, scraped and scoured the bottom till it looked very bright and clean. The two eldest labored after the same manner with great patience, and persevered so steadfastly, that by daylight the bottoms of the vessels were all shining as brilliantly as the sun. "Now," said Agib, "we may lie down and rest awhile, for we have done the work of a score of hands."

At the time appointed, which was about noon, the people came in a crowd, as before, to fetch away their pans, every one striving to be first at the door. In the mean time, Agib had the vessels heaped up behind him, so as to be conveniently within reach; whereupon, opening the door, and holding up

one of the articles in his right hand, one of the crowd called out, "That is my pan!" Immediately Agib reached forth the vessel to the owner, and without a word stretched out his left hand for the money, which in every case was a piece of the same amount that had been paid by the old woman; and his two brothers, who stood behind with blacked faces, to look like furnacemen, put all the coins into a bag. In this way, Agib, as fast as he could, delivered all the things to the people; who, as soon as they saw the bright bottoms of their pots and kettles, were well satisfied, and withal very much amazed to think that so much work had been performed in such a little space.

"It is wonderful! it is wonderful!" they said to each other; "he must have a hundred work-people in his house!" and with that and similar sayings they departed to their homes.

When the last of the pot-bearers was gone out of sight, Agib told his brothers that it was time for them to leave the place; whereupon the dull-witted pair began to think of redeeming their turbans, and, in spite of the entreaties of Agib, being very obstinate, as such thick-skulls usually are, they went forth on that errand. In the interval, Agib, who had many misgivings at heart, was obliged to remain in the house; so that the event fell out as unhappily as might have been foretold. In a little while, some of the people, who had paid for the mending of their pans, found out the trick, and these telling the others that were in the same plight, they repaired suddenly to the house, before Agib had time to escape, and carried him into the presence of the Cadi.

The furious people told their story all at once, as they could, to the judge; and withal they held up so many shining pan-bottoms, of brass as well as copper, that he was quite dazzled, and almost as blind as Justice ought to be, according to the painters. Many of them, besides, to eke out their speech, laid sundry violent thumps upon the twanging vessels, so that such an uproar had never been heard before in the court. As for Agib, though he felt his case to be somewhat critical, he could not help laughing at the oddness of the scene; and there were others in the hall, who laughed more violently than he.

It was a common thing with the Caliph of Bagdad to go in disguise through his dominions, as well to overlook the administration of justice in different places, as for his own private diversion. Thus it happened at this moment, that the

Caliph was standing, unrecognized, amongst the spectators of the scene. He laughed very heartily at the eagerness of the complainants and their whimsical concert. At last, sending his royal signet to the Cadi, with a message that it was his pleasure to try the cause himself, he went up into the judge's seat.

As soon as the accusers perceived the Caliph, they set up a new clamor, and a fresh clatter of their pans, so that he had much ado to preserve his gravity and his eyesight. However, when he had heard enough to comprehend the matter, he commanded them to hold their peace, and then called upon Agib to say what he could in his defence.

"Commander of the Faithful!" said Agib, "I beseech but your gracious patience, and I will answer all this rabble, and their kettles to boot. Your majesty must know then, that yesterday morning these people all made even such a tumult about my door as you have just heard. As soon as ever I came forth, they held up the bottoms of their vessels one and all towards me, as they have just done to your majesty; and if the Commander of the Faithful understands by that action that he is to mend all the bottoms of their pans, I confess that I am worthy of the bastinado."

The Caliph laughed more heartily than ever at this idea of Agib's, in which he was joined by all the unconcerned parties in the court; whereas the pan-bearers looked very much disconcerted. At last, one of them, speaking in behalf of the rest, besought of the Caliph that the old woman might be sent for, whose pot had been mended by Agib, and accordingly an officer was dispatched to bring her to the court. As soon as she came, the Cadi interrogated her, by the command of the Caliph, as to her transaction with Agib; whereupon she related the whole affair, and proved that he had undertaken, by express words, to put a new bottom to her pan.

The Caliph was very much vexed at this turn of the case against Agib, whereas the complainants were altogether in exultation, and asked eagerly and at once of the old woman, whether her pan was not merely scrubbed bright at the bottom, and unserviceable, like theirs. The old woman, however, declared that it was no such matter, but that her pan was quite water-tight, and repaired with a new bottom in a workmanlike manner; whereupon the vessel being examined, it was discovered that she had told the truth.

The Caliph, who was overjoyed at this favorable result, now laughed again till he was ready to fall out of his seat Whereas, the pan-bearers fell into a fresh fit of rage, shaking their clanking utensils first at the old woman, and then at Agib, and at last at each other, every one shifting the blame of the failure from himself to his neighbor, who had prevented the cause from being properly heard. In the mean time, all the braziers and metal-workers of the place, who had heard of the subject of the examination, thronged into the court; and began to treat with the enraged people who had been juggled for the repairs of their pans: and these men falling into dispute with each other, there arose a fresh uproar. The Cadi, therefore, would fain have had them all thrust out of the place, but the Caliph desired that the rioters might have their way for a little longer, not doubting that some fresh mirth would arise out of the squabble. Accordingly, before long, the complainants came forward with a fresh accusation against the artificers, that under pretence of examining the vessels, they had thrust fresh holes in them, and withal they flourished the damaged pan-bottoms once more in the eyes of the Commander of the Faithful.

Little Agib, in the mean time, enjoyed this uproar in his sleeve, and casting a sly glance or two towards the seat of justice, he soon perceived that it was not more displeasing to the Caliph. The latter, after laughing a while longer, put on a grave look by force, and commanded Agib to relate what passed with the people, at the delivery of their wares.

"Sire," replied Agib, "as soon as I had got all the pans together, which were thus forced as it were, upon me, I examined them as narrowly as I could; but not being a brazier, nor knowing anything whatever of that trade, I could perceive only that they wanted a little scouring, which I performed by the help of my two brothers. This morning the people came again for their pots and pans, and seeing that they had only held up the bottoms towards me, in like manner I only held up the bottoms towards them; wherewith they were so well contented, that each gave me a small piece of money, without any demand on my part, and they went on their way."

As soon as Agib had concluded these words, he was silent; whereupon one of the braziers pushed his way through the crowd, and making his reverence before the Caliph, spoke as follows:—

"Commander of the Faithful, what this young man has said is every word of it true. As for any sort of copper or brass work, he is quite ignorant of the craft, for the very morning before this, he brought to me a pan of his own to be repaired. By his desire, therefore, I put in a bran new bottom, for which he paid me very honestly as well as handsomely, so that I wish I had many more such liberal customers. As for these foolish people that make such a clatter, they are not worthy to be believed for an instant; for I leave it to your Majesty to consider whether so many bottoms as they speak of could be put into their vessels by all the braziers in the place, in the course of a single night. The thing is impossible; and besides if it could be done, there is no man alive that could do such a job conscientiously, under ten times the price which they confess to have paid to him. I am a judge and ought to know."

The Caliph was very much diverted with this speech of the brazier, which made all the disconcerted pan-bearers hang down their heads. He then turned round to the Cadi and asked what he thought of the case; the latter having given his answer, the crier was commanded to procure silence in the court, and the Caliph stood up to give judgment.

"Your observation," said he, turning towards the Cadi, "is both learned and just. I am of opinion, likewise, that the holding up of the bottoms of brazen pans, is not amongst any of the known forms of agreement. Thus there was no legal bargain on either side," — and at these words the disappointed people, raising up their hands towards the Prophet in appeal against the injustice of the Caliph, there arose a new flashing of brass and copper bottoms, and a fresh clatter of all the pans.

"Notwithstanding," continued the Caliph, "as there seems to have been some evasion of a secret understanding between the two parties, my decree therefore is this, that the criminal shall receive two hundred strokes upon the soles of his feet;" and herewith, the hands falling down again with satisfaction, there ensued a fresh clanking chorus throughout the hall.

"However," the Caliph went on thus as soon as there was silence — "it is necessary that justice on both sides should be equal and complete; wherefore, as the complainants did but hold up their pans, and then reckon that the order for the

new bottoms was distinct, so it shall be sufficient for the executioner to lift up his arm two hundred times, and the criminal shall be deemed to have suffered as many stripes of the bastinado."

At this pleasant decision, there was a great shout of applause in the court; but the discomfited pan-bearers departed in great dudgeon, with more clangor than ever; and almost in a temper to hang up their pans, like the kettles of the Turkish Janizaries, as the signals for a revolt.

As for Agib, he suffered the penalty according to his sentence; but the Caliph was so much delighted with his wit and address, that before long he raised him to be one of his Ministers of State. The two elder ones, on the contrary, being very dull and slow, howbeit very proper men, rose no higher than to be soldiers of the Body Guard. Thus the expectation of Abendali was fulfilled, the Little Agib, though last in birth and least in stature, becoming the foremost in fortune and the highest in dignity of the Three Brothers.

HUMOROUS TALES.

THE DEFAULTER.

"AN OWRE TRUE TALE."

CHAPTER I.

"Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And after we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming."

HAMLET.

"WHAT is the matter with Mr. Pryme?"

The speaker was a tall, dark man, with grizzled hair, black eyes, a long nose, a wide mouth, and the commercial feature of a pen behind his right ear. He had several times asked himself the same question, but without any satisfactory solution, and now addressed it to a little, sandy-haired man, who was standing with his back to the office fire. Both were clerks in a government office, as well as the party whose health or deportment was involved in the inquiry.

"What is the matter with Mr. Pryme?"

"Heaven knows," said the sandy Mr. Phipps, at the same time lifting up his eyebrows towards the organs of wonder, and shrugging his shoulders.

"You have observed how nervous and fidgety he is?"

"To be sure. Look at the fireplace; he has done nothing all the morning but put on coals and rake them out again."

"Yes, I have been watching him and kept count," interposed Mr. Trent, a junior official; "he has poked the fire nineteen times, besides looking five times out of the window, and twice taking down his hat and hanging it up again."

"I got him to change me a sovereign," said the dark Mr. Grimble, "and he first gave me nineteen, and then twenty-one shillings for it. But look here at his entries," and he

pointed to an open ledger on the desk, "he has dipped promiscuously into the black ink and the red!"

The three clerks took a look apiece at the book, and then a still longer look at each other. None of them spoke: but each made a face, one pursing up his lips as if to blow an imaginary flageolet, another frowning, as with a distracting headache, and the third drawing down the corners of his mouth, as if he had just taken, or was about to take, physic.

"What can it be?" said Mr. Phipps.

"Let's ask him," suggested Mr. Trent.

"Better not," said Grimble; "you know how hot and touchy he is. I once ventured to cut a joke on him, and he has never thoroughly forgiven it to this day."

"What was it about?" inquired the junior.

"Why he has been married above a dozen years without having any children, and it was the usual thing with us, when he came of a morning to ask after the little Prymes, — but the joke caused so many rows and quarrels, that we have given it up."

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Phipps, with a glance round the office.

"In the Secretary's private room. But hush! here he comes."

The three clerks hastily retreated to their several desks, and began writing with great apparent diligence; yet vigilantly watching every movement of the nervous and fidgety Mr. Pryme, who entered the room with an uneven step, looking rather flushed and excited, and vigorously rubbing his bald head with his silk handkerchief. Perhaps he noticed that he was observed, for he looked uneasily and suspiciously from one clerk to the other; but each face preserved a demure gravity, and the little stout, bald, florid gentleman repaired to his own place. The *Morning Post*, damp and still unfolded, was lying on his desk; he took it up, dried it at the fire, and began to read, — but the next minute he laid down the paper, and seizing the poker made several plunges at the coals, as often against the bars as between them, till the metal rang again. Then he resumed the *Post*, — but quickly relinquished it, — quite unable to fix his attention on the type, — an incompetence perfectly astounding to the other clerks, who considered reading the newspaper as a regular and important part of the official duties.

"By Jove," whispered Mr. Phipps to Mr. Grimble, whom he had approached under the pretence of delivering a document, "he cannot Post the news any more than his ledger."

Mr. Grimble acquiesced with a grave nod and a grimace; and Mr. Phipps returning to his desk, a silence ensued, so profound that the scratching of the pens at work on the paper was distinctly audible. The little bald cashier himself had begun to write, and for some minutes was occupied so quietly that curiosity gave way to business, and the three clerks were absorbed in their calculations, when a sudden noise caused them to look up. Mr. Pryme had jumped from his high stool, and was in the act of taking down his hat from its peg. He held it for a while in his hand, as if in deep deliberation, then suddenly clapped it on his head, but as hastily took it off again — thrust the *Morning Post* into the crown, and restored the beaver to its place on the wall. The next moment he encountered the eye of Phipps — a suspicion that he was watched seemed to come across him, and his uneasiness increased. He immediately returned to his desk, and began to turn over the leaves of an account-book — but with unnatural haste, and it was evident that although his eyes were fixed on the volume, his thoughts were elsewhere, for by degrees he went off into a reverie, only rousing now and then to take huge pinches of snuff. At last, suddenly waking up, he pulled out his watch — pored at it — held it up to his ear — replaced it in his fob, and with a glance at his hat, began drawing on his gloves. Perhaps he would have gone off, — if Mr. Grimble had not crossed over from his desk, and placed an open book before him, with a request for his signature. The little, bald, florid man, without removing his glove, attempted to write his name, but his hand trembled so that he could hardly guide the pen. However, he tried to carry off the matter as a joke — but his laugh was forced, and his voice had the quavering huskiness of internal agitation.

"Ha! ha! — rather shaky — too much wine last night — eh, Mr. Grimble?"

The latter made no reply, but as he walked off with the book under his arm, and his back towards Mr. Pryme, he bestowed a deliberate wink on each of his associates, and significantly imitated with his own hand the aspen-like motion he had just observed. The others responded with a look of

intelligence, and resumed their labors: but the tall, dark man fell into a fit of profound abstraction, during which he unconsciously scribbled on his blotting-paper, in at least a score of places, the word EMBEZZLEMENT.

CHAPTER II.

"AND do you really mean to say, Mr. Author, that so respectable a bald man had actually appropriated the public money?"

Heaven forbid, madam. My health is far too infirm, and my modesty much too delicate to allow me to undertake, off-hand, the work of twelve men; and who sometimes are not strong enough, the whole team, to draw a correct inference. As yet, Mr. Pryme only labors under suspicion, and a very hard labor it is to be sentenced to before conviction. But permit me to ask, do you really associate baldness with respectability?

"Of course, sir. All bald men are respectable."

It is indeed a very general impression — so much so, that were I a criminal, and anxious to propitiate a judge and jury at my trial, I would have my head shaved beforehand as clean as a monk's. And yet it is a strange prepossession, that we should connect guilt with a fell of hair, and innocence with a bare sconce! Why, madam, why should we conceive a bald man to be less delinquent than another?

"I suppose, sir, because he has less for a *catch-pole* to lay hold of?"

Thank you, ma'am! The best reason I have heard for a prejudice in all my life!

CHAPTER III.

THE little bald, florid man, in the mean time, continued his nervous and fidgety evolutions — worrying the fire, trying on his hat and gloves, snuffing vehemently, coughing huskily, and winking perpetually — now scurrying through folios — then drumming what is called the Devil's tattoo on his desk, and moreover, under pretence of mending his pens, had slashed

half a dozen of them to pieces — when he received a fresh summons to the Secretary's room.

The moment the door closed behind him, the two clerks, Phipps and Trent, darted across to Mr. Grimble, who silently exhibited to them the shaky autograph of the agitated cashier. They then adjourned to the fire, where a pause of profound cogitation ensued: the Junior intensely surveying his bright boots — Mr. Phipps industriously nibbling the top of his pen — while Mr. Grimble kept assiduously breaking the bituminous bubbles which exuded from the burning coals with the point of the poker.

"It is very extraordinary!" at last muttered Mr. Phipps.

"Very," chimed in the Junior Clerk.

Mr. Grimble silently turned his back to the fire, and fixed his gaze on the ceiling, with his mouth firmly compressed, as if meaning to signify, "that whatever he might think, he would say nothing," — in case of anything happening to Mr. Pryme, he was the next in point of seniority for the vacant place, and delicacy forbade his being the first to proclaim his suspicions.

"You don't think he is going off, do you?" inquired Mr. Phipps.

Mr. Grimble turned his gaze intently on the querist as though he would look him through — hemmed — but said nothing.

"I mean off his head."

"Oh — I thought you meant off to America."

It was now Mr. Phipps's turn to look intently at Mr. Grimble, whose every feature he scrutinized with the studious interest of a Lavater.

"Why, you surely don't mean to say —"

"I do."

"What, that he has —"

"Yes."

"Is it possible!"

Mr. Grimble gave three distinct and deliberate nods, in reply to which, Mr. Phipps whistled a long phe-e-e-e-e-ew!

All this time the Junior had been eagerly listening to the mysterious conference, anxiously looking from one speaker to the other, till the hidden meaning suddenly revealed itself to his mind, and with the usual indiscretion of youth he immediately gave it utterance.

"Why then, Grimble, old Pryme will be transported, and you will walk into his shoes."

Mr. Grimble frowned severely, and laid one forefinger on his lips, while with the other he pointed to the door. But Mr. Pryme was still distant in the Secretary's private room.

"Well, I should never have thought it!" exclaimed Mr. Phipps. "He was so regular in his habits, and I should say very moderate in his expenses. He was never given to dress (the young clerk laughed at the idea), and certainly never talked like a gay man with the other sex (the Junior laughed again). I don't think he gambled or had any connection with the turf? To be sure he may have dabbled a little in the Alley — or perhaps in the Discounting line."

To each of these interrogative speculations Mr. Grimble responded with a negative shake of the head or a doubtful shrug of the shoulders, till the catalogue was exhausted, and then, with his eyes cast upward, uttered an emphatic "God knows!"

"But have you any proof of it?" asked Mr. Phipps.

"None whatever — not a particle. Only what I may call a strong — a *very* strong presentiment."

And as if to illustrate its strength, Mr. Grimble struck a blow with the poker that smashed a large Staffordshire coal into shivers.

"Then there may be nothing wrong after all!" suggested the good-natured Mr. Phipps. "And really Mr. Pryme has always seemed so respectable, so regular, and so correct in business —"

"So did Fauntleroy, and the rest of them," muttered Mr. Grimble, "or they would never have been trusted. However, it's a comfort to think that he has no children, and that the capital punishment for such offences has been abolished."

"I can hardly believe it!" ejaculated Mr. Phipps.

"My dear fellow," said the young clerk, "there is no mistake about it. I was watching him when the messenger came to fetch him to the secretary, and he started and shook as if he had expected a policeman."

Mr. Phipps said no more, but retreated to his place, and with his elbows on his desk, and his head between his hands, began sorrowfully to ruminate on the ruin and misery impending over the unfortunate cashier. He could well appre-

ciate the nervous alarm and anxiety of the wretched man, liable at any moment to detection, with the consequent disgrace, and a punishment scarcely preferable to death itself. His memory reminded him that Mr. Pryme had done him various services, while his imagination pictured his benefactor in the most distressing situations — in the station-house — at Bow Street — in Newgate — at the bar of the Old Baily — in a hulk — in a convict-ship, with the common herd of the ruffianly and the depraved — and finally toiling in life-long labor in a distant land. And as he dwelt on these dreadful and dreary scenes, the kind-hearted Phipps himself became quite unhinged: his own nerves began to quiver, whilst his muscles sympathizing with the mental excitement, prompted him to such restless activity, that he was soon almost as fidgety and perturbed as the object of his commiseration.

O, that the guilty man, forewarned of danger by some providential inspiration, might have left the office never to return! But the hope was futile: the door opened — the doomed Mr. Pryme hastily entered — went to his own desk, unbuttoned his waistcoat, and clutching his bewildered bald head with one fevered hand, began with the other to turn over the leaves of a journal, without perceiving that the book was upside down.

"Was there ever," thought Phipps, "such an infatuation! He has evidently cause for alarm, and yet lingers about the fatal spot."

How he yearned to give him a hint that his secret was known — to say to him, "Go! — Fly! ere it be too late! Seek some other country where you may live in freedom and repent."

But, alas! the eyes of Grimble and Trent were upon him, and above all the stern finger of inexorable Duty rose up before him, and melting the wax of Silence at the flaming sword of Justice, imposed a seal upon his lips.

CHAPTER IV.

"GRACIOUS Goodness!" exclaims Female Sensibility, "and will the dear fresh-colored bald little gentleman be actually transported to Botany Bay!"

My dear Miss — a little patience. A criminal before such a consummation has to go through more processes than a new pin. First, as Mrs. Glasse says of her hare, he has to be caught, then examined, committed, and true-billed — arraigned, convicted, and sentenced. Next, he must, perhaps, be cropped, washed, and clothed — hulked and shipped, and finally, if he does not die of sea-sickness, or shipwreck, or get eaten by the natives, he may toil out his natural term in Australia, as a stone-breaker, a cattle-keeper, or a domestic servant!

"Dear me, how dreadful! And for a man, perhaps, like Mr. Pryme, of genteel habits and refined notions, accustomed to all the luxuries of life, and every delicacy of the season. I should really like to set on foot a little private subscription, for providing him with the proper comforts in prison and a becoming outfit for his voyage."

My dear young lady, I can appreciate your motives and do honor to your feelings. But before you go round with your book among relations, acquaintance, and strangers, soliciting pounds, shillings, and pence, from people of broad, middling, and narrow incomes, just do me the favor to look into yonder garret, exposed to us by the magic of the Devil on Two Sticks, and consider that respectable young woman, engaged at past midnight, by the light of a solitary rush-light, in making shirts at three halfpence apiece, and shifts for nothing. Look at her hollow eyes, her withered cheeks, and emaciated frame, for it is a part of the infernal bargain that she is to lose her own health and find her own needles and thread. Reckon, if you can, the thousands of weary stitches it will require to sew, not gussets and seams, but body and soul together: and, perhaps, after all her hard sewing, having to sue a shabby employer for the amount of her pitiful earnings. Estimate, if you may, the terrible wear and tear of head and heart, of liver and lungs. Appraise, on oath, the value of youth wasted, spirits outworn, prospects blasted, natural affections withered in the bud, and all blissful hopes annihilated except those beyond the grave —

"What! by that horrid, red-faced, bald-pated, undersized little monster?"

No, Miss, — but by a breach of trust on the part of a banker of genteel habits and refined notions; accustomed to all the luxuries of life, and every delicacy of the season.

"O, the abominable villain! And did he ruin himself as well as the poor lady?"

Totally.

"And was transported?"

Quite.

"What, to Botany?"

No, Miss. To the loveliest part of Sussex, where he is condemned to live in a commodious cottage residence with pleasure-ground and kitchen-garden annexed, — capital shooting and fishing, and within reach of two packs of hounds!

"Shameful! Scandalous! — why, it's no punishment at all."

No, Miss. And then to think of the hundreds and thousands of emigrants — English, Scotch, and Irish — who for no crime but poverty are compelled to leave their native country, — the homes and hearths of their childhood, — the graves of their kindred, — the land of their fathers, and to settle — if settling it may be called — in the houseless woods and wildernesses of a foreign clime.

"O, shocking! shocking! But if I was the government, the wicked, fraudulent bankers and trust-breakers should be sent abroad too. Why should n't they be punished with passage-money and grants of land as well as the poor, innocent emigrants, and be obliged to settle in foreign parts?"

Ah! why, indeed, Miss — except —

"Except what, sir?"

Why, that embezzlers and swindlers, *by all accounts*, are such very bad *settlers*.

CHAPTER V.

But Mr. Pryme? —

That little bald, florid, fidgety personage was still sitting on his high stool at his desk, snuffing, coughing, winking, and pretending to examine a topsy-turvy account-book, — sometimes, by way of variation, hashing up a new pen, or drumming a fresh march with his fingers —

Mr. Grimble was making some private calculations, which had reference to his future income-tax, on a slip of office-paper —

Mr. Trent was dreaming over an imaginary trial, in which he was a witness, at the Old Baily —

And Mr. Phipps was fretting over the predestined capture of the infatuated cashier — when all at once there was a noise that startled the clerkly trio from their seats.

The nervous Mr. Pryme, by one of his involuntary motions, had upset his leaden inkstand, — in trying to save the inkstand he knocked down his ruler, — in catching at the ruler he had let fall the great journal, — and in scrambling after the journal he had overturned his high stool. The clatter was prodigious, and acting on a nature already overwrought sufficed to discompose the last atom of its equanimity.

For a moment the bewildered author of the work stood and trembled as if shot, — then snatching his hat, and clapping it "skow-wow anyhow" on his head, rushed desperately out of the office.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Mr. Phipps, drawing a long breath, like a swimmer after a dive.

"I say, Grimble," exclaimed the Junior Clerk, — "it's a true bill."

But Mr. Grimble was already outside the door, and running down the stone stairs into the hall, seized on the first office-messenger that offered.

"Here — Warren! — quick! Run after Mr. Pryme, — don't let him out of your sight, — but watch where he goes to — and let me know."

CHAPTER VI.

Now according to the practice of the regular drama, which professes to represent the greater stage of the world, whenever a robber, murderer, or traitor has escaped, it is a rule for the theatrical policemen, constables, runners, guards, alguazils, sbirri, or gendarmes, to assemble and agree to *act in concert*, — that is to say, by singing in chorus that the villain has bolted, and musically exhorting each other to "follow, follow, fol-de-rol-de-rol-O!" without a moment's delay. An arrangement perhaps conducive to dramatic convenience and stage effect, but certainly quite inconsistent with the usages of real life or the dictates of common or uncommon sense.

Messrs. Grimble, Phipps, and Trent, however, were not theatrical; so instead of joining in a trio or a catch, they first held a consultation, and then proceeded in a body to the secretary, to whom they described the singular behavior of Mr. Pryme.

"Very singular, indeed," said the secretary. "I observed it myself, and inquired if he was in good health. No — yes — no. And Mrs. Pryme? Yes — no — yes. In short, he did not seem to know what he was saying."

"Or doing," put in Mr. Trent. "He threw a shovel of coals into the iron safe."

"With other acts," added Mr. Grimble, "the reverse of official."

"Tell him at once," whispered Mr. Trent.

"In short, sir," said Mr. Grimble, with a most sepulchral tone, and the face of an undertaker, "I am sorry, deeply sorry and concerned to say, that Mr. Pryme has suddenly departed."

"Indeed! But he was just the sort of man to do it."

The three clerks stared at each other, for they had all thought exactly the reverse of the little, bald, florid, ex-cashier.

"Short-necked, sanguine, and of a full habit, you know," continued the Secretary. "Poor fellow!"

"I am sorry, deeply sorry and concerned to say," repeated Mr. Grimble, "that I mean he has absconded."

"The devil he has!" exclaimed the Secretary, at once jumping to his feet, and instinctively buttoning up his pockets "but no — it's impossible!" and he looked towards Trent and Phipps for confirmation.

"It's a true bill, sir," said the first, "he has bolted sure enough."

The other only shook his head.

"It's incredible!" said the Secretary. "Why, he was as steady as a quaker, and as correct as clock-work! Mr. Grimble, have you inspected his books?"

"I have, sir."

"Well, sir?"

"At present, sir, all appears correct. But as the accounts are kept in this office it is easier to embezzle than to detect any defalcation."

"Humph! I do not think we are worse in that respect than other public offices! Then, if I understand you, there is no distinct evidence of fraud?"

"None whatever, sir," replied Mr. Phipps.

"Except his absconding," added Mr. Grimble.

"Well, gentlemen, we will wait till ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and then if Mr. Pryme does not make his appearance we shall know how to act."

The three clerks made three bows and retired, severally pleased, displeased, and indifferent at the result of their audience.

"We may wait for him," grumbled Mr. Grimble, "till ten o'clock on doomsday."

At this moment the door re-opened, and the Secretary put out his head.

"Gentlemen, I need not recommend you to confine this matter, for the present, to your own bosoms!"

But the caution was in vain. Warren, the messenger, had given a hint of the affair to a porter, who had told it to another, and another, and another, till the secret was as well buzzed and blown as if it had been confided to a swarm of blue-bottles. In fact, the flight of Mr. Pryme was known throughout the several offices, where, according to English custom, the event became a subject for betting, and a considerable sum was laid out at 6 to 4, and afterwards at 7 to 2, against the reappearance of the cashier.

CHAPTER VII.

"WELL, Warren?"

"Well, Mr. Grimble, sir."

The three clerks on returning to their office had found the messenger at the door, and took him with them into the room.

"Well, I followed up Mr. Pryme, sir, and the first thing he did were to hail a cab."

"And where did he drive to?"

"To nowheres at all — coz why, afore the cab could pull round off the stand, away he goes — that's Mr. Pryme — walking at the rate of five miles an hour, more or less, so as not easy to be kep up with, straight home to his own house,

number 9, where instid of double knocking at the door, he ring'd to be let in at the hairy bell."

"Very odd!" remarked Mr. Grimble.

"Well he staid in the house a goodish while — as long as it might take him, like, to collect his porterble property and vallybles — when all at once out he comes, like a man with his head turned, and his hat stuck on hind part afore, for you know he 'd wore it up at the back like a curricle one."

"A clerical one — go on."

"Why then, away he cuts down the street, as hard as he can split without busting, and me arter him, but being stiffish with the rheumatiz, whereby I soon found I was getting nowheres at all in the race, and in consekence pulled up."

"And which way did he run?"

"Why then, he seemed to me to be a-making for the bridge."

"Ah, to get on board a steamer," said Mr. Grimble.

"Or into the river," suggested Mr. Trent.

Mr. Phipps groaned and wrung his hands.

"You 're right, you are, Mr. Trent, sir," said the Messenger with a determined nod and wink at the junior clerk. "There was a gemman throwed himself over last Friday, and they did say it was becos he had made away with ten thousand Long Annuitants."

"The poor, wretched, misguided creature!"

"Yes he did, Mr. Phipps, sir, — right over the senter harch. And what 's wus, not leaving a rap behind him except his widder and five small little children, and the youngest on em 's a suckin babby."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. Phipps, "that Mr. Pryme is not a family man."

CHAPTER VIII.

Poor Mr. Phipps!

As soon as the office was closed he walked home to his lodgings in Westminster, but at a slower pace than usual, and with a heavy heart, for his mind was full of sorrow and misgiving at the too probable fate of the unfortunate Defaulter. The figure of Mr. Pryme followed him wherever he went: it

seemed to glance over his shoulder in the looking-glass; and when he went to wash his hands, the pale drowned face of the cashier shone up through the water, instead of the pattern at the bottom of the basin.

For the first time since his clerkship he could not enjoy that favorite meal, his tea. The black bitterness in his thoughts overpowered the flavor of the green leaf — it turned the milk and neutralized the sugar on his palate. He took but one bite out of his crumpet, and then resigned it to the cat. Supper was out of the question. His mental agitation, acting on the nerves of the stomach, had brought on a sick headache, which indisposed him to any kind of food. In the mean while for the first strange time he became intensely sensible that he was a bachelor, and uncomfortably conscious of his loneliness in the world. The company of a second person, another face, only to look at, would have been an infinite relief to him — by diverting his attention from the one dreadful thought and the one horrible image that, do what he would, kept rising up before him — sometimes like a shadow on the wall, sometimes like a miniature figure amid the intricate veins of the marble mantelpiece — and anon in the chiaro-oscuro of the fire. To get rid of these haunting illusions, he caught up a book which happened to be the second volume of "Lamb's Letters," and stumbled on the following ominous passage: —

"*Who that standeth, knoweth but he may yet fall? Your hands, as yet, I am most willing to believe, have never deviated into other's property. You think it impossible that you could ever commit so heinous an offence; but so thought Fauntleroy once; so have thought many besides him, who at last have expiated as he hath done.*"

The words read like a fatal prophecy! He dropt the book in horror, and falling on his knees, with tearful eyes and uplifted hands, besought Providence, if it saw fit, to afflict him with the utmost miseries of sickness and poverty, but to save him — even by stroke of sudden death to save him — from ever becoming a Defaulter!

This devotional act restored him in some degree to tranquillity; but with night and sleep all his horrors returned. The face of Mr. Pryme, no longer florid, but pale as a plaster-cast, was continually confronting him, now staring at him through transparent waters, and now between massive iron bars. Then

the dismal portrait would abruptly change to a full-length, which was as suddenly surrounded by a cluster of children, boys and girls of different ages, including one or two infants, — a family he understood, by the intuition of dreams, to be illegitimate, and that they were solemnly consigned by the Suicide to his care and maintenance. Anon the white figure vanished, and a black one appeared in its place, a female, with the very outline, as if cut in paper, of the widowed Mrs. Pryme, and whom by some mysterious but imperative obligation he felt that he must espouse. The next moment this phantom was swept away by a mighty rush of black waters, like those in Martin's grand picture of the Deluge, and on or beneath the dark flood again floated the pale effigy of the Suicide entire and apparently struggling for dear life, and sometimes shattered he knew not how, and drifting about in passive fragments. Then came a fresh rush of black waters, gradually shaping itself into an immense whirlpool, with the white corpse-like figure, but magnified to a colossal size, rapidly whirling in the centre of the vortex, whilst obscure forms, black and white, of children, females, savages, and alas! not a few gigantic Demon shapes, revolved more slowly around it.

In short, the poor fellow never passed so wretched a night since he was born!

CHAPTER IX.

"And did Mr. Pryme really drown himself?"

My dear Felicia, if Female Curiosity had always access, as you have, to an author's sanctorum, — if she could stand or sit, as you can, at his elbow whilst composing his romances of real or unreal life, — if she might ask, as you do, at the beginning or in the middle of the plot, what is to be its *dénouëment* —

"Well, sir, what then?"

Why, then, Messieurs Colburn, Saunders, and Otley, Bentley, Churton, and Newby — not forgetting A. K. Newman — might retire for good to their country boxes at Ponder's End, Leatherhead, and Balham Hill, for there would be no more novels in three volumes. Nay, the authors themselves,

serious and comic, both or neither, might retreat forever into the Literary Almshouses, if there are any such places, — for there would be no more articles of sixteen pages, — and "to be continued" — in the magazines. All would be over with us, as with the Bourbons, could Female Curiosity thus foresee, as Talleyrand said, "Le commencement de la fin!"

"Well, but — if your story, as you say, is 'an owre true tale,' then Mr. Pryme must have been a real man — an actual living human being — and it is positive cruelty to keep one in suspense about his fate!"

Dearest! — the tale is undoubtedly true, and there was such a personage as Mr. Pryme —

"*Was!* Why then he did embezzle the money, and he did throw himself off Westminster Bridge? But had he really an illegitimate family? And did Mr. Phipps actually marry the widow, according to his dream?"

Patience! — and you shall hear.

CHAPTER X.

THE morrow came, and the Hour — but not the Man.

Messrs. Grimble, Phipps, and Trent were assembled round the office-fire — poor Phipps looking as white as a sheet, for ten o'clock had struck, and there was no Mr. Pryme.

At five minutes past ten the Secretary came in from his own room with his golden repeater in his hand — he looked anxiously round the office, and then in turn at each of the three clerks. Mr. Phipps sighed, Mr. Trent shook his head, and Mr. Grimble shrugged up his shoulders.

"Not here yet?"

"Nor won't be," muttered Mr. Grimble.

"What odds will you lay about it?" whispered the giddy Mr. Trent.

"The office-clock is rather fast," stammered out Mr. Phipps.

"No — it is exact by my time," said the Secretary, and he held out his watch for inspection.

"He was always punctual to a minute," observed Mr. Grimble.

"Always. I fear, gentlemen, we must apply for a war —"

The Secretary paused, for he heard the sound of a foot at the door, which hastily opened, and in walked Mr. Pryme!!!

An apparition could scarcely have caused a greater trepidation. The Secretary hurriedly thrust his repeater into his breeches-pocket. Mr. Grimble retreated to his own desk — Mr. Phipps stood stock-still, with his eyes and mouth wide open — while Mr. Trent, though he was a loser on the event, burst into a loud laugh.

"I am afraid, gentlemen," said Mr. Pryme, looking very foolish and stammering, "I am afraid that my — my — my ridiculous behavior yesterday has caused you some — some — uneasiness — on my account."

No answer.

"The truth is — I was excessively anxious and nervous — and agitated — very agitated indeed!"

"Very," from Mr. Trent.

The little florid man colored up till his round, shiny, bald head was as scarlet as a love-apple.

"The truth is — after so many disappointments — I did not like to mention the thing — the affair — till it was quite certain — till it was all over — for fear — for fear of being quizzed. The truth is — the truth is — "

"Take time, Mr. Pryme," said the Secretary.

"Why, then, sir — the truth is — after fifteen years — I 'm a Father — a happy Father, sir — a fine chopping boy, gentlemen — and Mrs. P. is as charming — that 's to say, as well — as can be expected!"

THE GRIMSBY GHOST.

CHAPTER I.

In the town of Grimsby —

"But stop," says the Courteous and Prudent Reader, "are there any such things as Ghosts?"

"Any Ghostesses!" cries Superstition, who settled long since in the country, near a churchyard, on a *rising* ground, "any Ghostesses! Ay, man — lots on 'em! bushels on 'em! sights on 'em! Why, there 's one as walks in our parish, reg'lar as the clock strikes twelve — and always the same round — over church-stile, round the corner, through the gap, into Short's Spinney, and so along into our close, where he takes a drink at the pump, — for ye see he died in liquor, — and then arter he 's squentched hisself wanishes into waper. Then there 's the ghost of old Beales, as goes o' nights and sows tears in his neighbor's wheats — I 've often seed un in seed time. They do say that Black Ben, the Poacher, have riz, and what 's more, walked slap through all the Squire's steel-traps without springing on 'em. And then there 's Bet Hawkey as murdered her own infant — only the poor babby had n't larned to walk, and so can't appear agin her."

But not to refer only to the ignorant and illiterate vulgar, there are units, tens, hundreds, thousands of well-bred and educated persons, Divines, Lawyers, military, and especially naval officers, Artists, Authors, Players, Schoolmasters, and Governesses, and fine ladies, who secretly believe that the dead are on visiting terms with the living — nay, the great Doctor Johnson himself affirmed solemnly that he had a call from his late mother, who had been buried many years. Ask at the right time, and in the right place, and in the right manner — only affect a belief, though you have it not, so that the party

may feel assured of sympathy and insured against ridicule, — and nine tenths of mankind will confess a faith in Apparitions. It is in truth an article in the creed of our natural religion — a corollary of the recognition of the immortality of the soul. The presence of spirits — visible or invisible — is an innate idea, as exemplified by the instinctive night terorrs of infancy, and recently so touchingly illustrated by the evidence of the poor, little colliery girl, who declared that "she sang, whiles, at her subterranean task, but never when she was alone in the dark."

It is from this cause that the Poems and Ballads on spectral subjects have derived their popularity: for instance, Margaret's Ghost, — Mary's Dream, — and the Ghost of Admiral Hosier, — not to forget the Drama, with that awful phantom in "Hamlet," whose word in favor of the Supernatural, we all feel to be worth "a thousand pound."

"And then the Spectre in 'Don Giovanni'?"

No. That Marble Walker, with his audible tramp, tramp, tramp on the staircase, is too substantial for my theory. It was a Ghost invented expressly for the Materialists; but is as inadmissible amongst genuine Spirits as that wooden one described by old W., the shipowner, — namely, the figure-head of the Britannia, which appeared to him, he declared, on the very night that she found a watery grave off Cape Cod.

"Well — after that — go on."

CHAPTER II.

In the town of Grimsby, at the corner of Swivel Street, there is a little chandler's shop, which was kept for many years by a widow of the name of Mullins. She was a careful, thrifty body, a perfect woman of business, with a sharp gray eye to the main chance, a quick ear for the ring of good or bad metal, and a close hand at the counter. Indeed, she was apt to give such scrimp weight and measure, that her customers invariably manœuvred to be served by her daughter, who was supposed to be more liberal at the scale, by a full ounce in the pound. The man and maid-servants, it is true, who bought on commission, did not care much about the matter; but the poor hungry father, the poor frugal mother, the

little ragged girl, and the little dirty boy, all retained their pence in their hands, till they could thrust them, with their humble requests for ounces or half-ounces of tea, brown sugar, or single Gloster, towards "Miss Mullins," who was supposed to better their dealings, — if dealings they might be called, where no deal of anything was purchased. She was a tall, bony female, of about thirty years of age, but apparently forty, with a very homely set of features, and the staid, sedate carriage of a spinster who feels herself to be set in for a single life. There was, indeed, no "love nonsense" about her; and as to romance, she had never so much as looked into a novel, or read a line of poetry in her life, — her thoughts, her feelings, her actions, were all like her occupation, of the most plain, prosaic character, — the retailing of soap, starch, sand-paper, red-herrings, and Flanders brick. Except Sundays, when she went twice to Chapel, her days were divided between the little back-parlor and the front-shop, — between a patch-work-counterpane which she had been stitching at for ten long years, and that other counter-work to which she was summoned, every few minutes, by the importunities of a little bell that rang every customer in, like the new year, and then rang him out again like the old one. It was her province, moreover, to set down all unready money orders on a slate, but the widow took charge of the books, or rather the book, in which every item of account was entered, with a rigid punctuality that would have done honor to a regular counting-house clerk.

Under such management the little chandler's shop was a thriving concern, and with the frugal, not to say parsimonious habits of mother and daughter, enabled the former to lay by annually her one or two hundred pounds, so that Miss Mullins was in a fair way of becoming a fortune, when towards the autumn of 1838 the widow was suddenly taken ill at her book, in the very act of making out a little bill, which, alas! she never lived to sum up. The disorder progressed so rapidly that on the second day she was given over by the doctor, and on the third by the apothecary, having lost all power of swallowing his medicines. The distress of her daughter, thus threatened with the sudden rending of her only tie in the world, may be conceived; while, to add to her affliction, her dying parent, though perfectly sensible, was unable, from a

paralysis of the organs of speech, to articulate a single word. She tried, nevertheless, to speak, with a singular perseverance, but all her struggles for utterance were in vain. Her eyes rolled frightfully, the muscles about the mouth worked convulsively, and her tongue actually writhed till she foamed at the lips, but without producing more than such an unintelligible sound as is sometimes heard from the deaf and dumb. It was evident from the frequency and vehemence of these efforts that she had something of the utmost importance to communicate, and which her weeping daughter at last implored her to make known by means of signs.

"Had she anything weighing heavy on her mind?"

The sick woman nodded her head.

"Did she want any one to be sent for?"

The head was shaken.

"Was it about making her will?"

Another mute negative.

"Did she wish to have further medical advice?"

A gesture of great impatience.

"Would she try to write down her meaning?"

The head nodded, and the writing materials were immediately procured. The dying woman was propped up in bed, a lead pencil was placed in her right hand, and a quire of foolscap was set before her. With extreme difficulty she contrived to scribble the single word MARY; but before she could form another letter, the hand suddenly dropped, scratching a long mark, like what the Germans call a Devotion Stroke, from the top to the bottom of the paper, — her face assumed an intense expression of despair, — there was a single deep groan, — then a heavy sigh, — and the Widow Mullins was a corpse!

CHAPTER III.

"GRACIOUS! how shocking!" cries Morbid Curiosity. "And to die, too, without telling her secret! What could the poor creature have on her mind to lay so heavy! I'd give the world to know what it was! A shocking murder, perhaps, and the remains of her poor husband buried Lord knows where, — so that nobody can enjoy the horrid discovery — and the digging of him up!"

No, madam, — nor the boiling and parboiling of his viscera to detect traces of poison.

"To be sure not. It's a sin and shame, it is, for people to go out of the world with such mysteries confined to their own bosom. But perhaps it was only a hoard of money that she had saved up in private?"

Very possibly, madam. In fact, Mrs. Humphreys, the carpenter's wife, who was present at the death, was so firmly of that persuasion, that before the body was cold, although not the searcher, she had exercised a right of search in every pot, pan, box, basket, drawer, cupboard, chimney, — in short, every hole and corner in the premises.

"Ay, and I'll be bound discovered a heap of golden guineas in an old teapot."

No, madam, — not a dump. At least not in the teapot — but in a hole near the sink — she found —

"What, sir? — pray what?"

Two black beetles, ma'am, and a money-spinner.

CHAPTER IV.

WELL, the corpse of the deceased widow received the usual rites. It was washed — laid out — and according to old, provincial custom, strewed with rosemary and other sweet herbs. A plate full of salt was placed on the chest, — one lighted candle was set near the head, and another at the feet, whilst the Mrs. Humphreys, before mentioned, undertook to sit up through the night and "watch the body." A half-dozen of female neighbors also volunteered their services, and sat in the little back-parlor by way of company for the bereaved daughter, who, by the mere force of habit, had caught up and begun mechanically to stitch at the patchwork counterpane, with one corner of which she occasionally and absently wiped her eyes — the action strangely contrasting with such a huge and harlequin handkerchief. In the discourse of the gossips she took no part or interest, in reality she did not hear the conversation, her ear still seeming painfully on the stretch to catch those last, dying words which her poor mother had been unable to utter. In her mind's eye she was still watching those dreadful contortions which disfigured the features of her

dying parent during her convulsive efforts to speak, — she still saw those desperate attempts to write, and then that leaden fall of the cold hand, and the long scratch of the random pencil that broke off forever and ever the mysterious revelation. A more romantic or ambitious nature would perhaps have fancied that the undivulged secret referred to her own birth; a more avaricious spirit might have dreamed that the disclosure related to hidden treasure; and a more suspicious character might have even supposed that death had suppressed some confession of undiscovered guilt.

But the plain matter-of-fact mind of Mary Mullins was incapable of such speculations. Instead of dreaming, therefore, of an airy coronet, or ideal bundles of bank-notes, or pots full of gold and silver coin, or a disinterred skeleton, she only stitched on, and then wept, and then stitched on again at the motley coverlet, wondering amongst her other vague wonders why no little dirty boys, or ragged little girls, came as usual for penny candles and rushlights. The truth being that the gossips had considerately muffled up the shop-bell, for vulgar curiosity had caused a considerable influx of extra custom, so that thanks to another precaution in suppressing noises, the little chandler's shop presented the strange anomaly of a roaring trade carried on in a whisper.

Owing to this circumstance, it was nearly midnight before the shop-shutters were closed, the street-door was locked, the gas turned off, and the sympathizing females prepared to sit down to a light, sorrowful supper of tripe and onions.

In the mean time the candles in the little back-parlor had burned down to the socket, into which one glimmering wick at last suddenly plunged, and was instantly drowned in a warm bath of liquid grease. This trivial incident sufficed to arouse Miss Mullins from her tearful stupor; she quietly put down the patchwork, and without speaking, passed into the shop, which was now pitch-dark, and with her hand began to grope for a bunch of long-sixes, which she knew hung from a particular shelf. Indeed she could, blindfolded, have laid her hand on any given article in the place; but her fingers had no sooner closed on the cold, clammy tallow, than with a loud, shrill scream that might have awakened the dead — if the dead were ever so awakened — she sank down on the sandy floor in a strong fit!

"La! how ridiculous! What, from only feeling a tallow-candle?"

No, ma'am; but from only seeing her mother, in her habit as she lived, standing at her old favorite post in the shop; that is to say, at the little desk, between the great black coffee-mill and the barrel of red-herrings.

CHAPTER V.

"WHAT! a Ghost — a regular Apparition?"

Yes, sir, a disembodied spirit, but clothed in some ethereal substance, not tangible, but of such a texture as to be visible to the ocular sense.

"Bah! ocular nonsense! All moonshine! Ghosts be hanged! — no such things in nature — too late in the day for them, by a whole century — quite exploded — went out with the old witches. No, no, sir, the ghosts have had their day, and were all laid long ago, before the wood pavement. What should they come for? The potters and the colliers may rise for higher wages, and the chartists may rise for reform, and Joseph Sturge may rise for his health, and the sun may rise, and the bread may rise, and the sea may rise, and the rising generation may rise, and all to some good or bad purpose; but that the dead and buried should rise, only to make one's hair rise, is more than I can credit."

There may have some messages or errands to the living.

"Yes, and can't deliver them for want of breath; or can't execute them for the want of physical force. Just consider yourself a ghost — "

Excuse me.

"Pshaw! I only meant for the sake of argument. I say, suppose yourself a ghost. Well, if you come up out of your grave to serve a friend, how are you to help him? And if it's an enemy, what's the use of appearing to him if you can't pitch into him."

Why, at least it is *showing your Spirit.*

"Humph! that's true. Well, proceed."

CHAPTER VI.

THERE is nothing more startling to the human nerves than a female scream. Not a make-believe squall, at a spider or a mouse, but a real, shrill, sharp, ear-piercing shriek, as if from the very pitch-pipe of mortal fear. Nothing approaches it in thrilling effect, except the railway whistle; which, indeed, seems only to come from the throat of a giantess, instead of that of an ordinary woman.

The sudden outcry from the little shop had, therefore, an appalling effect on the company in the little back-parlor, who for the moment were struck as dizzy and stupefied by that flash of sound, as if it had been one of lightning. Their first impulse was to set up a chorus of screams, as nearly as possible in the same key; the next, to rush in a body to the shop, where they found the poor orphan, as they called her, insensible on the floor.

The fit was a severe one; but, luckily the gossips were experienced in all kinds of swoons, hysterics, and faintings, and used each restorative process so vigorously, burning, choking, pinching, slapping, and excoriating, that in a very few minutes the patient was restored to consciousness, and a world of pain. It was a long time, however, before she became collected enough to give an account of the Apparition — that she had seen her Mother, or at least her Ghost, standing beside her old desk; that the figure had turned towards her, and had made the same dreadful faces as before, as if endeavoring to speak to her — a communication which took such effect on the hearers that, with one exception, they immediately put on their bonnets and departed; leaving old Mrs. Dadley, who was stone-deaf, and had only imperfectly heard the story, to sleep with Miss Mullins in what was doomed thenceforward to be a Haunted House. The night, nevertheless, passed over in quiet; but towards morning the ghostly Mother appeared again to the daughter in a dream, and with the same contortions of her mouth attempted to speak her mind, but with the same ill success. The secret, whatever it was, seemed irrevocably committed to Silence and Eternity.

In the mean time, ere breakfast, the walking of Widow Mullins had travelled from one end of Grimsby to the other;

and for the rest of the day the little chandler's shop at the corner of Swivel Street was surrounded by a mob of men, women, and children, who came to gaze at the Haunted House — not without some dim anticipations of perhaps seeing the Ghost at one of the windows. Few females in the position of Mary Mullins would have remained under its roof; but to all invitations from well-meaning people she turned a deaf ear; she had been born and bred on the premises — the little back-parlor was her home — and from long service at the counter, she had become — to alter a single letter in a line of Dibdin's —

"All one as a piece of the shop."

As to the Apparition, if it ever appeared again, she said, "the Ghost was the Ghost of her own Parent, and would not harm a hair of her head. Perhaps, after the funeral, the Spirit would rest in peace: but at any rate her mind was made up, not to leave the house — no, not till she was carried out of it like her poor dear Mother."

CHAPTER VII.

"And pray, Mr. Author, what is your own private opinion? Do you really believe in Ghosts, or that there was any truth in the story of this Grimsby Apparition?"

Heaven knows, madam! In ordinary cases I should have ascribed such a tale to a love of the marvellous; but, as I before stated, Miss Mullins was not prone to romance, and had never read a work of fiction in her whole life. Again the vision might have been imputed to some peculiar nervous derangement of the system, like the famous spectral illusions that haunted the Berlin Bookseller, — but then the young woman was of a hardy constitution, and in perfect health. Finally, the Phantom might have been set down as a mere freak of fancy, the offspring of an excited imagination, whereas she had no more imagination than a cow. Her mind was essentially commonplace, and never travelled beyond the routine duties and occurrences of her every-day life. Her very dreams, which she sometimes related, were remarked as being particularly prosaic and insipid; the wildest of them

having only painted a swarm of overgrown cockroaches, in the shop-drawer, that was labelled "Powder Blue." Add to all this, that her character for veracity stood high in her native town; and on the whole evidence the verdict must be in favor of the supernatural appearance.

"Well, — I will never believe in Ghosts!"

No, madam. Not in this cheerful drawing-room, whilst the bright sunshine brings out in such vivid colors the gorgeous pattern of the Brussels carpet, — no, nor whilst such a fresh westerly air blows in at the open window, and sets the Columbines a-dancing in that China vase. But suppose, as King John says, that

> "The midnight bell
> Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
> Sound one unto the drowsy race of night:
> If this same were a churchyard, where we stand — "

the grass damp, — the wind at east, — the night pitch-dark, — a strangely ill odor, and doubtful whistlings and whisperings wafted on the fitful gust.

"Well, sir? — "

Why, then, madam, instead of disbelieving in Ghosts, you would be ready, between sheer fright and the chill of the night-air —

"To do what, sir? — "

To swallow the first spirits that offered.

CHAPTER VIII.

The second night, at the same hour, the same Melodrama of "domestic interest" was repeated, except that this time the maternal Phantom confronted her daughter on the landing-place at the top of the stairs. Another fainting-fit was the consequence; but before her senses deserted her, the poor creature had time to observe the identical writhings and twitchings of the distorted mouth, the convulsive struggles to speak which had so appalled her whilst her departed parent was still in the flesh. Luckily, the gossips, backed by two or three she-sceptics, had ventured to return to the Haunted House, where they were startled as before by a shrill feminine scream, and again found Miss Mullins on the ground in

a state of insensibility. The fit, however, was as treatable as the former one, and the usual strong measures having been promptly resorted to, she again became alive to external impressions, — and in particular that a pint of aquafortis, or something like it, was going down her throat the wrong way, — that her little-finger had been in a hand-vice, — her temples had been scrubbed with sand and cayenne-pepper, or some other such stimulants, and the tip of her nose had been scorched with a salamander or a burning feather. A consciousness, in short, that she was still in this lower sphere, instead of the realms of bliss.

The story she told on her recovery was little more than a second edition of the narrative of the preceding night. The Ghost had appeared to her, made all sorts of horrible wry mouths, and after several vain attempts at utterance, all ended in a convulsive gasp, had suddenly clasped its shadowy hands round its throat, and then clapped and pressed them on its palpitating bosom, as if actually choking or bursting with the suppressed communication. Of the nature of the secret she did not offer the slightest conjecture; for the simple reason that she had formed none. In all her days she had never attempted successfully to guess at the commonest riddle, and to solve such an enigma as her mother had left behind her was therefore quite out of the question. The gossips were less diffident; their Wonder was not of the Passive, but of the Active kind, which goes under the *alias* of Curiosity. Accordingly, they speculated amongst themselves without stint or scruple, on the matter that the Spirit yearned so anxiously to reveal; — for instance, that it related to money, to murder, to an illegitimate child, to adulterated articles, to a forged will, to a favorite spot for burial; nay, that it concerned matters of public interest, and the highest affairs of the state, one old crone expressing her decided conviction that the Ghost had to divulge a plot against the life of the Queen.

To this excitement as to the Spectre and its mystery, the conduct of the Next of Kin afforded a striking contrast: instead of joining in the conjectural patchwork of the gossips, she silently took up the old variegated coverlet, and stitched, and sighed, and stitched on, till the breaking up of the party left her at liberty to go to bed.

"And did she dream again of the Ghost?"

She *did*, Miss; but with this difference; that the puckered mouth distinctly pronounced the word Mary, and then screwed and twisted out a few more sounds or syllables, but in a gibberish as unintelligible as the chatter of a monkey, or an Irvingite sentence of the Unknown Tongue.

CHAPTER IX.

THE third night came, — the third midnight, — and with it the apparition. It made the same frightful grimaces, and, strange to relate, contrived to pronounce in a hollow whisper the very word which it had uttered in Mary's last dream. But the jumble of inarticulate sounds was wanting, —the jaws gaped, and the tongue visibly struggled, but there was a dead, yes, literally a *dead* silence.

On this occasion, however, the daughter did not faint away; she had privately taken care to be at the hour of twelve in the midst of her female friends, and her mother appeared to her in the door-way between the little back-parlor and the shop. The shadow was only revealed to herself. One of the gossips, indeed, declared afterwards that she had seen Widow Mullins, "as like as a likeness cut out in white paper, but so transparent that she could look right through her body at the chaney Jemmy Jessamy on the mantel-piece."

But her story, though accepted as a true bill by nine tenths of the inhabitants of Grimsby, was not honored by any one who was present that night in the little back-parlor. The two staring green eyes of Miss Mullins had plainly been turned, not on the fireplace, but towards the door, and her two bony forefingers had wildly pointed in the same direction. Nevertheless, the more positive the contradiction, the more obstinately the story-teller persevered in her statement, still adding to its circumstantialities, till in process of time she affirmed that she had not only seen the Ghost, but that she knew its secret; namely, that the undertaker and his man had plotted between them to embezzle the body, and to send it up in a crate, marked "Chaney — this side upwards," to Mr. Guy in the Borough.

CHAPTER X.

On the fourth night the Ghost appeared at the usual time, with its usual demeanor, but at the shop instead of the parlor door, close to the bundle of new mops.

On the fifth, behind the counter, near the till.

On the sixth night, again behind the counter, but at the other end of it beside the great scales.

On the seventh night, which closed the day of the funeral, in the little back-parlor. It had been hoped and predicted, that after the interment the spirit would cease to walk, — whereas at midnight, it reappeared, as aforesaid, in the room behind the shop, between the table and the window.

On the eighth night, it became visible again at the old desk, between the great black coffee-mill and the herring-barrel. In the opinion of Miss Mullins, the Spectre had likewise crossed her path sundry times in the course of the day, — at least she had noticed a sort of film or haze that interposed itself before sundry objects, — for instance, the great stone-bottle of vinegar in the shop, and the framed print of "the Witch of Endor calling up Samuel," in the back-room. On all these occasions the phantom had exhibited the same urgent impulse to speak, with the same spasmodic action of the features, and if possible, a still more intense expression of anxiety and anguish. The despairing gestures and motions of the visionary arms and hands were more and more vehement. It was a tragic pantomime, to have driven any other spectator raving mad!

Even the dull phlegmatic nature of Miss Mullins at last began to be stirred and excited by the reiteration of so awful a spectacle: and her curiosity, slowly but surely, became interested in the undivulged secret which could thus keep a disembodied spirit from its appointed resting-place, the weighty necessity which could alone recall a departed soul to earth, after it had once experienced the deep calm and quiet of the grave. The sober sorrow of the mourner was changed into a feverish fretting, — she could no longer eat, drink, or sleep, or sit still, — the patchwork quilt was thrust away in a corner, and as to the shop, the little dirty boy and the little ragged girl were obliged to repeat their retail orders thrice over to the bewildered creature behind the counter, who even then

was apt to go to the wrong box, can, or canister, —to serve them out train-oil instead of treacle, and soft-soap in lieu of Dorset butter.

What wonder a rumor went throughout Grimsby that she was crazy? But instead of going out of her mind, she had rather come into it, and for the first strange time was exercising her untrained faculties, on one of the most perplexing mysteries that had ever puzzled a human brain. No marvel, then, that she gave change twice over for the same sixpence, and sent little Sniggers home with a bar of soap instead of a stick of brimstone. In fact, between her own absence of mind, and the presence of mind of her customers, she sold so many good bargains, that the purchasers began to wish that a deaf and dumb ghost would haunt every shop in the town!

CHAPTER XI.

According to the confession of our first and last practitioners, the testimony of medical works, and the fatal results of most cases of Trismus, there is no surgical operation on the human subject so difficult as the picking of a locked jaw. No skeleton key has yet been invented by our body-smiths that will open a mouth thus spasmodically closed. The organ is in what the Americans call an everlasting fix,—the poor man is booked, — and you may at once proceed to put up the rest of his shutters.

This difficulty, however, only occurs in respect to the physical frame. For a spiritual lock-jaw there is a specific mode of treatment, which, according to tradition, has generally proved successful in overcoming the peculiar Trismus to which all apparitions are subject, and which has thus enabled them to break that melancholy silence, which must otherwise have prevailed in their intercourse with the living. The *modus operandi* is extremely simple, and based on an old-fashioned rule, to which, for some obscure reason, ghosts as well as good little boys seemed bound to adhere, *i. e.*, not to speak till they are spoken to. It is only necessary, therefore, if you wish to draw out a dumb spirit, to utter the first word.

Strange to say, this easy and ancient prescription never occurred to either Miss Mullins or her gossips till the ninth day,

when Mrs. Humphreys, happening to stumble on the old rule in her son's spelling-book, at the same time hit on the true cause of the silence of the "Mysterious Mother." It was immediately determined that the same night, or at least the very first time the spirit reappeared, it should be spoken to; the very terms of the filial address, like those of a royal speech, being agreed on beforehand, at the same council. Whether the orator, the appointed hour, and the expected auditor considered, would remember so long a sentence, admitted of some doubt: however, it was learned by rote; and having fortified herself with a glass of cordial, and her backers having fortified themselves with two, the trembling Mary awaited the awful interview, conning over to herself the concerted formula, which, to assist her memory, had been committed to paper.

"Muther, if so be you ar my muther, and as such being spoke to, speak I cunjer you, or now and ever after old your Tung."

CHAPTER XII.

ONE — Two — Three — Four — Five — Six — Seven — Eight — Nine — Ten — Eleven — TWELVE!

The hour was come and the Ghost. True to the last stroke of the clock, it appeared like a figure projected from a magic lantern, on the curtain at the foot of the bed, — for, through certain private reasons of her own, Miss Mullins had resolved not only to be alone, but to receive her visitor — as the French ladies do — in her *chambre à coucher*. Perhaps she did not care that any ear but her own should receive a disclosure which might involve matters of the most delicate nature: a secret that might perchance affect the reputation of her late parent, or her own social position. However, it was in solitude and from her pillow, that, with starting eyeballs, and outstretched arms, she gazed for the ninth time on the silent Phantom, which had assumed a listening expression, and an expectant attitude, as if it had been invisibly present at the recent debate, and had overheard the composition of the projected speech. But that speech was never to be spoken. In vain poor Mary tried to give it utterance; it seemed to stick,

like an apothecary's powder, in her throat, — to her fauces, her palate, her tongue, and her teeth, so that she could not get it out of her mouth.

The Ghost made a sign of impatience.

Poor Mary gasped.

The Spirit frowned and apparently stamped with its foot.

Poor Mary made another violent effort to speak, but only gave a sort of tremulous croak.

The features of the Phantom again began to work, — the muscles about the mouth quivered and twitched.

Poor Mary's did the same.

The whole face of the Apparition was drawn and puckered by a spasmodic paroxysm, and poor Mary *felt* that she was imitating the contortions, and even that hideous grin, the *risus sardonicus*, which had inspired her with such horror.

At last with infinite difficulty, she contrived by a desperate effort to utter a short ejaculation, — but brief as it was, it sufficed to break the spell.

The Ghost, as if it had only awaited the blessed sound of one single syllable from the human voice, to release its own vocal organs from their mysterious thraldom, instantly spoke.

But the words are worthy of a separate chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

"MARY! it arn't booked — but there's tuppence for sandpaper at number nine!"

NOTE. — "It is much to the Discredit of Ghosts," says Johannes Lanternus, in his "Treatise of Apparitions," "that they doe so commonly revisit the Earth on such trivial Errands as would hardly justify a Journey from London to York, much less from one World to another. Grave and weighty ought to be the Matter that can awaken a Spirit from the deep Slumbers of the Tomb: solemn and potent must be the Spell, to induce the liberated Soul, divorced with such mortal Agony from its human Clothing, to put on merely such flimsy Atoms, as may render it visible to the eye of flesh. For neither willingly nor wantonly doth the Spirit of a Man forsake its subterrane Dwelling, as may be seen in the awful Question by the Ghost of Samuel to the Witch of Endor, — 'Wherefore hast Thou disquieted Me and called Me up?' And yet, forsooth, a walking Phantom shall break the Bonds of Death, and verchance the Bonds of Hell to boot, to go on a Mes-

sage, which concerns but an Individual, and not a great one either, or at most a Family, nor yet one of Note, — for Example, to disclose the lurking Place of a lost Will, or of a Pot of Money in Dame Perkins her back Yard, — Whereas such a Supernatural Intelligencer hath seldom been vouchsafed to reveal a State Plot — to prevent a Royal Murther, or avert the Shipwrack of an whole Empire. Wherefore I conclude, that many or most Ghost Stories have had their rise in the Self-Conceit of vain ignorant People, or the Arrogance of great Families, who take Pride in the Belief, that their mundane Affairs are of so important a Pitch, as to perturb departed Souls, even amidst the Pains of Purgatory, or the Pleasures of Paradise."

THE END.

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